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THE Compilation presented to the Public under the title of **THE SPEAKER** having met with a favourable reception, the Editor has been induced to make a second collection on the same plan, with the immediate design of affording farther assistance to Youth in acquiring the habit of reading and speaking with propriety. In this view of the publication alone, he apprehends that a **NEW SET of EXERCISES** will not be unacceptable either to Teachers or Pupils. But besides this, it has been his intention, in extending this *Miscellany*, to collect, and digest under distinct heads, a large number of such passages from the most approved literary productions of our own country, as might serve to lead young persons into some acquaintance with the most valuable writers, and assist them in forming a taste for the beauties of fine writing. He has also kept in view the still more important object, of providing them with useful lessons of Instruction, and impressing upon their minds the sentiments of Honour and Virtue. If these ends should, in any degree, be answered, the Editor will think his labour happily bestowed.

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BOOK I.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

CHAP. I.

RESPECT DUE TO OLD AGE.

IT happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat; the good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was, to sit close and expose him, as he stood out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners: when the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the

B

greatest

greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, "The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practise it."

SPECTATOR.

C H A P. II.

PÆTUS AND ARRIA.

IN the reign of Claudius, the Roman emperor, Arria, the wife of Cæcinna Pætus, was an illustrious pattern of magnanimity and conjugal affection.

It happened that her husband and her son were both at the same time attacked with a dangerous illness. The son died. He was a youth endued with every quality of mind and person which could endear him to his parents. His mother's heart was torn with all the anguish of grief; yet she resolved to conceal the distressing event from her husband. She prepared and conducted his funeral so privately, that Pætus did not know of his death. Whenever she came into her husband's bed-chamber, she pretended her son was better; and as often as he inquired after his health would answer, that he had rested well, or had eaten with an appetite. When she found that she could no longer restrain her grief, but her tears were gushing out, she would leave the room, and having given vent to her passion, return again with dry eyes, and a serene countenance, as if she had left her sorrow behind her at the door of the chamber.

Camillus Scribonianus, the governor of Dalmatia, having taken up arms against Claudius, Pætus joined himself

himself to his party, and was soon after taken prisoner, and brought to Rome. When the guards were going to put him on board the ship, Arria besought them that she might be permitted to go with him. "Certainly," said she, "you cannot refuse a man of consular dignity, as he is, a few attendants to wait upon him; but if you will take me, I alone will perform their office." This favour, however, was refused: upon which she hired a small fishing-vessel, and boldly ventured to follow the ship.

Returning to Rome, Arria met the wife of Scribonianus in the emperor's palace, who pressing her to discover all that she knew of the insurrection, "What!" said she, "shall I regard thy advice, who saw thy husband murdered in thy very arms, and yet survive him?"

Pætus being condemned to die, Arria formed a deliberate resolution to share his fate, and made no secret of her intention. Thrasea, who married her daughter, attempting to dissuade her from her purpose, among other arguments which he used, said to her, "Would you then, if my life were to be taken from me, advise your daughter to die with me?" "Most certainly I would," she replied, "if she had lived as long, and in as much harmony with you, as I have lived with Pætus."

Persisting in her determination, she found means to provide herself with a dagger: and one day, when she observed a more than usual gloom on the countenance of Pætus, and perceived that death by the hand of the executioner appeared to him more terrible than in the field of glory—perhaps too, sensible that it was chiefly for her sake that he wished to live—she drew the dagger from her side, and stabbed herself before his eyes. Then instantly pluck-

ing the weapon from her breast, she presented it to her husband, saying, "My Pætus, It is not painful."*

PLINY.

C H A P. III.

ABDOLONYMUS, RAISED TO THE GOVERNMENT OF SIDON.

THE city of Sidon having surrendered to Alexander, he ordered Hephæstion to bestow the crown on him whom the Sidonians should think most worthy of that honour. Hephæstion, being at that time resident with two young men of distinction, offered them the kingdom: but they refused it, telling him that it was contrary to the laws of their country to admit any one to that honour, who was not of the royal family. He then, having expressed his admiration of their disinterested spirit, desired them to name one of the royal race, who might remember that he received the crown through their hands. Overlooking many who would have been ambitious of this high honour, they made choice of Abdolonymus, whose singular merit had rendered him conspicuous even in the vale of obscurity. Though remotely related to the royal family, a series of misfortunes had reduced him to the necessity of cultivating a garden, for a small stipend, in the suburbs of the city.

While Abdolonymus was busily employed in weeding

* In the Tatler, N^o. 72, a fancy piece is drawn, founded on the principal fact in this story, but wholly fictitious in the circumstances of the tale. The author, mistaking Cæcinna Pætus for Thrasea Pætus, has accused even Nero unjustly, charging him with an action which certainly belonged to Claudius. See Pliny's Epistles, Book III. Ep. 16. Dion. Cassius, Lib. I. x. and Tacitus, Lib. XVI. § 35.

his

his garden, the two friends of Hephæstion, bearing in their hands the ensigns of royalty, approached him, and saluted him king; informing him that Alexander had appointed him to that office; and requiring him immediately to exchange his rustic garb, and utensils of husbandry, for the regal robe and sceptre. At the same time, they urged him, when he should be seated on the throne, and have a nation in his power, not to forget the humble condition from which he had been raised.

All this at the first, appeared to Abdolonymus as an illusion of the fancy, or an insult offered to his poverty. He requested them not to trouble him farther with their impertinent jests, and to find some other way of amusing themselves, which might leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of his obscure habitation. At length, however, they convinced him that they were serious in their proposal, and prevailed upon him to accept the regal office, and accompany them to the palace.

No sooner was he in possession of the government, than pride and envy created him enemies, who whispered their murmurs in every place, till at last they reached the ear of Alexander; who commanding the new-elected prince to be sent for, inquired of him, with what temper of mind he had borne his poverty. "Would to Heaven," replied Abdolonymus, "that I may be able to bear my crown with equal moderation: for when I possessed little, I wanted nothing; these hands supplied me with whatever I desired." From this answer, Alexander formed so high an idea of his wisdom, that he confirmed the choice which had been made, and annexed a neighbouring province to the government of Sidon.

QUINTUS CURTIUS.

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CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

FIRMNESS EXEMPLIFIED IN ALEXANDER SEVERUS.

WHILST Alexander Severus lay at Antioch, in his Persian expedition, the punishment of some soldiers, excited a sedition in the legion to which they belonged. Alexander ascended his tribunal, and, with a modest firmness, represented to the armed multitude, the absolute necessity, as well as his inflexible resolution, of correcting the vices introduced by his impure predecessor; and of maintaining the discipline, which could not be relaxed, without the ruin of the Roman name and empire. Their clamours interrupted his mild expostulation. "Réserve your shouts," said the undaunted emperor, "till you take the field, against the Persians, the Germans, and the Sarmatians. Be silent in the presence of your sovereign and benefactor, who bestows upon you the corn, the clothing, and the money of the provinces. Be silent, or I shall no longer style you soldiers, but *citizens*; if those, indeed, who disclaim the laws of Rome, deserve to be ranked among the meanest of the people." His menaces inflamed the fury of the legion, and their brandished arms already threatened his person. "Your courage," resumed the intrepid Alexander, "would be more nobly displayed in a field of battle: me you may destroy; you cannot intimidate: and the severe justice of the republic, would punish your crime, and revenge my death." The legion still persisting in clamorous sedition, the emperor pronounced, with a loud voice, the decisive sentence, "*Citizens!* lay down your arms, and

and depart, in peace, to your respective habitations." The tempest was instantly appeased: the soldiers, filled with grief and shame, silently confessed the justice of their punishment, and the power of discipline; yielded up their arms and military ensigns; and retired, in confusion, not to their camp, but to the several inns of the city. Alexander enjoyed, during thirty days, the edifying spectacle of their repentance; nor did he restore them to their former rank in the army, till he had punished those tribunes, whose connivance had occasioned the mutiny.

GIBBON.

C H A P. V.

THE RESIGNATION OF THE EMPEROR
CHARLES V.

CHARLES resolved to resign his kingdoms to his son, with a solemnity suitable to the importance of the transaction; and to perform this last act of sovereignty with such formal pomp, as might leave an indelible impression on the minds, not only of his subjects, but of his successor. With this view, he called Philip out of England, where the peevish temper of his queen, which increased with her despair of having issue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and the jealousy of the English left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having assembled the states of the Low Countries, at Brussels, on the twenty-fifth of October, one thousand five hundred and fifty-five, Charles seated himself, for the last time, in the chair of state; on one side of which was placed his son, and, on the other, his sister the queen of Hungary, regent of the

Netherlands ; with a splendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the empire, standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the states. He, then, read the instrument of resignation, by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip, all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority in the Low Countries ; absolving his subjects there, from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip, his lawful heir, and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal, which they had manifested, during so long a course of years, in support of his government.

Charles, then, rose from his seat ; and, leaning on the shoulder of the prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience ; and, from a paper which he held in his hand in order to assist his memory, he recounted, with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed, since the commencement of his administration. He observed, that, from the seventh year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects ; reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleasure : that, either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four times, Italy seven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by sea : that, while his health permitted him to discharge his duty, and the vigour of his constitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing such extensive dominions, he had never shunned labour,

nor

nor repined under fatigue: that, now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhausted by the rage of an incurable distemper, his growing infirmities admonished him to retire; nor was he so fond of reigning, as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his subjects or to render them happy: that, instead of a sovereign worn out with diseases, and scarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth, all the attention and sagacity of maturer years: that, if, during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government; or if, under the pressure of so many and great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected or injured any of his subjects, he now implored their forgiveness: that, for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his sweetest consolation, as well as the best reward for all his services; and, in his last prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wishes for their welfare.

Then, turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees, and kissed his father's hand, "If," says he, "I had left you, by my death, this rich inheritance, to which I have made such large additions, some regard would have been justly due to my memory on that account: but, now, when I voluntarily resign to you what I might have still retained, I may well expect the warmest expressions of thanks on your part. With these, however, I dispense; and shall consider your concern for the welfare of your subjects; and your love of them, as the best and most acceptable

“ ceptable testimony of your gratitude to me. It is in your
“ power, by a wise and virtuous administration, to justify
“ the extraordinary proof, which I, this day, give of my
“ paternal affection; and to demonstrate, that you are
“ worthy of the confidence which I repose in you. Pre-
“ serve an inviolable regard for religion; maintain the
“ Catholic faith in its purity; let the laws of your country
“ be sacred in your eyes; encroach not on the rights and
“ privileges of your people: and, if the time shall ever
“ come, when you shall wish to enjoy the tranquillity of
“ private life, may you have a son, endowed with such
“ qualities, that you can resign your sceptre to him, with
“ as much satisfaction, as I give up mine to you.”

As soon as Charles had finished this long address to his subjects, and to their new sovereign, he sunk into the chair, exhausted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of such an extraordinary effort. During his discourse, the whole audience, melted into tears; some, from admiration of his magnanimity; others, softened by the expressions of tenderness towards his son, and of love to his people: and all were affected with the deepest sorrow, at losing a sovereign, who had distinguished the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks afterwards, Charles, in an assembly no less splendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, resigned to his son the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the Old and in the New World. Of all these vast possessions, he reserved nothing for himself, but an annual pension of a hundred thousand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a small sum, for acts of beneficence and charity.

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The place he had chosen for his retreat, was the monastery of St. Justus, in the province of Estremadura. It was seated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Some months before his resignation, he had sent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monastery, for his accommodation; but he gave strict orders, that the style of the building should be such as suited his present situation, rather than his former dignity. It consisted only of six rooms: four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground; with a door, on one side, into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own hands. On the other side, they communicated with the chapel of the monastery, in which he was to perform his devotions. Into this humble retreat, hardly sufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domestics only. He buried, there, in solitude and silence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all those vast projects, which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being subjected to his power.

ROBERTSON.

C H A P. VI.

M U L Y M O L U C.

WHEN Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muly Moluc, emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle begun, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly, in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter, where laying his finger on his mouth,

mouth, to enjoin secrecy to his officers, who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture.

SPECTATOR.

C H A P. VII.

VALENTINE AND UNNION.

AT the siege of Namur by the Allies, there were in the ranks of the company commanded by Captain Pincent, in Colonel Frederick Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion a corporal, and one Valentine a private sentinel: there happened between these two men a dispute about an affair of love, which, upon some aggravations, grew to an irreconcilable hatred. Unnion being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to strike his rival, and profess the spite and revenge which moved him to it. The sentinel bore it without resistance; but frequently said, he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had spent whole months in this manner, the one injuring, the other complaining; when in the midst of this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the castle, where the corporal received a shot in the thigh, and fell; the French pressing on, and he expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy, "Ah, Valentine! can you leave me here?" Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick fire of the French took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all that danger as far as the abbey of Salfine, where a cannon ball took off his head: his body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off. Unnion immediately forgot his wound, rose up, tearing his hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding carcase, crying, "Ah, Valentine! was it for
" me

“ me who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee.” He was not by any means to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent, his wounds were dressed by force; but the next day still calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorse.

TATLER.

C H A P. VIII.

GOOD-NATURED CREDULITY.

A CHALDEAN peasant was conducting a goat to the city of Bagdat. He was mounted on an ass, and the goat followed him, with a bell suspended from his neck. “ I shall sell these animals,” said he to himself, “ for thirty pieces of silver; and with this money I can purchase a new turban, and a rich vestment of taffety, which I will tie with a sash of purple silk. The young damsels will then smile more favourably upon me; and I shall be the finest man at the mosque.” Whilst the peasant was thus anticipating in idea his future enjoyments, three artful rogues concerted a stratagem to plunder him of his present treasures. As he moved slowly along, one of them slipped off the bell from the neck of the goat, and fastening it, without being perceived, to the tail of the ass, carried away his booty. The man riding upon the ass, and hearing the sound of the bell, continued to muse without the least suspicion of the loss which he had sustained. Happening however, a short while afterwards, to turn about his head, he discovered,

with

with grief and astonishment, that the animal was gone, which constituted so considerable a part of his riches: and he inquired, with the utmost anxiety, after his goat, of every traveller whom he met.

The second rogue now accosted him, and said, "I have just seen in yonder fields, a man in great haste, dragging along with him a goat." The peasant dismounted with precipitation, and requested the obliging stranger to hold his ass, that he might lose no time in overtaking the thief. He instantly began the pursuit, and having traversed, in vain, the course that was pointed out to him, he came back fatigued and breathless to the place from whence he set out; where he neither found his ass, nor the deceitful informer, to whose care he had entrusted him. As he walked pensively onwards, overwhelmed with shame, vexation, and disappointment, his attention was roused by the loud complaints and lamentations of a poor man, who sat by the side of a well. He turned out of the way to sympathise with a brother in affliction; recounted his own misfortunes, and inquired the cause of that violent sorrow, which seemed to oppress him. "Alas!" said the poor man, in the most piteous tone of voice, "as I was resting here to drink, I dropped into the water a casket full of diamonds, which I was employed to carry to the Caliph at Bagdat; and I shall be put to death on the suspicion of having secreted so valuable a treasure." "Why do not you jump into the well in search of the casket?" cried the peasant, astonished at the stupidity of his new acquaintance. "Because it is deep," replied the man, "and I can neither dive nor swim. But will you undertake this kind office for me, and I will reward you with thirty pieces of silver?" The peasant accepted the offer with exultation, and whilst

whilst he was putting off his cassock, vest, and slippers, poured out his soul in thanksgivings to the holy prophet, for his providential succour. But the moment he plunged into the water, in search of the pretended casket, the man (who was one of the three rogues that had concerted the plan of robbing him) seized upon his garments, and bore them off in security to his comrades.

Thus, through inattention, simplicity, and credulity, was the unfortunate Chaldean duped of all his little possessions; and he hastened back to his cottage, with no other covering for his nakedness, than a tattered garment which he borrowed on the road.

PERCIVAL.

C H A P. IX.

EXAMPLE OF VERACITY.

A SPANISH cavalier, having assassinated a Moorish gentleman, instantly fled from justice. He was vigorously pursued; but availing himself of a sudden turn in the road, he leaped, unperceived, over a garden wall. The proprietor, who was also a Moor, happened to be, at that time, walking in the garden; and the Spaniard fell upon his knees before him, acquainted him with his case, and in the most pathetic manner implored concealment. The Moor listened to him with compassion, and generously promised his assistance. He then locked him in a summer-house, and left him, with an assurance that, when night approached, he would provide for his escape. A few hours afterwards, the dead body of his son was brought to him; and the description of the murderer exactly

exactly agreed with the appearance of the Spaniard, whom he had then in custody. He concealed the horror and suspicion which he felt; and retiring to his chamber, remained there till midnight. Then going privately into the garden, he opened the door of the summer-house, and thus accosted the cavalier. "Christian," said he, "the youth whom you have murdered was my only son. Your crime merits the severest punishment. But I have solemnly pledged my word for your security; and I disdain to violate even a rash engagement with a cruel enemy." He conducted the Spaniard to the stables, and furnishing him with one of his swiftest mules, "Fly," said he, "whilst the darkness of the night conceals you. Your hands are polluted with blood; but God is just; and I humbly thank him that my faith is unspotted, and that I have resigned judgment unto him."

PERCIVAL.

CHAP. X.

MODESTY REWARDED.

A CERTAIN cardinal, by the multitude of his generous actions, gave occasion for the world to call him, the Patron of the poor. This ecclesiastical prince had a constant custom, once a week, to give public audience to all indigent people in the hall of his palace, and to relieve every one according to their various necessities, or the motions of his own goodness. One day a poor widow, encouraged by the fame of his bounty, came into the hall of this cardinal, with her only daughter, a beautiful maid, about fifteen years of age. When her turn came to be heard among a crowd of petitioners, the cardinal observing the marks

marks of an extraordinary modesty in her face and carriage, as also in her daughter, encouraged her to tell her wants freely. She blushing, and not without tears, thus addressed herself to him: "My lord, I owe for the rent of my house five crowns, and such is my misfortune, that I have no way left to pay it, except that which would break my heart, (and my landlord threatens to force me to it) which is, to prostitute this my only daughter, whom I have hitherto with great care educated in the principles of virtue. What I beg of your eminence is, that you would be pleased to interpose your authority, and protect us from the violence of this cruel man, till by honest industry we can procure the money for him." The cardinal, moved with admiration of the woman's virtue and modest request, bid her be of good courage: then he immediately wrote a billet, and giving it into the woman's hand, "Go," said he, "to my steward, and he shall deliver thee five crowns to pay thy rent." The widow, overjoyed, and returning the cardinal a thousand thanks, went directly to the steward, and gave him the note. When he had read it, he told out *fifty* crowns. She, astonished at the circumstance, and not knowing what the cardinal had wrote, refused to take above five crowns, saying, she mentioned no more to his eminence, and she was sure it was some mistake. On the other hand, the steward insisted on his master's order, not daring to call it in question. But all the arguments he could use were insufficient to prevail on her to take any more than five crowns. Wherefore, to end the controversy, he offered to go back with her to the cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before that munificent prince, and he was fully informed of the business; "It is true," said he, "I mistook in writing *fifty* crowns,

crowns, give me the paper, and I will rectify it." Upon which he wrote again, saying to the woman, "So much modesty and virtue deserves a recompence: here I have ordered you *five hundred crowns*; what you can spare of it, lay up as a dowry to give with your daughter in marriage."

STRETCH.

C H A P. XI.

THE CONTENTED PORTER.

A PORTER, one day, resting himself, with his load by him, groaned aloud, and "wished he had five hundred pounds." "Why," says a gentleman who was passing by, "I will give you five hundred pounds;—and now what will you do with it?" "Oh," says the porter, "I will soon tell you what I will do with it: First, I will have a pint of ale, and a toast and nutmeg, every morning for my breakfast." "Well, and what time will you get up?" "Oh, I have been used to be up at five or six o'clock, so I will do that now." "Well, what will you do after breakfast?" "Why, I will fetch a walk till dinner." "And what will you have for dinner?" "Why, I will have a good dinner; I will have good roast and boiled beef, and some carrots and greens—and I will have a full pot every day—and then I will smoke a pipe." "Well, and then, perhaps you will take a nap." "May be I may—no, I will not take a nap; I will fetch another walk till supper." "Well, and what will you have for supper?" "I do not know—I will have more beef, if I am hungry; or else I will have a Welsh rabbit, and another full pot of beer."—"Well, and then?" "Why then I will go to bed,

bed, to be sure,"—"Pray, how much now may you earn a week by your business?" "Why, master, I can make you eighteen shillings a week."—"Will not you be tired now, do you think, after a little while, in doing nothing every day?" "I do not know, master, I have been thinking so." "Well then, let me propose a scheme to you." "With all my heart, master."—"Cannot you do all this every day, as you are, and employ your time into the bargain?" "Why, really so I can, master, I think, and so take your five hundred pounds again, and thank you."

RICHARDSON.

C H A P. XII.

GENEALOGY OF TASTE.

IN a cave of a mountain in the island of Crete dwelt a nymph called Contemplation, sprung, as the mythologists report, from Jupiter, the greatest of the Gods; for, according to their accounts, she was conceived and leapt forth from the brain of her celestial parent, as Pallas did, whilst he was deeply attentive in beholding the beauties of the creation. In this sacred retirement the nymph had lived many ages, whither several ancient poets, heroes, philosophers, and legislators frequently resorted, for no one ever left her without receiving the utmost happiness from her divine precepts. As Apollo was wandering one day over the top of this mountain, he chanced to light upon this heavenly maid, whilst she was busied in her usual employment of meditating on this stupendous system, and the divine perfections of the great Creator of the world. Smit with her charms,

charms, he immediately descended into the cave, and having enjoyed her, she bore him a son, whom the god named Eudoxus, alluding to the noble ideas which filled the mother's mind when he first beheld her.

'Tis said, as the nymph Contemplation was one night counting the stars, and describing on the sand with a wand their different situations and motions, having left the child not far off on a bed of violets, that the nightingale came and covered him with laurel leaves, and lulled him to sleep with the melody of her song, softly modulated to the tender ear of the listening infant. About this time the Delphian Oracle declared that a ray of light was descended from the Sun, and being separated from that mighty luminary, should be spread all over Greece, Italy, and part of Asia Minor for many ages. When Eudoxus had passed the years of childhood, Apollo being desirous not only to instruct him in the abstruse knowledge of his mother, but to unite in his education a thorough relish of such other arts and sciences, as might render him a benefactor to mankind in general, and his favourite nation the Greeks in particular, he took the boy to his own beloved seat of retirement, and committed his darling charge to the care of the Nine Muses, and their sisters the heavenly Graces. Here Eudoxus was instructed, first, how the great Architect of the creation divided the warring elements, and out of chaos formed by his plastic mandate the unmeasurable frame of this stupendous universe: next, how the resplendent source of light and heat, the sun, sprung through the blue serene of heaven, and being fixed immoveable in the center of all, drew round his glorious orb those inferior globes, whose certain and unerring courses, in unchangeable periods of time, form that ætherial harmony imperceptible to all beings but the inhabitants of heaven. Then he

was

was told how the oblique position of this our earth in its annual progress caused the delightful revolutions of seasons; how the soft descending rains and genial warmth of Spring, opened the relenting earth, called forth the infant buds, and afterwards unfolded all the vegetable pride of flowers and blossoms; how the more perpendicular rays of heat ripened the rising harvest in Summer; how Autumn gloried in the regal hue of its purple vintage; and lastly, how the sterile Winter itself was as useful to mortals as the other teeming seasons, by affording in its cold embraces the requisite rest to the sleeping vegetables, which thereby gain fresh vigour to renew their species, and to perpetuate sustenance to all animals, in the same rotation, till time shall be no more. From this general knowledge of nature, he was led to inquire into the construction of particular parts, the bodies of animals, and especially those of the human race; to discover the causes of pain and disease, and by what methods to restore them to their pristine beauty and internal harmony called health, and to recall the natural original sensations of ease and pleasure. When the Daughters of Memory had fully instructed Eudoxus, as Apollo had directed them, in every branch of this knowledge, they brought him by degrees to conceive that an ætherial spirit was for a while united with the human body; how it was agitated by different passions whilst in this conjunction; and then after solution, the body should return to its kindred dust, out of which it was formed, and the soul to a separate state of happiness or misery, according as it acted in this probationary state on earth. Having taken this view of man in the abstract with all his wants and infirmities, the Muses, last of all, gave their disciples a thorough insight into the human race in society, where, by the goodness of the first

Author

Author of all things, these very deficiencies of individuals united the whole species, and the mutual supply of each other's wants linked together all degrees into one irrefragable chain, each different part of which reciprocally depended upon the other, from the beginning to the end. They taught him too, by way of amusement, the use and power of music, painting, and poetry; the first of which could assuage mental agony; the second revive past pleasures in beholding beautiful objects; and the third inspire a true love of virtue, by perpetuating the revered memory of those who had been ornaments to our species.

Eudoxus, being at length quite accomplished in every art and science, became enamoured of one of the Graces, who returned his passion with mutual ardor. One day they took an opportunity, whilst the other two were busied in sporting with Flora and her train of Zephyrs, to gratify their desires in a cave of Mount Ida. The offspring of their embraces was a daughter, whom the fond parents named Calocagathia. This nymph, who inherited all the knowledge of her father, and all the charms of her mother, became, as she grew up, the chief favourite both of gods and men. In the celestial banquets she always sat next to Venus, and on earth had the honour attributed to her of inspiring whatever was uncommonly beautiful in morals, arts, and sciences.

COOPER.

C H A P. XIII.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

WHEN Damon was sentenced, by Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, to die on a certain day, he prayed permission, to retire, in the mean time, to his own country,

to

to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended most peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition, of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the condition, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon. He instantly offered himself to confinement, in place of his friend; and Damon was, accordingly, set at liberty.

The king, and all his courtiers, were astonished at this action, as they could not account for it, on any allowed principles.—Self-interest, in their judgment, was the sole mover of human affairs: and they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of country, and the like, as terms, invented by the wise, to impose upon the weak. They, therefore, imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly; to a defect of understanding merely, and, no way, to any virtue, or good quality of heart.

When the day of the destined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his dungeon.—Having reproached him for the extravagance of his conduct, and rallied him some time on his madness, in presuming, that Damon, by his return, would prove as romantic as himself—“My lord,” said Pythias, with a firm voice, and noble aspect, “I would it were possible, that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord. I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods, to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours; and suffer him not to arrive, till, by my death, I have redeemed a life, a thousand times

This comes of more consequence, of more estimation, than my own; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. O! leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon." Dionysius was awed and confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner, still more affecting, in which they were uttered. He felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth; but it served rather to perplex than undeceive him. He hesitated. He would have spoken. But he looked down: and retired in silence.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth; and walked, amidst the guard, with a serious, but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the demeanour of the prisoner. Pythias came. He vaulted lightly on the scaffold, and, beholding for some time the apparatus of death, he turned, and, with a pleasing countenance, thus addressed the assembly. "My prayers are heard. The gods are propitious. You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come: he could not conquer impossibilities. He will be here to-morrow: and the blood which is shed to-day, shall have ransomed the life of my friend.—O! should I erase from your bosoms, every doubt, every mean suspicion, of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death, even as I would to my trial. Be it sufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble—that his truth is unimpeachable—that he will speedily approve it—that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods. But I hasten to prevent his speed.—Executioner, do your office." As he pronounced the last

words, a buzz began to arise among the remotest of the people. A distant voice was heard. The crowd caught the words; and "Stop, stop the execution," was repeated by the whole assembly. A man came at full speed. The throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a steed of foam. In an instant, he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias straitly embraced. "You are safe," he cried; "you are safe, my friend, my beloved! the gods be praised, you are safe! I, now, have nothing but death to suffer: and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches, which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own." Pale, and almost speechless, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents; "Fatal haste!—Cruel impatience!—What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour?—But I will not be wholly disappointed.—Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you."

Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all, with astonishment. His heart was touched: his eyes were opened: and he could no longer refuse his assent to truths, so incontestibly proved by facts. He descended from his throne. He ascended the scaffold. "Live; live; ye incomparable pair!" he exclaimed. "Ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue!—Live happy! live renowned! And, O! form me by your precepts, as you have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship."

BROOKE.

C H A P. XIV.

THE design which gave birth to the two following tales, was to inculcate on the heart some of the principal moral virtues, by examples in which the tender feelings should be as much as possible excited. This purpose, it was thought, might be best accomplished by short stories, founded on circumstances which might easily be supposed to happen in real life, and not protracted or encumbered by foreign or digressive matter. Though the author has at present only made the following attempt towards the execution of his plan, it was thought that these specimens, in their present detached form, might be no unacceptable article in this collection.

§ 1.

F I L I A L D U T Y.

MR. Hastings was a reputable tradesman in a considerable country town. He married young, and had a numerous family, over whom, as his temper was hasty and ungoverned, he exercised the paternal authority with harshness and caprice. His wife, a pattern of female mildness and gentleness, made it her sole study by every softening and conciliatory art to keep her husband in good humour with herself and her children, but too often failed in both.

C 2

Charles,

Charles, their eldest son, had one of those dispositions, which, though easily managed by prudent and gentle methods, always revolt against the exertions of passionate and rigorous authority. It was therefore impossible that he should avoid frequent and angry disputes with his father, whose sternness and severity he returned with sullen unyielding obstinacy. These unhappy contests acquired such additional force with increasing years, that when the youth had reached the age of fifteen, his father, in consequence of a violent quarrel in which he could not bring him to submission, turned him out of doors, with an injunction never to see his face again.

The lad's spirit was too high to render a repetition of the command necessary. Unprovided as he was, he set out immediately, on foot, for London; where arriving after much hardship and fatigue, he found out an East Indian captain with whom his father had some acquaintance, and after much solicitation obtained leave to accompany him in a voyage which commenced in a few days.

Exasperated as Mr. Hastings was, he could not help feeling considerable regret on finding that his son had so well obeyed the command which his passion had dictated; and the mother, for whom the youth had always testified the greatest affection and respect, was long inconsolable. From all their enquiries they were only able to learn that their son was gone to sea, but to what part, or in what situation, they could never discover.

To this cause of distress was soon added that of a decline in their circumstances, owing to repeated losses in trade. After the ineffectual struggle of a few years, they were obliged to retire to a small house in a neighbouring village, where, consumed by grief, with health and spirits broken,

broken, they brought up their family in indigence and obscurity.

One advantage, however, accrued to Mr. Hastings from his misfortunes. His temper was gradually softened; his passions subsided; he attempted to alleviate by kindness the sufferings of his partners in affliction, and behaved with the greatest tenderness and regard to his wife, of whose amiable qualities he became every day more sensible.

Charles, in the mean time, was passing through a variety of fortune. His first setting out was very unfavourable. The captain, to whom he had greatly recommended himself by his assiduities, died on the passage; and he was set on shore at Madras, without money, without a patron, or a friend.

He was almost ready to perish for want, when an opulent merchant of the factory took compassion on him, and carried him to his house. After experiencing his diligence and fidelity for some time in a very low station, the gentleman advanced him to his counting house, and initiated him in the commercial business of the settlement.

During a short probation in this office, the youth exhibited such tokens of capacity, that he was thought a proper person to be sent to a distance up the country to a trading post of some consequence. He here managed some difficult and important concerns with so much address, and acted on some critical emergencies with such propriety and resolution, that he acquired the confidence of the whole factory. He was soon promoted to a lucrative and honourable station, and began to make a fortune with the rapidity peculiar to that country.

The impression of injury with which he had left his father's house, and the subsequent hardships he underwent, for a long time stifled every emotion of filial affection.

He never thought of home but as the scene of severe and unmerited chastisement, and resolved never to return to it without a full acknowledgment of the injustice of his expulsion. By degrees, however, as better prospects opened upon him, his heart began to relent. He melted at the recollection of the uniform kindness of his mother, and the playful endearments of his brothers and sisters. He even formed excuses for his father's severity, and condemned his own obstinacy as, at least, equally blameable. He grew so uneasy under these impressions, that not all the flattering prospects before him could induce him to delay any longer an interview which he so ardently desired. He collected all his property, and took his passage for England, where he arrived safe after an absence of nine years.

On his landing, he met with a townsman who informed him of the melancholy change in his father's situation. With a heart agitated by every tender emotion, he instantly set off for the place of their abode.

It was towards the approach of evening, when the unhappy couple in melancholy despondence sat by their gloomy fire. A letter which Mr. Hastings had that day received from the landlord of his little habitation, to whom he was somewhat in arrear, threw more than usual dejection over the family. Holding the letter in his hand, "What shall we do?" said he—"he threatens to turn us out of doors—Unfeeling man! but how can I expect more mercy from a stranger than I shewed to my own son?" The reflection was too much for Mrs. Hastings to bear—she wrung her hands—sobbed and wept bitterly. Not a thought of their present situation dwelt on her mind—she only felt for her long-lost son.

The eldest daughter, whose elegance of form was ill concealed by the meanness of her dress, went up to her mother,

mother, and while the sympathetic tears trickled down her cheeks, locked a hand in hers, and with the other, supported her head. The father sighed from the bottom of his heart; and two youths, his eldest remaining sons, hung over the mournful scene with looks of settled melancholy.

Some of the younger children, as yet unconscious of sorrow, were seated round the door. They ran in with the news that a chaise had stopt before the house, and a fine gentleman was getting out of it. He entered a moment after, when on viewing the group before him, he had just strength to stagger to a chair, and fainted.

The family crowded round him, and the mother, looking eagerly in his face, cried "My son—my son!" and sunk down beside him. The father stood a while, with his hands clasped, in stupid astonishment—then dropt on his knee, and exclaimed "Heaven, I thank thee!" He then flew to his son, took him in his arms, and by his tender embraces recalled him to life. His recollection no sooner returned, than he threw himself at his father's feet, and asked forgiveness. "Forgive thee, Charles!" said the father—"it is I, my child, who ought to intreat forgiveness for the cruel injury I did thee." He then raised him, and again clasped him in his arms, bedewing his face with many tears.

The mother, in the mean time, lay senseless in the arms of her daughter—The rest of the family, confused and affrighted, knew not what to think of the scene, and the little ones began to cry aloud for their mother, who, indeed, was to all appearance dead. It was long before the affiduities of her son and husband produced any signs of returning life; and when her eyes opened on the object they had so long desired to see, the impression proved again too strong,

and violent fits succeeded to fainting. She was carried to bed, where by degrees she recovered serenity enough to behold and embrace her son. All the rest of the family by turns succeeded to the embraces of their brother; and the eldest sister, who easily recollected the beloved companion of her youth, exhibited marks of the liveliest sensibility.

After the first tender greetings and enquiries were over, Charles briefly related to his parents the various events that had befallen him—softening, however, the distressful parts, lest he should renew sensations already too painful. He concluded with acquainting them that all he had acquired was theirs—that he gave the whole to their disposal, and should only consider himself as a sharer with the rest of the children.

The generosity and filial piety of this proposal excited their warmest admiration, and occasioned no small compunction in the father for his treatment of such a son. He would not accept the offer in its full extent; but borrowing a considerable share of his son's property, associated him with himself in a mercantile concern, which enabled him to provide handsomely for the rest of the family, and to pass the rest of his days in ease and content.

PATERNAL

§ 2.

PATERAL FORGIVENESS.

IN the West of England lived Mr. Spencer, a gentleman of handsome fortune, who was left a widower at an early age with one infant daughter. The only consolation he felt after the loss of a partner whom he entirely loved, was in the contemplation of the opening charms and graces of his little Maria, who soon promised to become all that he had so much admired in her deceased mother. He attended to her education with the utmost care and assiduity; procuring her instructors of every kind, of approved merit, and often taking that pleasing office upon himself, for which his good sense and knowledge eminently fitted him.

With these advantages she grew up lovely and accomplished in an uncommon degree; and seemed in every respect formed to complete the warmest wishes of a parent. He accordingly doated on her with the extremest fondness, and formed no other desire or purpose in life than that of seeing her happily and honourably established.

In pursuit of this design he did not, like most parents, cast his eyes on wealth or rank. Convinced from impartial observation, that happiness in the conjugal state is only to be expected from a mutual confirmed relish for sober and rational felicity, the first and greatest requisite he looked for in a son-in-law was a mind formed to steady and habitual virtue. The character usually distinguished by the title of a *man of pleasure* was therefore the object of his most rooted aversion and dread.

Maria had received from nature that dubious gift, a heart of exquisite tenderness and sensibility. This, while it made her return her father's fondness with the warmest filial affection, rendered her also liable to attachments of a stronger and more dangerous kind. Unpractised in the world, she did not look at mankind with the discerning eyes of her father; and where she saw an amiable appearance, she was easily led to imagine that every thing else was correspondent.

A young officer happened to be quartered in the town where she lived, who, to a most pleasing figure and address, added a manner and conversation the most specious and insinuating that could be conceived. He appeared all softness and refinement, at the time that his heart was vitiated by the loosest principles, and most confirmed habits of debauchery. Accident gave him an opportunity of commencing an acquaintance with Maria, before her father was aware of the danger to which she was exposed. The impression he made was too strong to be eradicated; and although her father, as soon as he discovered the connection, used every art of persuasion, and every exertion of parental authority to dissolve it, he was unable to succeed.

As Mr. Spencer constantly refused his consent to an union, the unhappy consequences of which he clearly foresaw, the lovers had no other resource to gratify their passion than an elopement. It was long before one educated in the habits and principles that had so carefully been implanted in Maria, could resolve upon so rash and guilty a step; but at length it was determined on and effected; and the unfortunate daughter was too late convinced of the dreadful exchange she had made, of the caresses of the most indulgent of parents, for the fugitive embraces of an abandoned and faithless husband.

Justly

Justly incensed as her father was, she durst not attempt to soften his resentment, which, founded upon an act of disobedience that overthrew all his dearest hopes, was likely to be steadfast and durable. After suffering a variety of misery, both in mind and body, in following a husband who treated her with brutal neglect, she buried him in a garrison abroad, and returned to England in the utmost indigence the third year after her marriage, with a son about two years old.

She had the good fortune to meet with a comfortable asylum soon after her arrival, at the house of a lady who had been her mother's most intimate friend. By her, she was treated with all the kindness of a parent; and her benefactor, desirous of doing her still more essential service, resolved to attempt the arduous task of reconciling her to her father. As this lady's good sense was equal to her benevolence, she was sensible that in order to succeed in such an attempt, it was not advisable to make a direct application, which would give resentment an opportunity of being heard as well as natural affection; but first to awaken his paternal feelings, and then urge the suit while the impression was still warm. She had soon an opportunity for executing her plan.

Mr. Spencer, who had always kept up an intercourse of strict friendship with her, came to pay her a visit. It was contrived that Maria's child, one of the loveliest children ever beheld, should carelessly enter the room, and play about among the company. It soon caught the eye of Mr. Spencer, who was always extremely fond of children, and he asked the lady to whom the charming boy belonged. "To a friend of mine," she slightly answered, and turned the discourse to some other subject. The child attracted more and more of Mr. Spencer's

notice. He called it to him, set it on his knee, and by several acts of endearment rendered it familiar with him. The boy, pleased with the notice taken of him, exerted all his little powers of engaging, and at length entirely won the heart of his unknown grandfather.

The lady of the house, who had been an attentive though silent observer of this progress of affection, now came up, took the little one in her arms, and kissing it, cried, "Heaven help thee, sweet boy! thou hast a troublesome world to struggle through!" "This little child," continued she, addressing herself to Mr. Spencer, "has already lost his father—and its mother, a most amiable creature, is left almost destitute of support." Mr. Spencer was touched to the soul. He took the child from the lady, and embracing it with tears in his eyes—"Heaven help thee, indeed!" says he—"but if thou art destitute of all other friends, I will be a friend to thee! Pray, Madam, will it not be impertinent to enquire more particularly into the circumstances of the lady's situation?" "She is now in my house, Sir," says she, "and will inform you herself." On this, she rung a bell, when Maria, dressed in deep mourning, entered, and rushing across the room, threw herself at her father's feet. With a voice choaked in tears she could only say, "Forgive me, Sir! forgive me." He remained a while in suspense, looking first at his daughter, then at the child—at length the tears began to flow; and catching Maria in his arms—"I do forgive thee, my poor child!" says he, "from my soul I do—all that is past shall be forgot—this little angel makes amends for all."

This sudden stroke of felicity was too much for Maria, who fainted in her father's arms. A scene of tender confusion

fusion ensued, which however soon terminated in transports of affection and gratitude; and the lady whose benevolent ingenuity had brought about the happy event, received the most heart-felt satisfaction from her success.

C H A P. XV.

T H E M O N K.

A POOR monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was pre-determined not to give him a single sous, and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—button'd it up—set myself a little more upon my center, and advanced up gravely to him: there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—Truth might lie between—He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads, which Guido has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating, free from all commonplace

place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd, as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of intreaty; and as it now stands present to my imagination, it gain'd more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journey'd being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitch'd not to have been struck with it—

—A better reason was, I had pre-determined not to give him a single sou.

—'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged and the infirm: the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been open'd to you for the ransom of the unfortunate. The monk made me a bow—but of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore—The monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent—But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God*.

The poor Franciscan made no reply; a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have had done with her resentments in him;

him; he shewed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he press'd both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door——
 Psha! said I with an air of carelessness, three several times——but it would not do: every ungracious syllable I had uttered, crowded back into my imagination; I reflected, I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed without the addition of unkind language—I consider'd his grey hairs—his courteous figure seem'd to re-enter, and gently ask me what injury he had done me? and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along.

STERNE.

C H A P. XVI.

THE PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT.

WHEN now mature in classic knowledge,

The joyful youth is sent to college,

His father comes, a vicar plain,

At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,

And thus in form of humble suitor

Bowing accosts a reverend tutor.

"Sir, I'm a Glo'stershire divine,

"And this my eldest son of nine:

"My

- “ My wife’s ambition and my own
“ Was that this child should wear a gown :
“ I’ll warrant that his good behaviour
“ Will justify your future favour :
“ And for his parts, to tell the truth,
“ My son’s a very forward youth ;
“ Has Horace all by heart—you’d wonder—
“ And months out Homer’s Greek like thunder.
“ If you’d examine—and admit him,
“ A scholarship would nicely fit him :
“ That he succeeds ’tis ten to one ;
“ Your vote and interest, Sir !”—’Tis done.

Our pupil’s hopes, though twice defeated,
Are with a scholarship compleated.
A scholarship but half maintains,
And college rules are heavy chains :
In garret dark he smokes and puns,
A prey to discipline and duns ;
And now intent on new designs,
Sighs for a fellowship—and fines.

- When nine full tedious winters past,
That utmost wish is crown’d at last :
But the rich prize no sooner got,
Again he quarrels with his lot :
“ These fellowships are pretty things,
“ We live indeed like petty kings :
“ But who can bear to waste his whole age
“ Amid the dullness of a college,
“ Debarr’d the common joys of life,
“ And that prime bliss—a loving wife !
“ O ! what’s a table richly spread,
“ Without a woman at its head !

“ Would

“ Would some snug benefice but fall,
“ Ye feasts, ye dinners ! farewell all !
“ To offices I’d bid adieu,
“ Of dean, vice præ.—of burfar too ;
“ Come, joys, that rural quiet yields,
“ Come, tythes, and house, and fruitful fields !”

Too fond of liberty and ease
A patron’s vanity to please,
Long time he watches, and by stealth,
Each frail incumbent’s doubtful health ;
At length—and in his fortieth year,
A living drops—two hundred clear !
With breast elate beyond expression,
He hurries down to take possession,
With rapture views the sweet retreat—
“ What a convenient house ! how neat !
“ For fuel here’s sufficient wood :
“ Pray God the cellars may be good !
“ The garden—that must be new plann’d—
“ Shall these old-fashion’d yew-trees stand ?
“ O’er yonder vacant plot shall rise
“ The flow’ry shrub of thousand dies :—
“ Yon wall, that feels the southern ray,
“ Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay ;
“ While thick beneath its aspect warm,
“ O’er well-rang’d hives the bees shall swarm,
“ From which, ere long, of golden gleam
“ Metheglin’s luscious juice shall stream :
“ This aukward hut o’ergrown with ivy,
“ We’ll alter to a modern privy :
“ Up yon green slope, of hazels trim,
“ An avenue so cool and dim,

“ Shall

“ Shall to an arbour, at the end,
“ In spite of gout, entice a friend.
“ My predecessor lov’d devotion—
“ But of a garden had no notion.”

Continuing this fantastic farce on,
He now commences country parson.
To make his character entire,
He weds—a cousin of the ‘squire;
Not over-weighty in the purse,
But many doctors have done worse:
And though she boast no charms divine,
Yet she can carve, and make birch wine.

Thus fixt, content he taps his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel:
Finds his church-wardens have discerning
Both in good liquor and good learning:
With tythes his barns replete he sees,
And chuckles o’er his surplice fees;
Studies to find out latent dues,
And regulates the state of pews;
Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,
To share the monthly club’s carousing;
Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
And—but on Sundays—hears no bells;
Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
And prunes himself each sapless shoot,
Plants colliflow’rs, and boasts to rear
The earliest melons of the year;
Thinks alteration charming work is,
Keeps Bantam cocks, and feeds his turkies;
Builds in his copse a favourite bench,
And stores the pond with carp and tench.

But

But ah ! too soon his thoughtless breast
By cares domestic is oppress'd ;
And a third butcher's bill and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin ;
For children fresh expences yet,
And Dicky now for school is fit.
" Why did I sell my college life
" (He cries) for benefice and wife ?
" Return, ye days ! when endless pleasure
" I found in reading, or in leisure !
" When calm around the common room
" I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume !
" Rode for a stomach, and inspected,
" At annual bottlings, corks selected :
" And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under
" The portrait of our pious founder !
" When impositions were supply'd
" To light my pipe—or sooth my pride—
" No cares were then for forward peas,
" A yearly-longing wife to please :
" My thoughts no christ'ning dinner cost,
" No children cry'd for butter'd toast ;
" And every night I went to bed,
" Without a Modus in my head !
Oh ! trifling head, and fickle heart !
Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art ;
A dupe to follies yet untry'd,
And sick of pleasures, scarce enjoy'd !
Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
And in pursuit alone it pleases.

C H A P. XVII.

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MICE.

ONCE on a time, so runs the fable,
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord,
A frugal mouse upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul,
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion, *coute qui coute*.
He brought him bacon, nothing lean,
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest tho' no way sparing,
He eat himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But shew'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat,
"But lord, my friend, this savage scene!
"For God's sake, come, and live with men:
"Consider, mice, like men, must die,
"Both small and great, both you and I:
"Then spend your life in joy and sport;
"This doctrine, friend, I learn't at court."

The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they come, thro' thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn:

'Twas

'Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordships had sat late.

Behold the place, where if a poet
Shin'd in description, he might shew it;
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it, in a word, be said
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red:
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sate, *tête à tête*.

}

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
" *Que ça est bon! Ah goûter ça!*
" That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,
" Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in."
Was ever such a happy swain?
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
" I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude
" To eat so much—but all's so good.
" I have a thousand thanks to give—
" My lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all:
" A rat, a rat! clap to the door!"—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice!—

" An't

“ An’t please your honour,” quoth the peasant,
 “ This same dessert is not so pleasant :
 “ Give me again my hollow tree,
 “ A crust of bread, and liberty !”

POPE.

C H A P. XVIII.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground ;
 ’Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
 That love of life increas’d with years
 So much, that in our later stages,
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.

This great affection, to believe,
 Which all confess, but few perceive,
 If old assertions can’t prevail,
 Be pleas’d to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay
 On neighbour Dobson’s wedding-day,
 Death call’d aside the jocund groom
 With him into another room :
 And looking grave, “ You must,” says he,
 “ Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.”
 “ With you, and quit my Susan’s side !
 “ With you !” the hapless husband cry’d :
 “ Young as I am ! ’tis monstrous hard !
 “ Besides, in truth, I’m not prepar’d :

“ My

“ My thoughts on other matters go,
“ This is my wedding-night, you know.”
What more he urg’d I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger ;
So Death the poor delinquent spar’d,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,
“ Neighbour,” he said, “ farewell : No more
“ Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour ;
“ And further to avoid all blame
“ Of cruelty upon my name,
“ To give you time for preparation,
“ And fit you for your future station,
“ Three several warnings you shall have,
“ Before you’re summon’d to the grave :
“ Willing for once I’ll quit my prey,
“ And grant a kind reprieve ;
“ In hopes you’ll have no more to say,
“ But when I call again this way,
“ Well pleas’d the world will leave.”
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befel,
How long he liv’d, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursu’d his course,
And smok’d his pipe, and strok’d his horse,
The willing muse shall tell :
He chaffer’d then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceiv’d his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near ;

His

His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
 Many his gains, his children few,
 He pass'd his hours in peace ;
 But while he view'd his wealth increase,
 While thus a long Life's dusty road
 The beaten track content he trod,
 Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
 Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
 Brought on his eightieth year.

And now one night in musing mood,
 As all alone he sate,
 Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate
 Once more before him flood.

Half kill'd with anger and surprise,
 " So soon return'd ! " old Dobson cries.
 " So soon, d'ye call it ! " Death replies :
 " Surely, my friend, you're but in jest,
 " Since I was here before,
 " 'Tis fix-and-thirty years at least,
 " And you are now fourscore."
 " So much the worse," the Clown rejoin'd ;
 " To spare the aged would be kind :
 " Besides, you promis'd me Three Warnings,
 " Which I have look'd for nights and mornings.
 " I know," cries Death, " that at the best,
 " I seldom am a welcome guest ;
 " But don't be captious, friend, at least ;
 " I little thought you'd still be able
 " To stump about your farm and stable ;

D

" Your

"Your years have run to a great length,

"I wish you joy tho' of your strength."

"Hold," says the Farmer, "not so fast,

"I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death replies,

"However, you still keep your eyes;

"And sure to see one's loves and friends,

"For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might,

"But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking story, faith,

"Yet there's some comfort still," says Death;

"Each strives your sadness to amuse;

"I warrant you hear all the news."

"There's none," cries he, "and if there were,

"I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."

"Nay, then," the Spectre stern rejoin'd,

"If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,

"You've had your three sufficient Warnings:

"So come along, no more we'll part,"

He said, and touch'd him with his dart;

And now old Dobson turning pale,

Yields to his fate——so ends my tale.

MRS. THRALE.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIX.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
 And guide my lonely way,
 To where yon taper cheers the vale,
 With hospitable ray.

For here forlorn and lost I tread,
 With fainting steps and slow ;
 Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
 Seem length'ning as I go.

Forbear, my son, the hermit cries,
 To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
 For yonder phantom only flies
 To lure thee to thy doom.

Here to the houseless child of want,
 My door is open still ;
 And tho' my portion is but scant,
 I give it with good will.

Then turn to-night, and freely share
 Whate'er my cell bestows ;
 My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
 My blessing and repose.

No flocks that range the valley free,
 To slaughter I condemn :

Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

But from the mountain's grassy side,
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruit supply'd,
And water from the spring.

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
For earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay:
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And stranger led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To revels or to rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd, and smil'd ;
And skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries ;
The cricket chirrups on the hearth ;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit 'spy'd,
With answering cares oppress'd :
And whence, unhappy youth, he cry'd,
The sorrows of thy breast ?

From better habitation spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove ;
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love ?

Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,
Are trifling and decay ;
And those who prize the paltry things ;
More trifling still than they.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep ;

A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest:
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

For shame, fond youth; thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex, he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpriz'd! he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confess
A maid in all her charms.

And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn, she cry'd;
Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

My

My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was mark'd for mine,
He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came :
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame.

Each hour the mercenary crowd,
With richest presents strove :
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love,

In humble simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refin'd,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine ;
Their charms were his, but woe is me,
Their constancy was mine.

For still I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain ;

And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride ;
And fought a solitude forlorn,
In secret where he died.

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay ;
I'll seek the solitude he fought,
And stretch me where he lay.

And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die ;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.

Forbid it, heaven, the hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast :
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign :
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine ?

No,

No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too.

GOLDSMITH.

C H A P. XX.

T H E B L A C K B I R D S.

THE sun had chas'd the mountain snow,
And kindly loos'd the frozen soil,
The melting streams began to flow,
And ploughmen urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then, amid the vocal throng
Whom nature wakes to mirth and love,
A blackbird rais'd his am'rous song,
And thus it echo'd through the grove.

"O fairest of the feather'd train!
For whom I sing, for whom I burn,
Attend with pity to my strain,
And grant my love a kind return.

For see the wintry storms are flown,
And gentle Zephyrs fan the air;
Let us the genial influence own,
Let us the vernal pastime share.

The raven plumes his jetty wing
To please his croaking paramour;

The larks responsive ditties sing,
And tell their passion as they soar.

But trust me, love, the raven's wing
Is not to be compar'd with mine;
Nor can the lark so sweetly sing
As I, who strength with sweetness join.

O! let me all thy steps attend!
I'll point new treasures to thy sight;
Whether the grove thy wish befriend,
Or hedge-rows green, or meadows bright.

I'll shew my love the clearest rill
Whose streams among the pebbles stray,
These will we sip, and sip our fill,
Or on the flow'ry margin play.

I'll lead her to the thickest brake,
Impervious to the school-boy's eye;
For her the plaister'd nest I'll make,
And on her downy pinions lie.

When prompted by a mother's care,
Her warmth shall form th' imprison'd young;
The pleasing task I'll gladly share,
Or cheer her labours with my song.

To bring her food I'll range the fields,
And cull the best of every kind;
Whatever nature's bounty yields,
And love's assiduous care can find.

And

And when my lovely mate would stray
To taste the summer sweets at large,
I'll wait at home the live-long day,
And tend with care our little charge.

* Then prove with me the sweets of love,
With me divide the cares of life;
No bush shall boast in all the grove
So fond a mate, so blest a wife."

He ceas'd his song. The melting dame
With soft indulgence heard the strain;
She felt, she own'd a mutual flame,
And hasted to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bower,
And nestled closely to her side;
The fondest bridegroom of that hour,
And she, the most delighted bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a song,
" Behold," he said, " the new-born day!
The lark his matin peal has rung,
Arise, my love, and come away."

Together through the fields they stray'd,
And to the murm'ring riv'let's side;
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
With honest joy and decent pride.

When oh! with grief the Muse relates
The mournful sequel of my tale;

Sent by an order from the fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd the lover cry'd, " My dear,
Haste, haste away, from danger fly;
Here, gunner, point thy thunder here;
O spare my love, and let me die."

At him the gunner took his aim;
His aim, alas! was all too true:
O! had he chose some other game!
Or shot—as he was wont to do!

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearse;
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,
And save the lover in my verse.

JAGO.

C H A P. XXI.

T H E N U N.

WITH each perfection dawning on her mind,
All beauty's treasure opening on her cheek,
Each flatt'ring hope subdu'd, each wish resign'd,
Does gay OPHELIA this lone mansion seek.

Say, gentle maid, what prompts thee to forsake
The paths, thy birth and fortune strew with flowers?
Through nature's kind endearing ties to break,
And waste in cloister'd walls thy pensive hours?

Let sober thought restrain thine erring zeal,
That guides thy footsteps to the vestal gate,

Left

Left thy soft heart (this friendship bids reveal)
Like mine unblest, should mourn like mine too late.

Does some angelic lonely-whisp'ring voice,
Some sacred impulse, or some dream divine,
Approve the dictates of thy early choice?—
Approach with confidence the awful shrine.

There kneeling at yon altar's marble base
(While streams of rapture from thine eye-lids steal,
And smiling heaven illumines thy soul with grace)
Pronounce the vow, thou never can'st repeal.

Yet if misled by false-entitled friends,
Who say, "That peace with all her comely train,
"From starry regions to this clime descends,
"Smooths every frown, and softens every pain:
"That vestals tread contentment's flowery lawn,
"Approv'd of innocence, by health carest:
"That rob'd in colours bright, by fancy drawn,
"Celestial hope sits smiling at their breast:"

Suspect their syren song and artful style,
Their pleasing sounds some treach'rous thought conceal!
Full oft does pride with faintest voice beguile,
And sordid int'rest wear the mask of zeal.

A tyrant-abbess here perchance may reign,
Who, fond of power, affects th' imperial nod,
Looks down disdainful on her female train,
And rules the cloister with an iron rod.

Reflection

Reflection sickens at the life-long tie,
Back-glancing memory acts her busy part,
Its charms the world unfolds to fancy's eye,
And sheds allurements on the wishful heart.

Lo! Discord enters at the sacred porch,
Rage in her frown, and terror on her crest:
Even at the hallow'd lamp she lights her torch,
And holds it flaming to each virgin breast.

But since the legends of monastic bliss
By fraud are fabled, and by youth believ'd,
Unbought experience learn from my distress,
Oh! mark my lot, and be no more deceiv'd.

Three lustres scarce with hasty wing were fled,
When I was torn from every weeping friend,
A thoughtless victim to the temple led,
And (blush ye parents) by a father's hand.

Yet then, what solemn scenes deceiv'd my choice!
The pealing organ's animating sound,
The choral virgin's captivating voice,
The blazing altar, and the priests around:

The train of youths array'd in purest white,
Who scatter'd myrtles as I pass'd along;
The thousand lamps that pour'd a flood of light,
The kiss of peace from all the vestal throng:

The golden censors toss'd with graceful hand,
Whose fragrant breath Arabian odour shed:

Of meek-ey'd novices the circling band,
With blooming chaplets wove around their head.

My willing soul was caught in rapture's flame,
While sacred ardour glow'd in every vein :
Methought applauding angels sung my name,
And heaven's unfullied glories gilt the fane.

This temporary transport soon expir'd,
My drooping heart confess'd a dreadful void :
E'er since, alas ! abandon'd, uninspir'd,
I tread this dome to misery allied.

No wakening joy informs my sullen breast,
Thro' opening skies no radiant seraph smiles,
No saint descends to sooth my soul to rest,
No dream of bliss the dreary night beguiles.

Here haggard discontent still haunts my view ;
The sombre genius reigns in every place,
Arrays each virtue in the darkest hue,
Chills every prayer, and cancels every grace.

I meet her ever in the cheerless cell,
The gloomy grotto and unsocial wood :
I hear her ever in the midnight bell,
The hollow gale, and hoarse resounding flood.

This caus'd a mother's tender tears to flow,
(The sad remembrance time shall ne'er erase)
When having seal'd the irrevocable vow,
I hasten'd to receive her last embrace.

Full well she then presag'd my wretched fate,
The unhappy moments of each future day :
When lock'd within this terror-shedding grate,
My joy-deserted soul would pine away.

Yet ne'er did her maternal voice unfold
This cloister'd scene in all its horror drest,
Nor did she then my trembling steps withhold
When here I enter'd a reluctant guest.

Ah ! could she view her only child betray'd,
And let submission o'er her love prevail ?
The unfeeling priest why did she not upbraid ?
Forbid the vow, and rend the hov'ring veil ?

Alas ! she might not—her relentless lord
Had seal'd her lips, and chid her streaming tear ;
So anguish in her breast conceal'd its hoard,
And all the mother sunk in dumb despair.

But thou who own'st a father's sacred name,
What act impell'd thee to this ruthless deed ?
What crime had forfeited my filial claim ?
And given (oh blasting thought !) thy heart to bleed ?

If then thine injur'd child deserve thy care,
Oh haste and bear her from this lonesome gloom !
In vain—no words can sooth his rigid ear :
And Gallia's laws have riveted my doom.

Ye cloister'd fair—ye censure-breathing saints,
Suppress your taunts, and learn at length to spare,

The'

Tho' mid these holy walls I vent my plaints,
And give to sorrow what is due to pray'r.

I fled not to this mansion's deep recess,
To veil the blushes of a guilty shame,
The tenor of an ill-spent life redress,
And snatch from infamy a sinking name.

Yet let me to my fate submissive bow ;
From fatal symptoms if I right conceive,
This stream, OPHELIA, has not long to flow,
This voice to murmur, and this breast to heave.

Ah ! when extended on the untimely bier
To yonder vault this form shall be convey'd,
Thou'lt not refuse to shed one grateful tear,
And breathe the *requiem* to my fleeting shade.

With pious footstep join the sable train,
As thro' the lengthening isle they take their way :
A glimmering taper let thy hand sustain,
Thy soothing voice attune the funeral lay :

Behold the minister who lately gave
The sacred veil, in garb of mournful hue,
(More friendly office) bending o'er my grave,
And sprinkling my remains with hallow'd dew :

As o'er the corse he strews the rattling dust,
The sternest heart will raise compassion's sigh :
Even then no longer to his child unjust,
The tears may trickle from a *father's* eye.

C H A P. XXII.

RODOLPHO AND MATILDA.

WHEN o'er the Alpine heights chill Winter spreads
His hoary mantle; when the thick'ning air
Descends in feather'd flakes; each prospect now
How wild, how shapeless! Streams which us'd to flow
With hasty currents, lazy creep, beneath
Th' incumbent snow. The tall fir's loaded branch
Waves like the ostrich plume; the fleecy show'r,
Whirl'd in its falling, forms unreal hills,
And faithless levels. Cautious be his steps
Who thro' these regions journeys while they wear
Their cold and dreary aspect, left from above
The snowy piles o'erwhelm him; frequent now
From parts remote their sullen sound is heard,
Striking the startled ear: by eddying winds
Or agitating sounds, the loosen'd snow
First mov'd, augmenting slides, then nodding o'er
The headlong steep, plunges in air, and rolls
With one vast length of ruin to the vale.—
Aghast beneath it the pale traveller sees
The falling promontory—sees—and dies!—
Midst its sad victims from the house of death
Let me recall one true, one wretched pair
It sunk untimely to the tomb. The tale
I've heard from shepherds, as they pointed out
The spot their story noted, and have dropt
For hapless love a sympathizing tear.

In

In a lone vale wash'd by th' impetuous Arve,
 Beneath the shade its tallest mountain threw,
 Matilda dwelt, the sole remaining hope
 Of old Alberto, whose paternal farm
 Cover'd with flocks and herds spread wide around.
 Her's was each blushing charm which youth may boast
 When Nature grows profuse; her's too each pow'r,
 Attended with each studious wish to please.
 Fair as the bloom of May, and mildly sweet
 As the soft gales that with their vernal wings
 Fan the first op'ning flow'rs.—Each neighbouring swain
 Had sigh'd and languish'd, on the tender bark
 Inscrib'd the fair-one's name, or to her ear
 Whisper'd his love,—in vain!—None, none were heard
 Save young Rodolpho, whose prevailing form
 Had won her to his favour: on his brow
 Sat native comeliness, and manly fire
 O'er all diffus'd its lustre. Yet with her
 His gen'rous mind most sway'd, where shone each thought
 That delicacy knows, far more refin'd
 Than suits the happy!—Much he had convers'd
 With rev'rend age, and learn'd from thence to prize
 A rural life, learn'd to prefer the peace
 Of his own woods, to the discordant din
 Of populous cities.—What but fate could bar
 Their wishes?—What indeed!—The morn was fix'd
 To seal their plighted faith, the bridegroom rose
 With all a bridegroom's transport, call'd his friends
 To join the jocund train, and hasten forth
 To greet th' expecting maid; still as he went
 Anticipating Fancy's magic hand,
 The thousand raptures drew which youthful breasts

Peel

Feel at approaching bliss.—Alas! how quick
Treads woe in pleasure's footsteps!—Now pursue
The fated youth, tho' words are sure too weak
To speak his horror, when nor well-known farm,
Nor wonted flocks he saw, but in their place
A pond'rous mound of snow.—At early dawn
From the near Alp the cumb'rous ruin fell,
And crush'd Alberto's roof.—To lend their aid
Th' assembled villagers were met, and now
From out the mass had brought once more to light
Th' ill-farr'd Matilda; lovely still!—for still
A blush was on her cheek, and her clos'd eye
Shew'd but as sleep. Around her head she wore
Her bridal ornaments, deck'd as she was
To wait the nuptial hour.—Ah! deck'd in vain,
The grave thy marriage-bed!—On the sad scene
Rodolpho gazes, stands awhile aghast,
The semblance of despair; his swelling breast,
Torn by conflicting passions, from his tongue
Utt'rance withholds. He rolls his haggard eyes
On all around, as he would ask if e'er
Griefs such as his were known; then o'er the dead
A moment pausing, on her lips imprints
A thousand frantic kisses, her cold hand
With ardour seizes, and in broken sounds
Calls on Matilda's name.—With that last word
The struggling soul a passage finds, and down
He sinks in death, pale as the ambient snow.

KEATS.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXIII.

L A V I N I A.

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends ;
 And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
 For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale ;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty conceal'd.
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride :
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed ;
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves : unstain'd, and pure,
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness

Needs

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By strong Necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

“ What

"What pity! that so delicate a form,
 By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
 And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
 Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
 Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
 Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
 And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 His aged widow and his daughter live,
 Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

"And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
 She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,
 So long in vain? O heavens! the very same,
 The softened image of my noble friend,

Alive

Alive his every look, his every feature,
More elegantly touch'd. — Sweeter than Spring!
Thou sole-surviving blossom from the root
That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
O let me now, into a richer soil,
Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and showers,
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
And of my garden be the pride and joy!
Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
If to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"

Here ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.

The

The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening-hours:
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

THOMSON.

C H A P. XXIV.

THE WINTER TRAVELLER LOST IN THE SNOW.

NOW, while the snows arise, and foul, and fierce,
 All Winter drives along the darkened air;
 In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
 Disaster'd stands; sees other Hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
 Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
 His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,

E

He

He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and blest abode of man ;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost,
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

THOMSON.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXV.

E V E ' s D R E A M.

O SOLE in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd ; for I this night
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design ;
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night. Methought
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice ; I thought it thine : it said,
“ Why sleep'st thou, Eve ? Now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song ; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things ; in vain,
If none regard : Heav'n wakes with all his eyes ;
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire ?
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.”
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not ;
To find thee I directed then my walk ;
And on, methought, alone I pass'd, through ways
That brought me on a sudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge : fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day :
And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood

One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from heav'n
By us oft seen; his dewy locks distill'd
Ambrosia; on that tree he also gaz'd;
And "O fair plant," said he, "with fruit furcharg'd,
Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,
Nor God, nor man? Is knowledge so despis'd?
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good; why else set here?"
This said, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm
He pluck'd, he tasted: me damp horror chill'd
At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold.
But he thus overjoy'd, "O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus crompt,
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
For gods, yet able to make gods of men:
And why not gods of men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impair'd, but honour'd more?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou also; happy though thou art,
Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be:
Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods
Thyself a goddess, not to earth confin'd,
But sometimes in the air, as we; sometimes
Ascend to heav'n, by merit thine, and see
What life the gods live there, and such live thou."
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Ev'n to my mouth, of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd; the pleasant savoury smell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds

With

With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
And various: wond'ring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
And fell asleep: but O how glad I wak'd,
To find this but a dream!

MILTON.

B O O K II.

DIDACTIC PIECES.

C H A P. I.

ON ELOCUTION.

YOUR very bad enunciation, my son, gives me real concern; and I congratulate both you and myself, that I was informed of it (as I hope) in time to prevent it; and shall ever think myself, as hereafter you will, I am sure, think yourself, infinitely obliged to your friend, for informing me of it. If this ungraceful and disagreeable manner of speaking had, either by your negligence or mine, become habitual to you, as in a couple of years more it would have been, what a figure would you have made in company, or in a public assembly! Who would have liked you in the one, or have attended to you in the other?

Read what Cicero and Quintilian say of Enunciation, and see what a stress they lay upon the gracefulness of it: nay, Cicero goes further, and even maintains, that
a good

a good figure is necessary for an Orator ; and, particularly, that he must not be *vastus* ; that is, overgrown and clumsy. He shews by it, that he knew mankind well, and knew the powers of an agreeable figure and a graceful manner. Men are much oftener led by their hearts, than by their understandings. The way to the heart is, through the senses ; please their eyes and their ears, and the work is half done. I have frequently known a man's fortune decided for ever by his first address. If it is pleasing, people are hurried involuntarily into a persuasion that he has a merit, which possibly he has not ; as, on the other hand, if it is ungraceful, they are immediately prejudiced against him ; and unwilling to allow him the merit which, it may be, he has. Nor is this sentiment so unjust and unreasonable as at first it may seem ; for, if a man has parts, he must know of how much consequence it is to him to have a graceful manner of speaking, and a genteel and pleasing address : he will cultivate and improve them to the utmost. What is the constant and just observation, as to all actors upon the stage ? Is it not, that those who have the best sense always speak the best, though they may happen not to have the best voices ? They will speak plainly, distinctly, and with the proper emphasis, be their voices ever so bad. Had Roscius spoken *quick, thick, and ungracefully*, I will answer for it that Cicero would not have thought him worth the oration which he made in his favour. Words were given us to communicate our ideas by ; and there must be something inconceivably absurd, in uttering them in such a manner, as that either people cannot understand them, or will not desire to understand them. I tell you truly and sincerely, that I shall judge of your parts by your speaking gracefully or ungracefully. If

you have parts, you will never be at rest till you have brought yourself to a habit of speaking most gracefully; for I aver, that it is in your power. You will desire your tutor, that you may read aloud to him, every day; and that he will interrupt and correct you, every time that you read too fast, do not observe the proper stops, or lay a wrong emphasis. You will take care to open your teeth when you speak; to articulate every word distinctly; and to beg of any friend you speak to, to remind, and stop you, if ever you fall into the rapid and unintelligible mutter. You will even read aloud to yourself, and tune your utterance to your own ear; and read at first much slower than you need to do, in order to correct that shameful habit of speaking faster than you ought. In short, you will make it your business, your study, and your pleasure, to speak well, if you think right. Therefore, what I have said, is more than sufficient, if you have sense; and ten times more would not be sufficient, if you have not: so here I rest it.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

C H A P. II.

ON READING THE COMMON PRAYER.

THE reading of the Common Prayer well is of so great importance, and so much neglected, that I take the liberty to offer to your consideration some particulars on that subject.

It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent exercise of it should not make the performers of that duty more expert
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in it. This inability, as I conceive, proceeds from the little care that is taken of their reading, while boys and at school, where when they are got into Latin, they are looked upon as above English, the reading of which is wholly neglected, or at least read to very little purpose, without any due observations made to them of the proper accent and manner of reading; by this means they have acquired such ill habits as will not easily be removed. The only way that I know of to remedy this, is to propose some person of great ability that way as a pattern for them; example being most effectual to convince the learned, as well as instruct the ignorant.

You must know, Sir, I've been a constant frequenter of the service of the church of England for above these four years last past, and till Sunday was seven-night never discovered, to so great a degree, the excellency of the Common Prayer. When being at St. James's Garlick-Hill church, I heard the service read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be inattentive. My eyes and my thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confined to my prayers; I then considered I addressed myself to the Almighty; and when I reflected on my former performances of that duty, I found I had run it over as a matter of form, in comparison to the manner in which I then discharged it. My mind was really affected, and fervent wishes accompanied my words. The confession was read with such a resigned humility, and the thanksgivings with such a religious joy, as made me feel those affections of the mind in a manner I never did before. To remedy therefore the grievance above complained of, I humbly propose, that this ex-

cellent reader upon the next, and every annual assembly of the clergy of Sion college, and all other conventions, should read prayers before them. For then those that are afraid of stretching their mouths, and spoiling their soft voice, will learn to read with clearness, loudness, and strength. Others that affect a rakish negligent air by folding their arms, and lolling on their book, will be taught a decent behaviour, and comely erection of body. Those that read fast, as if impatient of their work, may learn to speak deliberately. There is another sort of persons whom I call Pindaric readers, as being confined to no set measure; these pronounce five or six words with great deliberation, and the five or six subsequent ones with as great celerity: the first part of a sentence with a very exalted voice, and the latter part with a submissive one: sometimes again with one sort of a tone, and immediately after with a very different one. These gentlemen will learn of my admired reader an evenness of voice and delivery; and all who are innocent of these affectations, but read with such an indifferency as if they did not understand the language, may then be informed of the art of reading movingly and fervently, how to place the emphasis, and give the proper accent to each word, and how to vary the voice according to the nature of the sentence. There is certainly a very great difference between the reading a prayer and a gazette, which I beg of you to inform a set of readers, who affect, forsooth, a certain gentleman-like familiarity of tone, and mend the language as they go on, crying instead of *pardoneth* and *absolveth*, *pardons* and *absolves*. These are often pretty classical scholars, and would think it an unpardonable sin to read Virgil or Martial with so little taste as they do divine service.

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If those who err in these particulars would please to recollect the many pleasantries they have read upon those who recite good things with an ill grace, they would go on to think that what in that case is only ridiculous, in themselves is impious. But leaving this to their own reflections, I shall conclude with what Cæsar said upon the irregularity of tone in one who read before him; *Do you read or sing? If you sing, you sing very ill.*

SPECTATOR.

C H A P. III.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

HAVING heard that you are lately entered into holy orders, I cannot forbear offering my thoughts to you upon this new condition of life you are engaged in.

I take it for granted, that you intend to pursue the beaten track, and are already desirous to be seen in a pulpit; only I hope you will think it proper to pass your quarantine among some of the desolate churches five miles round this town, where you may at least learn to *read* and to *speak*, before you venture to expose your parts in a city-congregation: not that these are better judges, but because, if a man must needs expose his folly, it is more safe and discreet to do so before few witnesses, and in a scattered neighbourhood. And you will do well, if you can prevail upon some intimate and judicious friend to be your constant hearer, and allow him, with the utmost freedom, to give you notice of

whatever he shall find amiss either in your voice or gesture; for want of which early warning many clergymen continue defective, and sometimes ridiculous, to the end of their lives. Neither is it rare to observe, among excellent and learned divines, a certain ungracious manner, or an unhappy tone of voice, which they never have been able to shake off.

I could likewise have been glad, if you had applied yourself a little more to the study of the English language, than I fear you have done; the neglect whereof is one of the most general defects among the scholars of this kingdom, who seem not to have the least conception of style, but run on in a flat kind of phraseology, often mingled with barbarous terms and expressions, peculiar to the nation: neither do I perceive that any person either finds or acknowledges his wants upon this head, or in the least desires to have them supplied. Proper words in proper places make the true definition of a style. But this would require too ample a discussion to be now dwelt on: however, I shall venture to name one or two faults, which are easy to be remedied with a very small portion of abilities.

The first is the frequent use of obscure terms, which by the women are called *hard words*, and by the better sort of vulgar, *fine language*; than which I do not know a more universal, inexcusable, and unnecessary mistake among the clergy of all distinctions, but especially the younger practitioners. I have been curious enough to take a list of several hundred words in a sermon of a new beginner, which not one of his hearers among a hundred could possibly understand; neither can I easily call to mind any clergyman of my own acquaintance, who is wholly exempt from this error, although many of them agree with

with me in the dislike of the thing. But I am apt to put myself in the place of the vulgar, and think many words difficult or obscure, which the preacher will not allow to be so, because those words are obvious to scholars. I believe the method observed by the famous lord Falkland, in some of his writings, would not be an ill one for young divines: I was assured by an old person of quality, who knew him well, that, when he doubted whether a word were perfectly intelligible or no, he used to consult one of his lady's chamber-maids, (not the waiting-woman, because it was possible she might be conversant in romances) and by her judgment was guided whether to receive or reject it. And, if that great person thought such a caution necessary in treatises offered to the learned world, it will be sure at least as proper in sermons, where the meanest hearer is supposed to be concerned, and where very often a lady's chamber-maid may be allowed to equal half the congregation, both as to quality and understanding. But I know not how it comes to pass, that professors in most arts and sciences are generally the worst qualified to explain their meanings to those who are not of their tribe: a common farmer shall make you understand, in three words, "that his foot is out of joint, or his collar-bone broken;" wherein a surgeon, after a hundred terms of art, if you are not a scholar, shall leave you to seek. It is frequently the same case in law, physic, and even many of the meaner arts.

And upon this account it is, that among *hard words* I number likewise those, which are peculiar to divinity as it is a science, because I have observed several clergymen, otherwise little fond of obscure terms, yet in their sermons very liberal of those which they find in ecclesiastical writers,

writers, as if it were our duty to understand them; which I am sure it is not. And I defy the greatest divine to produce any law either of God or man, which obliges me to comprehend the meaning of *omniscience*, *omnipresence*, *ubiquity*, *attribute*, *beatific vision*, with a thousand others so frequent in pulpits, any more than that of *eccentric*, *idiosyncrasy*, *entity*, and the like. I believe I may venture to insist further, that many terms used in holy writ, particularly by St. Paul, might with more discretion be changed into plainer speech, except when they are introduced as part of a quotation.

I am the more earnest in this matter, because it is a general complaint, and the justest in the world. For a divine hath nothing to say to the wisest congregation of any parish in this kingdom, which he may not express in a manner to be understood by the meanest among them. And this assertion must be true, or else God requires from us more than we are able to perform. However, not to contend whether a logician might possibly put a case that would serve for an exception, I will appeal to any man of letters, whether at least nineteen in twenty of those perplexing words might not be changed into easy ones, such as naturally first occur to ordinary men, and probably did so at first to those very gentlemen, who are so fond of the former.

We are often reproved by divines from the pulpits on account of our ignorance in things sacred, and perhaps with justice enough: however, it is not very reasonable for them to expect, that *common men* should understand expressions, which are never made use of in *common life*.

The fear of being thought pedants hath been of pernicious consequence to young divines. This hath
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wholly taken many of them off from their severer studies in the university; which they have exchanged for plays, poems, and pamphlets, in order to qualify them for tea-tables and coffee-houses. This they usually call *polite conversation, knowing the world, and reading men instead of books.*

It would be endless to run over the several defects of style among us: I shall therefore say nothing of the *mean* and the *paltry*, (which are usually attended by the *fustian*) much less of the *slovenly* or *indecent*. Two things I will just warn you against: the first is, the frequency of flat unnecessary epithets; and the other is, the folly of using old threadbare phrases, which will often make you go out of your way to find and apply them, are nauseous to rational hearers, and will seldom express your meaning as well as your own natural words.

Although, as I have already observed, our English tongue is too little cultivated in this kingdom, yet the faults are nine in ten owing to affectation, and not to the want of understanding. When a man's thoughts are clear, the properest words will generally offer themselves first, and his own judgment will direct him in what order to place them, so as they may be best understood. Where men err against this method, it is usually on purpose, and to shew their learning, their oratory, their politeness, or their knowledge of the world. In short, that simplicity, without which no human performance can arrive to any great perfection, is no where more eminently useful than in this.

I shall now mention a particular, wherein your whole body will be certainly against me, and the laity, almost to a man, on my side. However it came about, I cannot
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get over the prejudice of taking some little offence at the clergy for perpetually reading their sermons; perhaps my frequent hearing of foreigners, who never make use of notes, may have added to my disgust. And I cannot but think, that whatever is read, differs as much from what is repeated without book, as a copy does from an original. At the same time I am highly sensible, what an extreme difficulty it would be upon you to alter this method; and that, in such a case, your sermons would be much less valuable than they are, for want of time to improve and correct them. I would therefore gladly come to a compromise with you in this matter. I knew a clergyman of some distinction, who appeared to deliver his sermon without looking into his notes, which when I complimented him upon, he assured me, he could not repeat six lines; but his method was to write the whole sermon in a large plain hand, with all the forms of margin, paragraph, marked page, and the like; then, on Sunday morning, he took care to run it over five or six times, which he could do in an hour; and when he delivered it, by pretending to turn his face from one side to the other, he would (in his own expression) pick up the lines, and cheat his people by making them believe he had it all by heart. He farther added, that, whenever he happened by neglect to omit any of these circumstances, the vogue of the parish was, "Our doctor gave us but an indifferent sermon to-day." Now among us many clergymen act so directly contrary to this method, that, from a habit of saving *time* and *paper* which they acquired at the university, they write in so diminutive a manner, with such frequent blots and interlineations, that they are hardly able to go on without perpetual hesitations or
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extemporary expletives: and I desire to know, what can be more inexcusable, than to see a divine and a scholar at a loss in reading his own compositions, which it is supposed he has been preparing with much *pains* and *thought* for the instruction of his people. The want of a little more care in this article is the cause of much ungraceful behaviour. You will observe some clergymen with their heads held down from the beginning to the end, within an inch of the cushion, to read what is hardly legible; which, besides the untoward manner, hinders them from making the best advantage of their voice: others again have a trick of popping up and down every moment from their *paper* to the audience, like an idle school-boy on a repetition-day.

Let me intreat you therefore to add one half crown a year to the article of *paper*; to transcribe your sermons in as large and plain a manner as you can; and either make no interlineations, or change the whole leaf; for we, your hearers, would rather you should be less correct, than perpetually stammering, which I take to be one of the worst solecisms in rhetoric. And lastly, read your sermon once or twice a day for a few days before you preach it: to which you will probably answer some years hence, "that it was but just finished, when the last bell rang to church:" and I shall readily believe, but not excuse you.

I cannot forbear warning you in the most earnest manner, against endeavouring at wit in your sermons, because, by the strictest computation, it is very near a million to one that you have none; and because too many of your calling have consequently made themselves everlastingly ridiculous by attempting it. I remember several young men who could never leave the pulpit
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under half a dozen *conceits*; and this faculty adhered to those gentlemen a longer or shorter time, exactly in proportion to their several degrees of dulness: accordingly, I am told that some of them retain it to this day. I heartily wish the brood were at an end.

SWIFT.

C H A P. IV.

ON DIGNITY OF MANNERS:

THERE is a certain dignity of manners absolutely necessary, to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable.

Horse-play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter, jokes, waggery, and indiscriminate familiarity, will sink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compose at most a merry fellow; and a merry fellow was never yet a respectable man. Indiscriminate familiarity, either offends your superiors, or else dubs you their dependent, and led captain. It gives your inferiors, just, but troublesome and improper claims of equality. A joker is near akin to a buffoon; and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is admitted or sought for, in company, upon any other account than that of his merit and manners, is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such-a-one, for he sings prettily; we will invite such-a-one to a ball, for he dances well; we will have such-a-one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing; we will ask another, because he plays deep at all games, or because he can drink a great deal. These are all villifying

fyng distinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of esteem and regard. Whoever *is bad* (as it is called) in company, for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light; consequently never respected, let his merits be what they will.

This dignity of manners, which I recommend so much to you, is not only as different from pride, as true courage is from blustering, or true wit from joking, but is absolutely inconsistent with it; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride. The pretensions of the proud man, are oftener treated with sneer and contempt, than with indignation: as we offer ridiculously too little to a tradesman, who asks ridiculously too much for his goods; but we do not haggle with one who only asks a just and reasonable price.

Abject flattery and indiscriminate assentation degrade, as much as indiscriminate contradiction and noisy debate disgust. But a modest assertion of one's own opinion, and a complaisant acquiescence in other people's, preserve dignity.

Vulgar, low expressions, awkward motions and address, vilify, as they imply either a very low turn of mind, or low education, and low company.

Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and a laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve, a moment's thought, lower a man; who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz, very sagaciously, marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment that he told him he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

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A certain degree of exterior seriousness in looks and motions, gives dignity, without excluding wit and decent cheerfulness, which are always serious themselves. A constant smirk upon the face, and a whiffing activity of the body, are strong indications of futility. Whoever is in a hurry, shews that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things.

I have only mentioned some of those things which may, and do, in the opinion of the world, lower and sink characters, in other respects valuable enough; but I have taken no notice of those that affect and sink the moral characters. They are sufficiently obvious. A man who has patiently been kicked, may as well pretend to courage, as a man blasted by vices and crimes, to dignity of any kind. But an exterior decency and dignity of manners, will even keep such a man longer from sinking, than otherwise he would be: of such consequence is the *το πρεπον*, or decorum, even though affected and put on!

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

C H A P. V.

ON VULGARITY.

A VULGAR, ordinary way of thinking, acting, or speaking, implies a low education, and a habit of low company. Young people contract it at school, or among servants, with whom they are too often used to converse; but, after they frequent good company, they

they must want attention and observation very much, if they do not lay it quite aside. And indeed if they do not, good company will be very apt to lay them aside. The various kinds of vulgarisms are infinite ; I cannot pretend to point them out to you ; but I will give some samples, by which you may guess at the rest.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous ; eager and impetuous about trifles. He suspects himself to be slighted, thinks every thing that is said meant at him ; if the company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him ; he grows angry and testy ; says something very impertinent, and draws himself into a scrape, by shewing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself. A man of fashion does not suppose himself to be either the sole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the company ; and never suspects that he is either slighted or laughed at, unless he is conscious that he deserves it. And if (which very seldom happens) the company is absurd or ill-bred enough to do either, he does not care two-pence, unless the insult be so gross and plain as to require satisfaction of another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them ; and, wherever they are concerned, rather acquiesces than wrangles. A vulgar man's conversation always savours strongly of the lowness of his education and company. It turns chiefly upon his domestic affairs, his servants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood ; all which he relates with emphasis, as interesting matters. He is a man-gossip.

Vulgarism in language is the next, and distinguishing characteristic of bad company, and a bad education. A man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than this.

Proverbial

Proverbial expressions, and trite sayings, are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he say, that men differ in their tastes; he both supports and adorns that opinion, by the good old saying, as he respectfully calls it, that *what is one man's meat is another man's poison*. If any body attempts being *smart*, as he calls it, upon him; he gives them *tit for tat*, aye, that he does. He has always some favourite word for the time being; which, for the sake of using often, he commonly abuses. Such as *vastly* angry, *vastly* kind, *vastly* handsome, and *vastly* ugly. Even his pronunciation of proper words, carries the mark of the beast along with it. He calls the earth *yearth*; he is *obliged* not *obliged* to you. He goes *to wards*, and not towards such a place. He sometimes affects hard words, by way of ornament, which he always mangles. A man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs, and vulgar aphorisms; uses neither favourite words nor hard words; but takes great care to speak very correctly and grammatically, and to pronounce properly; that is, according to the usage of the best companies.

An awkward address, ungraceful attitudes and actions, and a certain left-handiness (if I may use that word) loudly proclaim low education and low company; for it is impossible to suppose that a man can have frequented good company, without having caught something, at least, of their air and motions. A new-raised man is distinguished in a regiment by his awkwardness: but he must be impenetrably dull, if, in a month or two's time, he cannot perform at least the common manual exercise, and look like a soldier. The very accoutrements of a man of fashion, are grievous incumbrances to a vulgar man. He is at a loss what to do with his hat, when
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it is not upon his head; his cane (if unfortunately he wears one) is at perpetual war with every cup of tea or coffee he drinks; destroys them first, and then accompanies them in their fall. His sword is formidable only to his own legs, which would possibly carry him fast enough out of the way of any sword but his own. His clothes fit him so ill, and constrain him so much, that he seems rather their prisoner than their proprietor. He presents himself in company, like a criminal in a court of justice; his very air condemns him; and people of fashion will no more connect themselves with the one, than people of character will with the other. This repulse drives and sinks him into low company; a gulph from whence no man, after a certain age, ever emerged.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

C H A P. VI.

ON GOOD BREEDING.

A FRIEND of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be, "the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." Taking this for granted, (as I think it cannot be disputed) it is astonishing to me, that any body, who has good sense and good nature, can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances; and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is every

every where and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general; their cement, and their security. And, as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones; so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners, and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who, by his ill-manners, invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisance, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniencies, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects: whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think, that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing: and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred. Thus much for good breeding in general, I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it.

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should shew to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors; such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of shewing that respect which is different. The man of fashion, and of the world, expresses it in its full extent; but naturally, easily,
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and without concern: whereas a man, who is not used to keep good company, expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal: but I never saw the worst-bred man living, guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such like indecencies, in company that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to shew that respect, which every body means to shew, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest; and, consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But, upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to shew him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women; who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, and fancies, must be officiously attended to, and, if possible, guessed at and anticipated, by a well-bred man. You

must never usurp to yourself those conveniences and gratifications which are of common right ; such as the best places, the best dishes, &c. but on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others ; who, in their turns, will offer them to you : so that, upon the whole, you will, in your turn, enjoy your share of the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well-bred man shews his good breeding in good company ; and it would be injurious to you to suppose, that your own good sense will not point them out to you ; and then your own good nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce the practice.

There is a third sort of good breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean, with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors ; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private, social life. But ease and freedom have their bounds, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons : and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends, is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. But example explains things best, and I will put a pretty strong case. Suppose you and me alone together ; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can possibly have in any other ; and I am apt to believe, too, that you would indulge me in that freedom, as far as any body would. But, notwithstanding

withstanding this, do you imagine that I should think there were no bounds to that freedom? I assure you, I should not think so; and I take myself to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendships, require a degree of good breeding, both to preserve and cement them. The best of us have our bad sides; and it is as imprudent, as it is ill-bred, to exhibit them. I shall not use ceremony with you; it would be mis-placed between us: but I shall certainly observe that degree of good breeding with you, which is, in the first place, decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

C H A P. VII.

THE ART OF PLEASING.

§ I.

THE desire of being pleased is universal; the desire of pleasing should be so too. It is included in that great and fundamental principle of morality, of doing to others what we wish they should do to us. There are indeed some moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of a more amiable; and I do not hesitate to place it at the head of the *minor* virtues.

The *manner* of conferring favours or benefits, is, as to pleasing, almost as important as the matter itself. Take care, then, never to throw away the obligations, which perhaps you may have it in your power to confer upon others, by an air of insolent protection, or by a cold

and comfortless manner, which stifles them in their birth. Humanity inclines, religion requires, and our moral duties oblige us, as far as we are able, to relieve the distresses and miseries of our fellow-creatures; but this is not all; for a true heart-felt benevolence and tenderness, will prompt us to contribute what we can to their ease, their amusement, and their pleasure, as far as innocently we may. Let us then not only scatter benefits, but even strew flowers for our fellow-travellers, in the rugged ways of this wretched world.

There are some, and but too many in this country particularly, who, without the least visible taint of ill-nature or malevolence, seem to be totally indifferent, and do not shew the least desire to please; as, on the other hand, they never designedly offend. Whether this proceeds from a lazy, negligent, and listless disposition, from a gloomy and melancholic nature, from ill health, low spirits, or from a secret and sullen pride, arising from the consciousness of their boasted liberty and independency, is hard to determine, considering the various movements of the human heart, and the wonderful errors of the human head. But, be the cause what it will, that neutrality, which is the effect of it, makes these people, as neutralities do, despicable, and mere blanks in society. They would surely be roused from their indifference, if they would seriously consider the infinite utility of pleasing.

The person who manifests a constant desire to please, places his, perhaps, small stock of merit, at great interest. What vast returns, then, must real merit, when thus adorned, necessarily bring in! A prudent usurer would with transport place his last shilling at such interest, and upon so solid a security.

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The man who is amiable, will make almost as many friends as he does acquaintances. I mean in the current acceptation of the word, but not such sentimental friends as Pylades or Orestes, Nysus and Euryalus, &c. but he will make people in general with him well, and inclined to serve him in any thing not inconsistent with their own interest.

Civility is the essential article towards pleasing, and is the result of good nature, and of good sense; but good breeding is the decoration, the lustre of civility, and only to be acquired by a minute attention to, and experience of good company. A good-natured ploughman or fox-hunter, may be intentionally as civil as the politest courtier; but their manner often degrades, and vilifies the matter; whereas, in good breeding, the *manner* always adorns and dignifies the matter to such a degree, that I have often known it give currency to base coin.

Civility is often attended by a ceremoniousness, which good breeding corrects, but will not quite abolish. A certain degree of ceremony is a necessary outwork of manners, as well as of religion: it keeps the forward and petulant at a proper distance, and is a very small restraint to the sensible, and to the well-bred part of the world.

§ 2.

The means of pleasing vary according to time, place, and person; but the general rule is the trite one. Endeavour to please, and you will infallibly please to a certain degree: constantly shew a desire to please, and you will engage people's self-love in your interest; a most

powerful advocate. This, as indeed almost every thing else, depends on attention.

Be therefore attentive to the most trifling thing that passes where you are; have, as the vulgar phrase is, your eyes and your ears always about you. It is a very foolish, though a very common saying, "I really did not mind it," or, "I was thinking of quite another thing at that time." The proper answer to such ingenious excuses, and which admits of no reply, is, Why did you not mind it? you was present when it was said or done. Oh! but you may say, you was thinking of quite another thing: if so, why was you not in quite another place proper for that important other thing, which you say you was thinking of? But you will say, perhaps, that the company was so silly that it did not deserve your attention: that, I am sure, is the saying of a silly man; for a man of sense knows that there is no company so silly, that some use may not be made of it by attention.

Let your address, when you first come into company, be modest, but without the least bashfulness or sheepishness; steady, without impudence, and unembarrassed, as if you were in your own room. This is a difficult point to hit, and therefore deserves great attention; nothing but a long usage in the world, and in the best company can possibly give it.

A young man without knowledge of the world, when he first goes into fashionable company, where most are his superiors, is commonly either annihilated by bashfulness, or, if he rouses and lashes himself up to what he only thinks a modest assurance, he runs into impudence and absurdity, and consequently offends, instead of pleasing. Have always, as much as you can, that gentle-

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ness of manner, which never fails to make favourable impressions, provided it be equally free from an insipid smile, or a pert smirk.

Carefully avoid an argumentative and disputative turn, which too many people have, and some even value themselves upon, in company; and, when your opinion differs from others, maintain it only with modesty, calmness, and gentleness; but never be eager, loud, or clamorous; and, when you find your antagonist beginning to grow warm, put an end to the dispute by some genteel stroke of humour. For, take it for granted, if the two best friends in the world dispute with eagerness, upon the most trifling subject imaginable, they will, for the time, find a momentary alienation from each other. Disputes upon any subject, are a sort of trial of the understanding, and must end in the mortification of one or other of the disputants. On the other hand, I am far from meaning that you should give an universal assent to all that you hear said in company; such an assent would be mean, and in some cases criminal; but blame with indulgence, and correct with gentleness.

Always look people in the face when you speak to them; the not doing it is thought to imply conscious guilt; besides that, you lose the advantage of observing by their countenances, what impression your discourse makes upon them. In order to know people's real sentiments, I trust much more to my eyes than to my ears; for they can say whatever they have a mind I should hear; but they can seldom help looking, what they have no intention that I should know.

If you have not command enough over yourself to conquer your humours, as I am sure every rational creature may have, never go into company while the fit of ill-

humour is upon you. Instead of company's diverting you in those moments, you will displease, and probably shock them; and you will part worse friends than you met: but whenever you find in yourself a disposition to fullness, contradiction, or testiness, it will be in vain to seek for a cure abroad. Stay at home, let your humour ferment and work itself off. Cheerfulness and good humour are of all qualifications the most amiable in company; for, though they do not necessarily imply good nature and good breeding, they represent them, at least, very well, and that is all that is required in mixt company.

I have indeed known some very ill-natured people, who were very good-humoured in company; but I never knew any one generally ill-humoured in company, who was not essentially ill-natured. When there is no malevolence in the heart, there is always a cheerfulness and ease in the countenance and manners. By good humour and cheerfulness, I am far from meaning noisy mirth and loud peals of laughter, which are the distinguishing characteristics of the vulgar and of the ill-bred, whose mirth is a kind of storm. Observe it, the vulgar often laugh, but never smile; whereas, well-bred people often smile, but seldom laugh. A witty thing never excited laughter; it pleases only the mind, and never distorts the countenance: a glaring absurdity, a blunder, a silly accident, and those things that are generally called comical, may excite a laugh, though never a loud nor a long one, among well-bred people.

Sudden passion is called short-lived madness; it is a madness indeed, but the fits of it return so often in choleric people, that it may well be called a continual madness. Should you happen to be of this unfortunate disposition,

position, make it your constant study to subdue, or, at least, to check it: when you find your choler rising, resolve neither to speak to, nor answer the person who excites it; but stay till you find it subsiding, and then speak deliberately. Endeavour to be cool and steady upon all occasions; the advantages of such a steady calmness are innumerable, and would be too tedious to relate. It may be acquired by care and reflection; if it could not, that reason which distinguishes men from brutes, would be given us to very little purpose: as a proof of this, I never saw, and scarcely ever heard of a Quaker in a passion. In truth, there is, in that sect, a decorum, and decency, and an amiable simplicity, that I know in no other.

§ 3.

If you have wit, which I am not sure that I wish you, unless you have at the same time, at least an equal portion of judgment to keep it in good order, wear it like your sword in the scabbard, and do not brandish it to the terror of the whole company. Wit is a shining quality that every body admires; most people aim at it, all people fear it, and few love it, unless in themselves. A man must have a good share of wit himself to endure a great share in another. When wit exerts itself in satire, it is a most malignant distemper; wit, it is true, may be shewn in satire; but satire does not constitute wit, as many imagine. A man of wit ought to find a thousand better occasions of shewing it.

Abstain, therefore, most carefully from satire, which, though it fall on no particular person in company, and momentarily, from the malignancy of the human heart, pleases all; yet, upon reflection, it frightens all too.

Every one thinks it may be his turn next, and will hate you for what he finds you could say of him, more than be obliged to you for what you do not say. Fear and hatred are next-door neighbours; the more wit you have, the more good nature and politeness you must shew, to induce people to pardon your superiority; for that is no easy matter.

Appear to have rather less than more wit than you really have. A wise man will live at least as much within his wit as his income. Content yourself with good sense and reason, which at the long-run are ever sure to please every body who has either; if wit comes into the bargain, welcome it, but never invite it. Bear this truth always in your mind, that you may be admired for your wit, if you have any; but that nothing but good sense and good qualities can make you be beloved. These are substantial every-day's wear. Whereas wit is a holiday-suit which people wear chiefly to be stared at.

There is a species of minor wit, which is much used and much more abused; I mean raillery. It is a most mischievous and dangerous weapon, when in unskilful or clumsy hands; and it is much safer to let it quite alone than to play with it; and yet almost every body do play with it, though they see daily the quarrels and heart-burnings that it occasions.

The injustice of a bad man is sooner forgiven, than the insults of a witty one; the former only hurts one's liberty and property, but the latter hurts and mortifies that secret pride which no human breast is free from. I will allow that there is a sort of raillery which may not only be inoffensive, but even flattering, as when by a genteel irony, you accuse people of those imperfections which they are most notoriously free from, and consequently insinuate
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that they possess the contrary virtues. You may safely call Aristides a knave, or a very handsome woman an ugly one. Take care, however, that neither the man's character, nor the lady's beauty be in the least doubtful. But this sort of raillery requires a very light and steady hand to administer it. A little too strong, it may be mistaken into an offence; and a little too smooth, it may be thought a sneer, which is a most odious thing.

There is another sort, I will not call it wit, but merri-ment and buffoonery, which is *mimicry*. The most successful mimic in the world is always the most absurd fellow, and an ape is infinitely his superior. His profession is to imitate and ridicule those natural defects and deformities for which no man is in the least accountable, and, in the imitation of which, he makes himself, for the time, as disagreeable and shocking as those he mimics. But I will say no more of these creatures who only amuse the lowest rabble of mankind.

There is another sort of human animals, called wags, whose profession is to make the company laugh immoderately, and who always succeed, provided the company consist of fools; but who are equally disappointed in finding that they never can alter a muscle in the face of a man of sense. This is a most contemptible character, and never esteemed even by those who are silly enough to be diverted by them.

Be content for yourself with sound good sense, and good manners, and let wit be thrown into the bargain, where it is proper and inoffensive. Good sense will make you esteemed; good manners will make you beloved; and wit will give a lustre to both.

§ 4.

The egotism is the most usual and favourite figure of most people's rhetoric, and which I hope you will never adopt, but, on the contrary, most scrupulously avoid. Nothing is more disagreeable or irksome to the company, than to hear a man either praising or condemning himself; for both proceed from the same motive, vanity. I would allow no man to speak of himself, unless in a court of justice, in his own defence, or as a witness. Shall a man speak in his own praise? No; the hero of his own little tale always puzzles and disgusts the company, who do not know what to say, or how to look. Shall he blame himself? No; vanity is as much the motive of his condemnation as of his panegyric.

I have known many people take shame to themselves, and, with a modest contrition, confess themselves guilty of most of the cardinal virtues. They have such a weakness in their nature, that they cannot help being too much moved with the misfortunes and miseries of their fellow-creatures, which they feel perhaps more, but, at least, as much as they do their own. Their generosity, they are sensible, is imprudence; for they are apt to carry it too far, from the weak, the irresistible beneficence of their nature. They are possibly too jealous of their honour, too irascible when they think it is touched; and this proceeds from their unhappy warm constitution, which makes them too sensible upon that point; and so possibly with respect to all the virtues. A poor trick, and a wretched instance of human vanity, and what defeats its own purpose.

Do you be sure never to speak *of* yourself, *for* yourself, nor *against* yourself; but let your character speak
for

for you: whatever *that* says will be believed; but whatever you say of it will not be believed, and only make you odious and ridiculous.

I know that you are generous and benevolent in your nature; but that, though the principal point, is not quite enough; you must seem so too. I do not mean ostentatiously; but do not be ashamed, as many young fellows are, of owning the laudable sentiments of good nature and humanity which you really feel. I have known many young men who desired to be reckoned men of spirit, affect a hardness and unfeelingness, which in reality they never had; their conversation is in the decisive and menacing tone, mixed with horrid and silly oaths; and all this to be thought men of spirit. Astonishing error this! which necessarily reduces them to this dilemma: if they really mean what they say, they are brutes; and, if they do not, they are fools for saying it. This, however, is a common character among young men. Carefully avoid this contagion, and content yourself with being calmly and mildly resolute and steady, when you are thoroughly convinced you are in the right; for this is true spirit.

Observe the *a propos* in every thing you say or do. In conversing with those who are much your superiors, however easy and familiar you may and ought to be with them, preserve the respect that is due to them. Converse with your equals with an easy familiarity, and, at the same time, great civility and decency. But too much familiarity, according to the old saying, often breeds contempt, and sometimes quarrels. I know nothing more difficult in common behaviour than to fix due bounds to familiarity; too little implies an unfociable formality: too much destroys friendly and social intercourse.

intercourse. The best rule I can give you to manage familiarity is, never to be more familiar with any body than you would be willing, and even wish, that he should be with you. On the other hand, avoid that uncomfortable reserve and coldness which is generally the shield of cunning, or the protection of dulness. To your inferiors you should use a hearty benevolence in your words and actions, instead of a refined politeness, which would be apt to make them suspect that you rather laughed at them.

Carefully avoid all affectation either of body or of mind. It is a very true and a very trite observation, that no man is ridiculous for being what he really is, but for affecting to be what he is not. No man is awkward by nature, but by affecting to be genteel. I have known many a man of common sense pass generally for a fool, because he affected a degree of wit that nature had denied him. A ploughman is by no means awkward in the exercise of his trade, but would be exceedingly ridiculous, if he attempted the air and graces of a man of fashion. You learned to dance; but it was not for the sake of dancing; it was to bring your air and motions back to what they would naturally have been, if they had had fair play, and had not been warped in youth by bad examples, and awkward imitations of other boys.

Nature may be cultivated and improved, both as to the body and the mind; but it is not to be extinguished by art; and all endeavours of that kind are absurd, and an inexpressible fund for ridicule. Your body and mind must be at ease, to be agreeable; but affectation is a particular restraint, under which no man can be genteel in his carriage, or pleasing in his conversation. Do you think your motions would be easy or graceful, if you

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wore the cloaths of another man much slenderer or taller than yourself? Certainly not: it is the same thing with the mind, if you affect a character that does not fit you, and that nature never intended for you.

In fine, it may be laid down as a general rule, that a man who despairs of pleasing will never please; a man that is sure that he shall always please wherever he goes, is a coxcomb; but the man who hopes and endeavours to please, will most infallibly please.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

C H A P. VIII.

INDUSTRY RECOMMENDED.

VERY few people are good œconomists of their fortune, and still fewer of their time; and yet, of the two, the latter is the most precious. I heartily wish you to be a good œconomist of both; and you are now of an age to begin to think seriously of these two important articles. Young people are apt to think they have so much time before them, that they may squander what they please of it, and yet have enough left; as very great fortunes have frequently seduced people to a ruinous profusion. Fatal mistakes, always repented of, but always too late! Old Mr. Lowndes, the famous secretary of the treasury, in the reigns of king William, queen Ann, and king George the first, used to say, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

This holds equally true as to time; and I most earnestly recommend to you the care of those minutes and quarters of hours, in the course of the day, which people think

too short to deserve their attention; and yet, if summed up at the end of the year, would amount to a very considerable portion of time. For example: you are to be at such a place at twelve, by appointment; you go out at eleven, to make two or three visits first; those persons are not at home: instead of sauntering away that intermediate time at a coffee-house, and possibly alone, return home, write a letter, beforehand, for the ensuing post, or take up a good book, I do not mean Descartes, Mallebranche, Locke, or Newton, by way of dipping; but some book of rational amusement; and detached pieces, as Horace, Boileau, Waller, La Bruyere, &c. This will be so much time saved, and by no means ill employed. Many people lose a great deal of time by reading: for they read frivolous and idle books; such as the absurd romances of the two last centuries, where characters, that never existed, are insipidly displayed, and sentiments, that were never felt, pompously described; the oriental ravings and extravagancies of the Arabian Nights, and Mogul Tales; and such sort of idle frivolous stuff, that nourishes and improves the mind just as much as whipped cream would the body. Stick to the best established books in every language; the celebrated poets, historians, orators, or philosophers. By these means (to use a city metaphor) you will make fifty *per cent.* of that time, of which others do not make above three or four, or probably nothing at all.

Many people lose a great deal of their time by laziness; they loll and yawn in a great chair, tell themselves that they have not time to begin any thing then, and that it will do as well another time. This is a most unfortunate disposition, and the greatest obstruction to both knowledge and business. At your age, you have no right nor
claim

claim to laziness. You are but just listed in the world, and must be active, diligent, indefatigable. If ever you propose commanding with dignity, you must serve up to it with diligence. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Dispatch is the soul of business; and nothing contributes more to dispatch, than method. Lay down a method for every thing, and stick to it inviolably, as far as unexpected incidents may allow. Fix one certain hour and day in the week for your accounts, and keep them together in their proper order; by which means they will require very little time, and you can never be much cheated. Whatever letters and papers you keep, docket and tie them up in their respective classes, so that you may instantly have recourse to any one. Lay down a method also for your reading, for which you allot a certain share of your mornings; let it be in a consistent and consecutive course, and not in that desultory and immethodical manner, in which many people read scraps of different authors, upon different subjects. Keep a useful and short common-place book of what you read, to help your memory only, and not for pedantic quotations. Never read history without having maps, and a chronological book, or tables, lying by you, and constantly recurred to; without which, history is only a confused heap of facts. One method more I recommend to you, by which I have found great benefit, even in the most dissipated part of my life; that is, to rise early, and at the same hour every morning, how late soever you may have fate up the night before.

You will say, it may be, as many young people would, that all this order and method is very troublesome, only fit for dull people, and a disagreeable restraint upon the noble spirit and fire of youth. I deny it; and assert, on the contrary,

contrary, that it will procure you, both more time and more taste for your pleasures; and, so far from being troublesome to you, that, after you have pursued it a month, it would be troublesome to you to lay it aside.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

C H A P. IX.

AGAINST A DILATORY DISPOSITION.

THE folly of allowing ourselves to delay what we know cannot be finally escaped, is one of the general weaknesses, which, in spite of the instruction of moralists, and the remonstrances of reason, prevail to a greater or less degree in every mind: even they who most steadily withstand it, find it, if not the most violent, the most pertinacious of their passions, always renewing its attacks, and though often vanquished, never destroyed.

It is indeed natural to have particular regard to the time present, and to be most solicitous for that which is by its nearness enabled to make the strongest impressions. When therefore any sharp pain is to be suffered, or any formidable danger to be incurred, we can scarcely exempt ourselves wholly from the seducements of imagination; we readily believe that another day will bring some support or advantage which we now want; and are easily persuaded, that the moment of necessity which we desire never to arrive, is at a great distance from us.

Thus life is languished away in the gloom of anxiety, and consumed in collecting resolution which the next morning

morning dissipates; in forming purposes which we scarcely hope to keep, and reconciling ourselves to our own cowardice by excuses, which, while we admit them, we know to be absurd. Our firmness is, by the continual contemplation of misery, hourly impaired; every submission to our fear enlarges its dominion; we not only waste that time in which the evil we dread might have been suffered and surmounted, but even where procrastination produces no absolute increase of our difficulties, make them less superable to ourselves by habitual terrors. When evils cannot be avoided, it is wise to contract the interval of expectation; to meet the mischiefs which will overtake us if we fly; and suffer only their real malignity, without the conflicts of doubt and anguish of anticipation.

To act is far easier than to suffer, yet we every day see the progress of life retarded by the *vis inertiae*, the mere repugnance to motion, and find multitudes repining at the want of that which nothing but idleness hinders them from enjoying. The case of Tantalus, in the region of poetic punishment, was somewhat to be pitied, because the fruits that hung about him retired from his hand; but what tenderness can be claimed by those who, though perhaps they suffer the pains of Tantalus, will never lift their hands for their own relief?

There is nothing more common among this torpid generation than murmurs and complaints; murmurs at uneasiness which only vacancy and suspicion expose them to feel, and complaints of distresses which it is in their own power to remove. Laziness is commonly associated with timidity. Either fear originally prohibits endeavours, by infusing despair of success; or the frequent failure of irresolute struggles, and the constant desire of
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avoiding labour, impress by degrees false terrors on the mind. But fear, whether natural or acquired, when once it has full possession of the fancy, never fails to employ it upon visions of calamity, such as if they are not dissipated by useful employment, will soon overcast it with horrors, and imbitter life not only with those miseries by which all earthly beings are really more or less tormented, but with those which do not yet exist, and which can only be discerned by the perspicacity of cowardice.

Among all who sacrifice future advantage to present inclination, scarcely any gain so little as those that suffer themselves to freeze in idleness. Others are corrupted by some enjoyment of more or less power to gratify the passions; but to neglect our duties, merely to avoid the labour of performing them, a labour which is always punctually rewarded, is surely to sink under weak temptations. Idleness never can secure tranquillity; the call of reason and of conscience will pierce the closest pavilion of the sluggard, and though it may not have force to drive him from his down, will be loud enough to hinder him from sleep. Those moments which he cannot resolve to make useful by devoting them to the great business of his being, will still be usurped by powers that will not leave them to his disposal; remorse and vexation will seize upon them, and forbid him to enjoy what he is so desirous to appropriate.

There are other causes of inactivity incident to more active faculties and more acute discernment. He to whom many objects of pursuit arise at the same time, will frequently hesitate between different desires, till a rival has precluded him; or change his course as new attractions prevail, and harass himself without advancing. He
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who sees different ways to the same end, will, unless he watches carefully over his own conduct, lay out too much of his attention upon the comparison of probabilities, and the adjustment of expedients, and pause in the choice of his road, till some accident intercepts his journey. He whose penetration extends to remote consequences, and who, whenever he applies his attention to any design, discovers new prospects of advantage, and possibilities of improvement, will not easily be persuaded that his project is ripe for execution; but will superadd one contrivance to another, endeavour to unite various purposes in one operation, multiply complications, and refine niceties, till he is entangled in his own scheme, and bewildered in the perplexity of various intentions. He that resolves to unite all the beauties of situation in a new purchase, must waste his life in roving to no purpose from province to province. He that hopes in the same house to obtain every convenience, may draw plans and study Palladio, but will never lay a stone. He will attempt a treatise on some important subject, and amass materials, consult authors, and study all the dependent and collateral parts of learning, but never conclude himself qualified to write. He that has abilities to conceive perfection, will not easily be content without it; and since perfection cannot be reached, will lose the opportunity of doing well in the vain hope of unattainable excellence.

The certainty that life cannot be long, and the probability that it will be much shorter than nature allows, ought to awaken every man to the active prosecution of whatever he is desirous to perform. It is true, that no diligence can ascertain success; death may intercept the swiftest career; but he who is cut off in the execution of

an honest undertaking, has at least the honour of falling in his rank, and has fought the battle, though he missed the victory.

RAMBLER.

C H A P. X.

ON PRODIGALITY.

IT is the fate of almost every passion, when it has passed the bounds which nature prescribes, to counteract its own purpose. Too much rage hinders the warrior from circumspection; and too much eagerness of profit hurts the credit of the trader. Too much ardour takes away from the lover that easiness of address with which ladies are delighted. Thus extravagance, though dictated by vanity, and incited by voluptuousness, seldom procures ultimately either applause or pleasure.

If praise be justly estimated by the character of those from whom it is received, little satisfaction will be given to the spendthrift by the encomiums which he purchases. For who are they that animate him in his pursuits, but young men, thoughtless and abandoned like himself, unacquainted with all on which the wisdom of nations has impressed the stamp of excellence, and devoid alike of knowledge and of virtue? By whom is his profusion praised, but by wretches who consider him as subservient to their purposes, Syrens that entice him to shipwreck, and Cyclops that are gaping to devour him?

Every man whose knowledge, or whose virtue, can give value to his opinion, looks with scorn, or pity, neither of which can afford much gratification to pride,

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on him whom the panders of luxury have drawn into the circle of their influence, and whom he sees parcelled out among the different ministers of folly, and about to be torn to pieces by tailors and jockeys, vintners and attorneys, who at once rob and ridicule him, and who are secretly triumphing over his weakness, when they present new incitements to his appetite, and heighten his desires by counterfeited applause.

Such is the praise that is purchased by prodigality. Even when it is yet not discovered to be false, it is the praise only of those whom it is reproachful to please, and whose sincerity is corrupted by their interest; men who live by the riots which they encourage, and who know that whenever their pupil grows wise, they shall lose their power. Yet with such flatteries, if they could last, might the cravings of vanity, which is seldom very delicate, be satisfied: but the time is always hastening forward when this triumph, poor as it is, shall vanish, and when those who now surround him with obsequiousness and compliments, fawn among his equipage, and animate his riots, shall turn upon him with insolence, and reproach him with the vices promoted by themselves.

And as little pretensions has the man, who squanders his estate, by vain or vicious expences, to greater degrees of pleasure than are obtained by others. To make any happiness sincere, it is necessary that we believe it to be lasting; since whatever we suppose ourselves in danger of losing, must be enjoyed with solicitude and uneasiness, and the more value we set upon it, the more must the present possession be imbittered. How can he then be envied for his felicity, who knows that its continuance cannot be expected, and who is conscious that
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a very short time will give him up to the gripe of poverty, which will be harder to be borne, as he has given way to more excesses, wantoned in greater abundance, and indulged his appetites with more profuseness.

It appears evident, that frugality is necessary even to compleat the pleasure of expence; for it may be generally remarked of those who squander what they know their fortune not sufficient to allow, that in their most jovial expence, there always breaks out some proof of discontent and impatience; they either scatter with a kind of wild desperation, and affected lavishness, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot escape it, or pay their money with a peevish anxiety, and endeavour at once to spend idly, and to save meanly: having neither firmness to deny their passions, nor courage to gratify them; they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poison the bowl of pleasure by reflection on the cost.

Among these men there is often the vociferation of merriment, but very seldom the tranquillity of cheerfulness; they inflame their imaginations to a kind of momentary jollity, by the help of wine and riot, and consider it as the first business of the night to stupify recollection, and lay that reason asleep which disturbs their gaiety, and calls upon them to retreat from ruin.

But this poor broken satisfaction is of short continuance, and must be expiated by a long series of misery and regret. In a short time the creditor grows impatient, the last acre is sold, the passions and appetites still continue their tyranny, with incessant calls for their usual gratifications, and the remainder of life passes away in vain repentance, or impotent desire.

RAMBLER.

CHAP.

C H A P. XI.

O N G E N E R O S I T Y.

I CONSIDER a generous mind as the noblest work of the creation, and am persuaded, wherever it resides no real merit can be wanting. It is, perhaps, the most singular of all the moral endowments: I am sure, at least, it is often imputed where it cannot justly be claimed. The meanest self-love, under some refined disguise, frequently passes upon common observers for this godlike principle; and I have known many a popular action attributed to this motive, when it flowed from no higher a source than the suggestions of concealed vanity. Good nature, as it hath many features in common with this virtue, is usually mistaken for it: the former, however, is but the effect, possibly, of a happy disposition of the animal structure, or, as Dryden calls it, of a certain "milkeness of blood;" whereas the latter is seated in the mind, and can never subsist where good sense and enlarged sentiments have no existence. It is entirely founded, indeed, upon justness of thought, which, perhaps, is the reason this virtue is so little the characteristic of mankind in general. A man whose mind is warped by the selfish passions, or contracted by the narrow prejudices of sects or parties, if he does not want honesty, must undoubtedly want understanding: The same clouds that darken his intellectual views, obstruct his moral ones; and his generosity is extremely circumscribed, because his reason is exceedingly limited.

It is the distinguishing pre-eminence of the Christian system, that it cherishes this elevated principle in one of

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its

its noblest exertions. Forgiveness of injuries; I confess indeed, has been inculcated by several of the heathen moralists; but it never entered into the established ordinances of any religion, till it had the sanction of the great Author of ours. I have often, however, wondered that the ancients, who raised so many virtues and affections of the mind into divinities, should never have given a place in their temples to generosity; unless, perhaps, they included it under the notion of *Fides* or *Honos*. But surely she might reasonably have claimed a separate altar and superior rites. A principle of honour may restrain a man from counteracting the social ties, who yet has nothing of that active flame of generosity, which is too powerful to be confined within the humbler boundaries of mere negative duties. True generosity rises above the ordinary rules of social conduct, and flows with much too full a stream to be comprehended within the precise marks of formal precepts. It is a vigorous principle in the soul, which opens and expands all her virtues far beyond those which are only the forced and unnatural productions of a timid obedience. The man who is influenced singly by motives of the latter kind, aims no higher than at certain authoritative standards, without ever attempting to reach those glorious elevations which constitute the only true heroism of the social character. Religion, without this sovereign principle, degenerates into a slavish fear, and wisdom into a specious cunning; learning is but the avarice of the mind, and wit its more pleasing kind of madness. In a word, generosity sanctifies every passion, and adds grace to every acquisition of the soul; and if it does not necessarily

family include, at least it reflects a lustre upon the whole circle of moral and intellectual qualities.

MELMOTH.

C H A P. XII.

O N T A S T E.

THE charms of the fine arts are derived from the Author of all nature, and founded in the original frame and constitution of the human mind. Accordingly the general principles of taste are common to our whole species, and arise from that internal sense of beauty which every man, in some degree at least, evidently possesses. No rational mind can be so wholly void of all perceptions of this sort, as to be capable of contemplating the various objects that surround him, with an equal coldness and indifference. There are certain forms which must necessarily fill the soul with agreeable ideas; and she is instantly determined in approbation of them, previous to all reasoning concerning their use and convenience. It is upon these general principles that what is called fine taste in the arts is founded; and consequently, is by no means so precarious and unsettled an idea as many chuse to describe it. The truth is, taste is nothing more than this universal sense of beauty, rendered more exquisite by genius, and more correct by cultivation: and it is from the simple and original ideas of this sort, that the mind learns to form her judgment of the higher and more complex kinds. Accordingly, the whole imitative and oratorical art is governed by the same general rules of criticism; and to prove the certainty of these with respect to one of them, is to establish their validity with regard to all the rest. I will

therefore consider the criterion of taste, in relation only to fine writing.

Each species of composition has its distinct perfection; and it would require a particular examination of the characters of each, to prove their respective beauties to be derived from truth and nature, and consequently reducible to a regular and precise standard. I will only mention, therefore, those general properties which are essential to them all, and without which they must necessarily be defective in their several kinds. These, I think, may be comprehended under uniformity in their design, variety and resemblance in the metaphors and similitudes, together with propriety and harmony in the diction. Now some or all of these qualities constantly attend our ideas of beauty, and necessarily raise that agreeable perception of the mind in what object soever they appear. The charms of fine composition, then, are so far from existing only in the heated imagination of an enthusiastic admirer, that they result from the constitution of nature herself. And perhaps the principles of criticism are as certain and indisputable, even as those of the mathematics. Thus, for instance, that order is preferable to confusion, that harmony is more pleasing than dissonance, with some few other axioms upon which the science is built, are truths which strike at once upon the mind with the same force of conviction, as that the whole is greater than any of its parts, or, that if from equals you take away equals, the remainder will be equal. And in both cases, the propositions which rest upon these plain and obvious maxims, seem equally capable of the same evidence of demonstration.

But as every intellectual, as well as animal faculty is improved

improved and strengthened by exercise, the more the soul exerts this her internal sense of beauty upon any particular object, the more she will enlarge and refine her relish of that peculiar species. For this reason the works of those great masters, whose performances have long and generally been admired, supply a farther criterion of fine taste, equally fixed and certain as that which is derived from Nature herself. The truth is, fine writing is only the art of raising agreeable sensations of the intellectual kind: and therefore, as by examining those original forms which are adapted to awaken this perception in the mind, we learn what those qualities are which constitute beauty in general; so by observing the peculiar construction of those compositions of genius which have always pleased, we perfect our idea of fine writing in particular. It is this united approbation, in persons of different ages and of various characters and languages, that Longinus has made the test of the true sublime; and he might with equal justice have extended the same criterion to all the inferior excellencies of elegant composition. Thus the deference paid to the performances of the great masters of antiquity, is fixed upon just and solid reasons: it is not because Aristotle and Horace have given us the rules of criticism that we submit to their authority; it is because those rules are derived from works that have been distinguished by the uninterrupted admiration of all the more improved part of mankind, from their earliest appearance down to this present hour. For whatever, through a long series of ages, has been universally esteemed beautiful, cannot but be conformable to our just and natural ideas of beauty.

MELMOTH.

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CHAP.

C H A P. XIII.

O N S T Y L E.

THE beauties of style seem to be generally considered as below the attention both of an author and a reader. There was a time, however, (and it was a period of the truest refinement) when an excellence of this kind was esteemed in the number of the politest accomplishments, as it was the ambition of the great names of antiquity to distinguish themselves in the improvement of their native tongue. Julius Cæsar, who was not only the greatest hero, but the finest gentleman that ever, perhaps, appeared in the world, was desirous of adding this talent to his other most shining endowments; and we are told he studied the language of his own country with much application, as we are sure he possessed it in the highest elegance. What a loss is it to the literary world, that the treatise he wrote upon this subject is perished with many other valuable works of that age! But though we are deprived of the benefit of his observations, we are happily not without an instance of their effects; and his own memoirs will ever remain as the best and brightest exemplar not only of true generalship, but of fine writing. He published them, indeed, only as materials for the use of those who should be disposed to enlarge upon that remarkable period of the Roman story; yet the purity and gracefulness of his style were such, that no judicious writer durst attempt to touch the subject after him,

Having produced so illustrious an instance in favour of the art of fine writing, it would be impertinent to add
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a second, were I to cite a less authority than that of the immortal Tully. This noble author, in his Dialogue concerning the celebrated Roman orators, frequently mentions it as a very high encomium, that they possessed the elegance of their native language; and introduces Brutus as declaring, that he should prefer the honour of being esteemed the great master and improver of Roman eloquence, even to the glory of many triumphs.

But to add reason to precedent, and to view this art in its use as well as its dignity, will it not be allowed of some importance, when it is considered that eloquence is one of the most considerable auxiliaries to truth? Nothing, indeed, contributes more to subdue the mind to the force of reason, than her being supported by the powerful assistance of masculine and vigorous oratory: as, on the contrary, the most legitimate arguments may be disappointed of that success they deserve, by being attended with a spiritless and enfeebled expression. Accordingly, that most elegant of writers, Mr. Addison, observes in one of his essays, that “there is as much difference between comprehending a thought clothed in Cicero’s language, and that of an ordinary writer, as between seeing an object by the light of a taper, and by the light of the sun.”

It is surely, then, a very strange conceit of the celebrated Malbranche, who seems to think the pleasure which arises from perusing a well written piece is of the criminal kind, and has its source in the weakness and effeminacy of the human heart. A man must have a very uncommon severity of temper indeed, who can find any thing to condemn in adding charms to truth, and gaining the heart by captivating the ear; in uniting

roses with the thorns of science, and joining pleasure with instruction.

The truth is, the mind is delighted with a fine style, upon the same principle that it prefers regularity to confusion, and beauty to deformity. A taste of this sort is so far from being a mark of any depravity of our nature, that I should rather consider it as an evidence, in some degree, of the moral rectitude of its constitution, as it is a proof of its retaining some relish, at least, of harmony and order.

One might be apt, indeed, to suspect that certain writers amongst us had considered all beauties of this sort in the same gloomy view with Mallebranche; or at least that they avoided every refinement in style, as unworthy a lover of truth and philosophy. Their sentiments are sunk by the lowest expressions, and seem condemned to the first curse of "creeping upon the ground all the days of their life." Others, on the contrary, mistake pomp for dignity; and, in order to raise their expressions above vulgar language, lift them up beyond common apprehensions, esteeming it (one should imagine) a mark of their genius, that it requires some ingenuity to penetrate their meaning. But how few writers are able to hit that true medium which lies between those distant extremes! How seldom do we meet with an author whose expressions are glowing, but not glaring; whose metaphors are natural, but not common; whose periods are harmonious, but not poetical; in a word, whose sentiments are well set, and shewn to the understanding in their truest and most advantageous lustre!

MELMOTH.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIV.

O N T H I N K I N G.

THERE is not a more singular character in the world than that of a thinking man. It is not merely having a succession of ideas, which lightly skim over the mind, that can with any propriety be stiled by that denomination. It is observing them separately and distinctly, and ranging them under their respective classes: it is calmly and steadily viewing our opinions on every side, and resolutely tracing them through all their consequences and connections, that constitutes the man of reflection, and distinguishes reason from fancy. Providence, indeed, does not seem to have formed any very considerable number of our species for an extensive exercise of this higher faculty; as the thoughts of the far greater part of mankind are necessarily restrained within the ordinary purposes of animal life: but even if we look up to those who move in much superior orbits, and who have opportunities to improve, as well as leisure to exercise their understandings, we shall find that thinking is one of the last exerted privileges of cultivated humanity.

It is, indeed, an operation of the mind which meets with many obstructions to check its just and free direction; but there are two principles which prevail more or less in the constitutions of most men, that particularly contribute to keep this faculty of the soul unemployed; I mean, pride and indolence. To descend to truth through the tedious progression of well-examined deductions, is considered as a reproach to the quickness

of understanding ; as it is by much too laborious a method for any but those who are possessed of a vigorous and resolute activity of mind. For this reason the greater part of our species generally chuse either to seize upon their conclusions at once, or to take them by rebound from others, as best suiting with their vanity or their laziness. Accordingly Mr. Locke observes, that there are not so many errors and wrong opinions in the world as is generally imagined. Not that he thinks mankind are by any means uniform in embracing truth ; but because the majority of them, he maintains, have no thought or opinion at all about those doctrines, concerning which they raise the greatest clamour. Like the common soldiers in any army, they follow where their leaders direct, without knowing, or even inquiring, into the cause for which they so warmly contend.

This will account for the slow steps by which truth has advanced in the world on one side, and for those absurd systems which, at different periods, have had an universal currency on the other. For there is a strange disposition in human nature, either blindly to tread the same paths that have been traversed by others, or to strike out into the most devious extravagances ; the greater part of the world will either totally renounce their reason, or reason only from the wild suggestions of an heated imagination.

From the same source may be derived those divisions and animosities which break the union both of public and private societies, and turn the peace and harmony of human intercourse into dissonance and contention : for while men judge and act by such measures as have not been proved by the standard of dispassionate reason, they
must

must equally be mistaken in their estimates both of their own conduct and that of others.

If we turn our view from active to contemplative life, we may have occasion, perhaps, to remark, that thinking is no less uncommon in the literary than in the civil world. The number of those writers who can with any justness of expression be termed thinking authors, would not form a very copious library, though one were to take in all of that kind which both ancient and modern times have produced. Necessarily, I imagine, must one exclude from a collection of this sort, all critics, commentators, modern Latin poets, translators, and, in short, all that numerous under-tribe in the commonwealth of literature, that owe their existence merely to the thoughts of others. I should reject, for the same reason, such compilers as Valerius Maximus and Aulus Gellius; though it must be owned, indeed, their works have acquired an accidental value, as they preserve to us several curious traces of antiquity, which time would otherwise have entirely worn out. Those teeming geniuses likewise who have propagated the fruits of their studies through a long series of tracts, would have little pretence, I believe, to be admitted as writers of reflection: for this reason I cannot regret the loss of those incredible numbers of compositions which some of the ancients are said to have produced. It is obvious to imagine with what sort of materials the productions of such expeditious workmen were wrought up: sound thought and well-matured reflections, could have no share, we may be sure, in these hasty performances. Thus are books multiplied, whilst authors are scarce; and so much easier is it to write than to think!

MELMOTH.

C H A P. XV.

O N T R U T H.

"**T**RUTH" (to use the expression of the excellent Mr. Wollaston) "is the offspring of unbroken meditations, and of thoughts often revised and corrected." It requires, indeed, great patience and resolution to dissipate that cloud of darkness which surrounds her (or, if you will allow me to go to an old philosopher for my allusion) to draw her up from that profound well in which she lies concealed.

There is, however, such a general connection in the operations of nature, that the discovery even of a single truth opens the way to numberless others; and when once the mind has hit upon a right scent, she cannot wholly pursue her inquiries in vain.

It must be owned, nevertheless, that after having exerted all our sagacity and industry, we shall scarce arrive at certainty in many speculative truths. Providence does not seem to have intended that we should ever be in possession of demonstrative knowledge beyond a very limited compass; though, at the same time it cannot be supposed, without the highest injustice to the benevolent Author of our natures, that he has left any necessary truths without evident notes of distinction. But while the powers of the mind are thus limited in their extent, and greatly fallible likewise in their operations, is it not amazing, that mankind should insult each other for difference in opinion, and treat every notion that opposes their own with obloquy and contempt? Is it not amazing that a creature with talents so precarious and circumscribed, should usurp
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that confidence which can only belong to much superior beings, and claim a deference which is due to perfection alone? Surely the greatest arrogance that ever entered into the human heart, is that which not only pretends to be positive itself in points wherein the best and wisest have disagreed, but looks down with all the insolent superiority of contemptuous pity, on those whose impartial reasonings have led them into opposite conclusions.

There is nothing, perhaps, more evident, than that our intellectual faculties are not formed by one general standard, and, consequently, that diversity of opinion is of the very essence of our natures.

Happy had it been for the peace of the world, if our maintainers of systems either in religion or politics, had conducted their several debates with the full impression of this truth upon their minds. Genuine philosophy is ever, indeed, the least dogmatical; and I am always inclined to suspect the force of that argument which is obtruded with arrogance and sufficiency.

I am wonderfully pleased with a passage in the preface to Mr. Boyle's Philosophical Essays, and would recommend that cautious spirit by which he professes to have conducted himself in his physical researches, as worthy the imitation of enquirers after truth of every kind.

"Perhaps you will wonder," says he, "that in almost every one of the following essays I should use so often *perhaps, it seems, 'tis not improbable*, as arguing a diffidence of the truth of the opinions I incline to; and that I should be so shy of laying down principles, and sometimes of so much as venturing at explications. But I must freely confess, that having met with many things of which I could give myself no one probable cause, and
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some things of which several causes may be assigned, so differing as not to agree in any thing, unless in their being all of them probable enough: I have often found such difficulties in searching into the causes and manner of things, and I am so sensible of my own disability to surmount those difficulties, that I dare speak confidently and positively of very few things, except matter of fact. And when I venture to deliver any thing by way of opinion, I should, if it were not for mere shame, speak more diffidently than I have been wont to do. Nor have my thoughts been altogether idle—in forming notions and attempting to devise hypotheses. But I have hitherto (though not always, yet not unfrequently) found that what pleased me for a while, was soon after disgraced by some farther or new experiment. And, indeed, I have the less envied many, (for I say not *all*) of those writers who have taken upon them to deliver the causes of things, and explicate the mysteries of nature, since I have had opportunity to observe how many of their doctrines, after having been for a while applauded and even admired, have afterwards been confuted by some new phenomenon in nature, which was either unknown to such writers, or not sufficiently considered by them."

If positiveness could become any man in any point of mere speculation, it must have been this truly noble philosopher, when he was delivering the result of his studies in a science wherein, by the united confession of the whole world, he so eminently excelled. But he had too much generosity to prescribe his own notions as a measure to the judgment of others, and too much good sense to assert them with heat and confidence,

Whoever pursues his speculations with this humble
unarrogating

unarrogating temper of mind, and with the best exertion of those faculties which Providence has assigned him, though he should not find the conviction, never, surely, can he fail of the reward of truth.

MELMOTH.

C H A P. XVI.

THE JUDGMENT OF HERCULES.

NOW had the son of Jove mature, attain'd
The joyful prime; when youth, elate and gay,
Steps into life; and follows unrestrain'd
Where passion leads, or prudence points the way.
In the pure mind, at those ambiguous years,
Or vice, rank weed, first strikes her pois'nous root;
Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears
By just degrees; fair bloom of fairest fruit:
For, if on youth's untainted thought impress,
The gen'rous purpose still shall warm the manly breast.

As on a day, reflecting on his age
For highest deeds now ripe, Alcides fought
Retirement; nurse of contemplation sage;
Step following step, and thought succeeding thought;
Musing, with steady pace the youth pursu'd
His walk, and lost in meditation stray'd
Far in a lonely vale, with solitude
Conversing; while intent his mind survey'd
The dubious path of life: before him lay
Here virtue's rough ascent, there pleasure's flow'ry way.

Much

Much did the view divide his wavering mind :
Now glow'd his breast with generous thirst of fame ;
Now love of ease to softer thoughts inclin'd
His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising flame.
When, lo ! far off two female forms he 'spies ;
Direct to him their steps they seem to bear ;
Both large and tall, exceeding human size ;
Both far exceeding human beauty, fair.
Graceful, yet each with different grace, they move :
This, striking sacred awe ; that, softer, winning love.

The first, in native dignity surpass'd ;
Artless and unadorn'd she pleas'd the more :
Health o'er her looks a genuine lustre cast ;
A vest, more white than new-fall'n snow, she wore.
August she trod, yet modest was her air ;
Serene her eye, yet darting heav'nly fire.
Still she drew near ; and nearer still more fair,
More mild appear'd : yet such as might inspire
Pleasure corrected with an awful fear ;
Majestically sweet, and amiably severe.

The other dame seem'd ev'n of fairer hue ;
But bold her mien : unguarded rov'd her eye :
And her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view
The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.
All soft and delicate, with airy swim
Lightly she danc'd along ; her robe betray'd
Thro' the clear texture every tender limb,
Height'ning the charms it only seem'd to shade :
And as it flow'd adown, so loose and thin,
Her stature shew'd more tall ; more snowy-white, her skin.

Of

Oft with a smile she view'd herself askance ;
 Ev'n on her shade a conscious look she threw :
 Then all around her cast a careless glance,
 To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.
 As they came near, before that other maid
 Approaching decent, eagerly she press'd
 With hasty step ; nor of repulse afraid,
 With freedom bland the wond'ring youth address'd ;
 With winning fondness on his neck she hung ;
 Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her enchanting tongue.

" Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay ?
 Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract thy mind ?
 Securely follow, where I lead the way ;
 And range thro' wilds of pleasure unconfin'd.
 With me retire, from noise, and pain, and care ;
 Embath'd in bliss, and wrapt in endless ease :
 Rough is the road to fame, thro' blood and war ;
 Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.
 With me retire, from toils and perils free ;
 Leave honour to the wretch ! pleasures were made for thee.

Then will I grant thee all my soul's desire ;
 All that may charm thine ear, and please thy sight :
 All that thy thought can frame, or wish require,
 To steep thy ravish'd senses in delight.
 The sumptuous feast, enhanc'd with music's sound :
 Fittest to tune the melting soul to love :
 Rich odours, breathing choicest sweets around ;
 The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, shady grove :
 Fresh flowers, to strew thy couch, and crown thy head ;
 Joy shall attend thy steps, and ease shall smooth thy bed.

These

These will I freely, constantly supply :
 Pleasures, not earn'd with toil, nor mix'd with woe :
 Far from thy rest repining want shall fly ;
 Nor labour bathe in sweat thy careful brow.
 Mature the copious harvest shall be thine ;
 Let the laborious hind subdue the soil :
 Leave the rash soldier spoils of war to win ;
 Won by the soldier thou shalt share the spoil :
 These softer carès my blest allies employ,
 New pleasures to invent ; to wish, and to enjoy."

Her winning voice the youth attentive caught :
 He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid ;
 Still gaz'd, and listen'd : then her name besought :
 " My name, fair youth, is Happiness," she said.
 " Well can my friends this envy'd truth maintain :
 They share my bliss ; they best can speak my praise :
 Tho' slander call me sloth—detraction vain !
 Heed not what slander, vain detracter, says :
 Slander, still prompt true merit to defame ;
 To blot the brightest worth, and blast the fairest name."

By this, arriv'd the fair majestic maid :
 (She all the while, with the same modest pace,
 Compos'd advanc'd.) " Know, Hercules," she said
 With manly tone, " thy birth of heav'nly race ;
 Thy tender age that lov'd instruction's voice,
 Promis'd thee generous, patient, brave and wise ;
 When manhood should confirm thy glorious choice :
 Now expectation waits to see thee rise,
 Rise, youth ! exalt thyself, and me : approve
 Thy high descent from heaven ; and dare be worthy Jove.
 But

But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not disguise;
The steep ascent must be with toil subdu'd :

Watchings and cares must win the lofty prize
Propos'd by heav'n ; true blifs, and real good.

Honour rewards the brave and bold alone :
She spurns the timorous, indolent and base :

Danger and toil stand stern before her throne,
And guard (so Jove commands) the sacred place .
Who seeks her, must the mighty cost sustain,
And pay the price of fame—labour, and care, and pain.

Wou'dst thou engage the gods' peculiar care ?
O Hercules, th' immortal powers adore !

With a pure heart, with sacrifice and pray'r
Attend their altars ; and their aid implore.

Or wou'dst thou gain thy country's loud applause,
Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd ?

Be thou the bold asserter of her cause ;
Her voice, in council ; in the fight, her sword.
In peace, in war, pursue thy country's good :
For her, bare thy bold breast, and pour thy generous blood.

Wou'dst thou, to quell the proud and lift th' oppress,
In arts of war and matchless strength excel ?

First conquer thou thyself. To ease, to rest,
To each soft thought of pleasure, bid farewell.

The night alternate, due to sweet repose,
In watches waste ; in painful march, the day :

Congel'd, amidst the rigorous winter's snows ;
Scorch'd, by the summer's thirst-inflaming ray.
Thy harden'd limbs shall boast superior might :
Vigour shall brace thine arm, resistless in the fight."

" Hear'st

"Hear'st thou, what monsters then thou must engage;
What danger, gentle youth, she bids thee prove?"

(Abrupt says sloth) "Ill fit thy tender age
Tumult and wars; fit age, for joy and love.

Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love and joy!
To these I lead: no monsters here shall stay

Thine easy course: no cares thy peace annoy:
I lead to bliss a nearer, smoother way.

Short is my way; fair, easy, smooth, and plain:
Turn, gentle youth, with me eternal pleasures reign."

"What pleasures, vain mistaken wretch, are thine!"

(Virtue with scorn reply'd) "who sleep'st in ease
Insensate; whose soft limbs the toil decline
That seasons bliss, and makes enjoyment please.

Draining the copious bowl, ere thirst require;
Feasting, ere hunger to the feast invite:

Whose tasteless joys anticipate desire;

Whom luxury supplies with appetite:

Yet nature loaths; and you employ in vain
Variety and art to conquer her disdain.

The sparkling nectar cool'd with summer snows;

The dainty board, with choicest viands spread;

To thee are tasteless all! sincere repose

Flies from thy flow'ry couch and downy bed.

For thou art only tir'd with indolence:

Nor is thy sleep with toil and labour bought;

Th' imperfect sleep that lulls thy languid sense

In dull oblivious interval of thought:

That kindly steals th' inactive hours away

From the long, ling'ring space, that lengthens out the day.

From

CHAP. XVI. DIDACTIC PIECES.

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From bounteous nature's unexhausted stores
Flows the pure fountain of sincere delights:

Averse to her, you waste the joyless hours;
Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy nights.

Immortal tho' thou art, indignant Jove
Hurl'd thee from heaven, th' immortals' blissful place;

For ever banish'd from the realms above,
To dwell on earth, with man's degenerate race:
Fitter abode! on earth alike disgrac'd;
Rejected by the wise, and by the fool embrac'd.

Fond wretch, that vainly weene'st all delight
To gratify the sense reserv'd for thee!

Yet the most pleasing object to the sight,
Thine own fair action, never didst thou see.

Tho' lull'd with softest sounds thou liest along;
Soft music, warbling voices, melting lays:

Ne'er didst thou hear, more sweet than sweetest song
Charming the soul, thou ne'er didst hear thy praise!
No—To thy revels let the fool repair:
To such, go smooth thy speech; and spread thy tempting snare.

Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies!

A youth, of follies; an old age, of cares:

Young, yet enervate; old, yet never wise;
Vice wastes their vigour, and their mind impairs.

Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease,
Reserving woes for age, their prime they spend;

All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days,
With sorrow, to the verge of life they tend.

Griev'd with the present; of the past, ashamed;
They live, and are despis'd: they die, nor more are nam'd.

But

But with the gods, and godlike men, I dwell :
Me, his supreme delight, th' Almighty Sire
Regards well-pleas'd : whatever works excel,
All or divine, or human, I inspire.
Counsel with strength, and industry with art,
In union meet conjoin'd, with me reside :
My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the heart ;
The surest policy, the wisest guide.
With me, true friendship dwells : she deigns to bind
Those generous souls alone, whom I before have join'd.

Nor need my friends the various costly feast ;
Hunger to them th' effects of art supplies ;
Labour prepares their weary limbs to rest ;
Sweet is their sleep : light, cheerful, strong they rise :
Thro' health, thro' joy, thro' pleasure and renown,
They tread my paths ; and by a soft descent,
At length to age all gently sinking down,
Look back with transport on a life well spent,
In which no hour flew unimprov'd away,
In which some generous deed distinguish'd every day.

And when, the destin'd term at length compleat,
Their ashes rest in peace ; eternal fame
Sounds wide their praise : triumphant over fate,
In sacred song, for ever lives their name.
This, Hercules, is happiness ! obey
My voice, and live. Let thy celestial birth
Lift, and enlarge, thy thoughts. Behold the way
That leads to fame ; and raises thee from earth
Immortal ! Lo, I guide thy steps. Arise,
Pursue the glorious path ; and claim thy native skies."

Her

Her words breathe fire celestial, and impart
 New vigour to his soul; that sudden caught
 The generous flame: with great intent his heart
 Swells full; and labours with exalted thought:
 The mist of error from his eyes dispell'd,
 Thro' all her fraudful arts in clearest light
 Sloth in her native form he now beheld;
 Unveil'd she stood, confess'd before his sight:
 False Siren!—All her vaunted charms, that shone
 So fresh erewhile, and fair; now wither'd, pale, and gone.

No more the rosy bloom in sweet disguise
 Masks her dissembled looks: each borrow'd grace
 Leaves her wan cheek; pale sickness clouds her eyes
 Livid and sunk, and passions dim her face.
 As when fair Iris has a while display'd
 Her watry arch, with gaudy painture gay;
 While yet we gaze, the glorious colours fade,
 And from our wonder gently steal away:
 Where shone the beauteous phantom erst so bright,
 Now lowers the low-hung cloud; all gloomy to the sight.

But Virtue more engaging all the while
 Disclos'd new charms; more lovely, more serene;
 Beaming sweet influence. A milder smile
 Soften'd the terrors of her lofty mien.
 "Lead, goddess, I am thine! (transported cry'd
 Alcides :) O propitious pow'r, thy way
 Teach me! possess my soul; be thou my guide:
 From thee, O never, never let me stray!"
 While ardent thus the youth his vows address'd;
 With all the goddess fill'd, already glow'd his breast.

The

The heav'nly maid, with strength divine endu'd
 His daring soul; there all her pow'rs combin'd:
 Firm constancy, undaunted fortitude,
 Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.
 Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undismay'd,
 By many a hardy deed and bold emprise,
 From fiercest monsters, thro' her pow'rful aid,
 He freed the earth: thro' her, he gain'd the skies.
 'Twas Virtue plac'd him in the blest abode;
 Crown'd, with eternal youth: among the gods, a god.

SPENCE.

C H A P. XVII.

VARIETY IN HUMAN CHARACTERS.

VIRTUOUS and vicious ev'ry man must be,
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
 The rogue and fool by fits, is fair and wise;
 And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
 For, vice or virtue, self directs it still;
 Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
 But heav'n's great view is One, and that the Whole.
 That counter-works each folly and caprice;
 That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
 That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
 That, virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
 Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;

And

And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
'Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here ;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign ;
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy, nature to explore,
The fool is happy, that he knows no more ;
The rich is happy, in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king ;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest ; the poet in his muse.

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend ;
See some fit passion, ev'ry age supply ;
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw :
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite :

Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage :
 And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age :
 Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before ;
 'Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Mean-while opinion gilds with varying rays
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
 Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,
 And each vacuity of sense by pride :
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
 In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy ;
 One prospect lost, another still we gain ;
 And not a vanity is given in vain ;
 Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
 The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
 See ! and confess, one comfort still must rise,
 'Tis this, tho' man's a fool, yet God is wise.

POPE.

C H A P. XVIII.

PHILOSOPHICAL MELANCHOLY.

HE comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the Power
 Of Philosophic Melancholy comes !
 His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
 The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
 The softened feature, and the beating heart,
 Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
 O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes !
 Inflames imagination ; thro' the breast
 Infuses every tenderness ; and far
 Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.

Ten

Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
 As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
 Crowd fast into the Mind's creative eye.
 As fast the correspondent passions rise,
 As varied, and as high. Devotion rais'd
 To rapture, and divine astonishment;
 The love of Nature, unconfin'd, and, chief,
 Of human race; the large ambitious wish,
 To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth
 Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn
 Of tyrant-pride; the fearless great resolve;
 The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
 Inspiring glory thro' remotest time;
 Th' awakened throb for virtue and for fame;
 The sympathies of love and friendship dear;
 With all the social Offspring of the heart.

POPE.

THOMSON.

C H A P. XIX.

Y.

C O N T E M P L A T I O N.

AS yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
 Slow meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
 Let me associate with the serious Night,
 And Contemplation her sedate compeer.
 Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
 And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
 Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating train!
 Where are you now? and what is your amount?

Ten

H 2

Vexation,

Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought ! And yet deluded man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.
Father of light and life ! thou Good Supreme !
O teach me what is good ! teach me thyself !
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure ;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !

THOMSON.

B O O K III.

ARGUMENTATIVE PIECES.

C H A P. I.

SON.

PROOF OF THE EXISTENCE OF DEITY.

IS THERE A GOD?—It is a question of infinite moment, on the solution of which depend every obligation, and every consolation of religion. It is a question, however, which it is unnecessary to involve in the perplexity of abstruse speculation, since it may be determined by a single argument, which is so obvious as to be intelligible to every capacity, and withal so conclusive, that the whole weight of the great cause of religion may be safely rested upon it.

No man observes the construction of a clock, or other piece of mechanism, without immediately concluding it to be the production of some ingenious artist. And this conclusion is the same, whether it be deduced from the relation which the mind perceives between the ideas of a work and a workman, an act and an agent, in any particular case, or referred to an universal axiom, grounded on the observation of many individual cases in which it is exemplified. When a vulgar spectator

OK

infers from the marks of design and ingenuity which any species of manufacture discovers, that there must have been some mechanic employed in producing it;—when the same observer so far generalises his ideas as to remark, that every work supposes a workman;—and when the philosopher, who has accustomed himself to contemplate the ideas of sensible objects abstractedly, maintains that every effect must have a cause, and that every effect which bears evident marks of design, must have a designing or intelligent cause;—the mind, in each case, passes through the same operation; the same relation of ideas is observed; and the same conclusion is drawn, perhaps with precisely the same degree of conviction: for no general truth is more evident than any particular truth comprehended in it.

All the refinements of philosophy can add nothing to the clearness and certainty with which the mind perceives, that an effect supposes a cause; that an action implies an agent; and that appearances of design and contrivance in any production, with a view to some end, are unquestionable indications of the existence of some being, who was possessed of intelligence and skill equal to the effect produced. Nor can all the subtleties of metaphysical sophistry destroy the perception which the mind has of these relations; or render their existence problematical. The most uncultivated understanding must see, and the most ingenious sceptic will find it impossible, on any ground of solid argument, to deny, that every work which bears evident marks of design, and is adapted to answer some purpose, must be produced by an intelligent cause.

Apply this obvious principle to the great operations of nature. Observe, for example, the structure and growth
of

of a plant. Remark the variety of delicate fibres of which it is composed, the distinct forms of the several parts, their mutual relations, the regular and compleat whole which is produced by their combination, and the provision which is made for their production, nourishment and growth. Contemplate the amazing diversity of *genera* and *species*, and the nice gradations from one genus, and from one species, to another, which the scientific study of this part of nature has discovered. From the vegetable, turn your attention to the animal world, and observe, displayed in a still more wonderful manner, perfection of form, variety of species, and mutual relation and dependence. Behold every animal provided with abundant internal sources, and external means, of life and enjoyment. Survey the curious structure of that complex machine an animal body, in which the several parts are exactly adjusted to each other, and combined in the most perfect harmony, to carry on the several functions of animal life. Recollect, that combinations of these materials, similar in the great outline, but infinitely diversified in the subordinate parts, form that countless multitude of animals which people the earth.

After this general review of the productions of nature, let reason judge, whether such regular, yet diversified, forms could be produced, without the agency of a designing intelligence. If the ear be admirably constructed for hearing, and the eye for seeing, the ear and the eye were surely formed by a Being who intended that animals should hear and see—that is, are the effect of an intelligent cause. It should seem impossible to observe, in these and other instances, the tendencies of the various parts of nature to accomplish certain ends, without the

fullest conviction, that there is some active Power or Being, by whom these ends are perceived, and who conducts the operations of nature with the intention of accomplishing them. Upon every page in the volume of nature, is written, in characters which all may read and understand, this great truth, THERE IS A GOD.

C H A P. II.

ON DISINTERESTED FRIENDSHIP.

I AM informed that certain Greek writers (*Philosophers*, it seems, in the opinion of their countrymen) have advanced some very extraordinary positions relating to friendship; as, indeed, what subject is there, which these subtle geniuses have not tortured with their sophistry?

The authors to whom I refer, dissuade their disciples from entering into any strong attachments, as unavoidably creating supernumerary disquietudes to those who engage in them: and as every man has more than sufficient to call forth his solicitude, in the course of his own affairs, it is a weakness, they contend, anxiously to involve himself in the concerns of others. They recommend it also in all connections of this kind, to hold the bands of union extremely loose; so as always to have it in one's power to straiten or relax them, as circumstances and situations shall render most expedient. They add, as a capital article of their doctrine, that to live exempt from cares, is an essential ingredient to constitute human happiness; but an ingredient, however, which he who voluntarily distresses himself with cares

cares in which he has no necessary and personal interest, must never hope to possess."

I have been told likewise, that there is another set of pretended philosophers of the same country, whose tenets concerning this subject, are of a still more illiberal and ungenerous cast.

The proposition they attempt to establish, is, that "friendship is an affair of self-interest entirely, and that the proper motive for engaging in it, is, not in order to gratify the kind and benevolent affections, but for the benefit of that assistance and support which is to be derived from the connection." Accordingly they assert, that those persons are most disposed to have recourse to *auxiliary* alliances of this kind, who are least qualified by nature, or fortune, to depend upon their own strength and powers; the weaker sex, for instance, being generally more inclined to engage in friendships, than the male part of our species; and those who are deprest by indigence or labouring under misfortunes, than the wealthy and the prosperous.

Excellent and obliging fables these, undoubtedly! To strike out the friendly affections from the moral world, would be like extinguishing the sun in the natural; each of them being the source of the best and most grateful satisfactions, that Heaven has conferred on the sons of men. But I should be glad to know what the real value of this boasted exemption from care, which they promise their disciples, justly amounts to? an exemption flattering to self-love, I confess; but which, upon many occurrences in human life, should be rejected with the utmost disdain. For nothing, surely, can be more inconsistent with a well-poised and manly spirit, than to decline engaging in any laudable action, or to be dis-

couraged from persevering in it, by an apprehension of the trouble and solicitude with which it may probably be attended. Virtue herself, indeed, ought to be totally renounced, if it be right to avoid every possible means that may be productive of uneasiness: for who that is actuated by her principles, can observe the conduct of an opposite character, without being affected with some degree of secret dissatisfaction? Are not the just, the brave, and the good, necessarily exposed to the disagreeable emotions of dislike and aversion, when they respectively meet with instances of fraud, of cowardice, or of villainy? It is an essential property of every well constituted mind, to be affected with pain, or pleasure, according to the nature of those moral appearances that present themselves to observation.

If sensibility therefore, be not incompatible with true wisdom (and it surely is not, unless we suppose that philosophy deadens every finer feeling of our nature) what just reason can be assigned, why the sympathetic sufferings which may result from friendship, should be a sufficient inducement for banishing that generous affection from the human breast? Extinguish all emotions of the heart, and what difference will remain, I do not say between man and brute, but between man and a mere inanimate clod? Away then with those austere philosophers, who represent virtue as hardening the soul against all the softer impressions of humanity! The fact, certainly, is much otherwise: a truly good man is upon many occasions extremely susceptible of tender sentiments; and his heart expands with joy, or shrinks with sorrow, as good or ill fortune accompanies his friend. Upon the whole then, it may fairly be concluded, that as in the case of virtue, so in that of friendship,

ship, those painful sensations which may sometimes be produced by the one, as well as by the other, are equally insufficient grounds for excluding either of them from taking possession of our bosoms.

They who insist that "utility is the first and prevailing motive, which induces mankind to enter into particular friendships," appear to me to divest the association of its most amiable and engaging principle. For to a mind rightly disposed, it is not so much the benefits received, as the affectionate zeal from which they flow, that gives them their best and most valuable recommendation. It is so far indeed from being verified by fact, that a sense of our wants is the original cause of forming these amicable alliances; that, on the contrary, it is observable, that none have been more distinguished in their friendships than those whose power and opulence, but above all, whose superior virtue (a much firmer support) have raised them above every necessity of having recourse to the assistance of others.

The true distinction, then, in this question is, that "although friendship is certainly productive of utility, yet utility is not the primary motive of friendship." Those selfish sensualists therefore, who, lulled in the lap of luxury, presume to maintain the reverse, have surely no claim to attention; as they are neither qualified by reflection, nor experience, to be competent judges of the subject.

Good Gods! is there a man upon the face of the earth, who would deliberately accept of all the wealth and all the affluence this world can bestow, if offered to him upon the severe terms of his being unconnected with a single mortal whom he could love, or by whom he should be beloved? This would be to lead the

wretched life of a detested tyrant, who, amidst perpetual suspicions and alarms, passes his miserable days a stranger to every tender sentiment, and utterly precluded from the heart-felt satisfactions of friendship.

CICERO.

C H A P. III.

THE FOLLY OF INCONSISTENT EXPECTATIONS.

THIS world may be considered as a great mart of commerce, where fortune exposes to our view various commodities, riches, ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge. Every thing is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labour, our ingenuity, is so much ready money, which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, chuse, reject; but stand to your own judgment; and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase. Such is the force of well-regulated industry, that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally insure success. Would you, for instance, be rich? Do you think that single point worth the sacrificing every thing else to? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings by toil, and patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expence and profit. But you must give up the pleasures of leisure, of a vacant mind, of a free unsuspicious temper. If you preserve your integrity, it must be a coarse-spun and vulgar honesty. Those high and lofty notions of morals which you brought with you from the schools must be considerably lowered,

lowered, and mixed with the baser alloy of a jealous, and worldly-minded prudence. You must learn to do hard, if not unjust, things; and for the nice embarrassments of a delicate and ingenuous spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of them as fast as possible. You must shut your heart against the Muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain, household truths. In short, you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments; but must keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside either to the right hand or to the left.—“But I cannot submit to drudgery like this—I feel a spirit above it.” ’Tis well: be above it then; only do not repine that you are not rich.

Is knowledge the pearl of price? That too may be purchased—by steady application, and long solitary hours of study and reflection. Bestow these, and you shall be wise. “But” (says the man of letters) “what a hardship is it that many an illiterate fellow who cannot construe the motto of the arms of his coach shall raise a fortune and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniences of life?” Was it in order to raise a fortune, that you consumed the sprightly hours of youth in study and retirement? Was it to be rich, that you grew pale over the midnight lamp, and distilled the sweetness from the Greek and Roman spring? You have then mistaken your path, and ill employed your industry. “What reward have I then for all my labours?” What reward! A large comprehensive soul, well purged from vulgar fears, and perturbations, and prejudices; able to comprehend and interpret the works of man—of God. A rich, flourishing, cultivated mind, pregnant with

with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and reflection. A perpetual spring of fresh ideas; and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence. Good heaven! and what reward can you ask besides?

“But is it not some reproach upon the œconomy of Providence that such a one, who is a mean dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation?” Not in the least. He made himself a mean dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty for it; and will you envy him his bargain? Will you hang your head and blush in his presence, because he outshines you in equipage and show? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and say to yourself, “I have not these things, it is true? but it is because I have not sought, because I have not desired them; it is because I possess something better: I have chosen my lot: I am content and satisfied.”

You are a modest man—You love quiet and independence, and have a delicacy and reserve in your temper which renders it impossible for you to elbow your way in the world, and be the herald of your own merits. Be content then with a modest retirement, with the esteem of your intimate friends, with the praises of a blameless heart, and a delicate ingenuous spirit; but resign the splendid distinctions of the world to those who can better scramble for them.

The man whose tender sensibility of conscience and strict regard to the rules of morality makes him scrupulous and fearful of offending, is often heard to complain of the disadvantages he lies under in every path of honour and profit. “Could I but get over some nice points, and conform to the practice and opinion of those about
me,

me, I might stand as fair a chance as others for dignities and preferment." And why can you not? What hinders you from discarding this troublesome scrupulosity of yours, which stands so grievously in your way? If it be a small thing to enjoy a healthful mind, sound at the very core, that does not shrink from the keenest inspection; inward freedom from remorse and perturbation; un sullied whiteness and simplicity of manners; a genuine integrity

Pure in the last recesses of the mind;
if you think these advantages an inadequate recompense for what you resign, dismiss your scruples this instant, and be a slave-merchant, a director, or—what you please.

MRS. BARBAULD.

C H A P. IV.

THE PERFECTION OF HUMAN NATURE.

ASK for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:
For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew,
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?

"No

" No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause
 Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
 Th' exceptions few; some change since all began:
 And what created perfect?"—Why then Man?
 If the great end be human Happiness,
 Then Nature deviates; and can Man do less?
 As much that end a constant course requires
 Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of Man's desires;
 As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
 As Men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.
 If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design,
 Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
 Who knows but He, whose hand the light'ning forms,
 Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms;
 Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
 Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
 From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
 Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
 Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit?
 In both, to reason right is to submit.

Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear,
 Where there all harmony, all virtue here;
 That never air or ocean felt the wind;
 That never passion discompos'd the mind.
 But ALL subsists by elemental strife;
 And Passions are the elements of Life.
 The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began,
 Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,
 And little less than Angel, would be more;
 Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
 To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.

Made

Made for his use all creatures if he call,
 Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?
 Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
 The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd;
 Each seeming want compensated of course,
 Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force:
 All in exact proportion to their state;
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
 Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
 Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?

The bliss of Man (could pride that blessing find)
 Is not to act or think beyond his kind;
 No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear.
 Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
 For this plain reason, Man is not a fly.
 Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
 Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
 If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
 The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

POPE.

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

A G A I N S T S E L F I S H N E S S.

HAS God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn :
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?
 Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer :
 The hog, that ploughs not nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care ;
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
 While Man exclaims, " See all things for my use !"
 " See man for mine !" replies a pamper'd goose :
 And just as short of reason he must fall,
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul ;
 Be Man the wit and tyrant of the whole :
 Nature that tyrant checks ; he only knows,
 And helps another creature's wants and woes.
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?

Admires

Admires the jay, the insect's gilded wings?
 Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
 Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
 For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
 For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
 All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
 Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
 That very life his learned hunger craves;
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
 And, 'till he ends the being, makes it blest;
 Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
 Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain.
 The creature had his feast of life before;
 Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!

POPE.

BOOK

B O O K IV.

ORATIONS AND HARANGUES.

C H A P. I.

MANLIUS TO HIS SON.

SINCE you, Titus Manlius! forgetful of the reverence due to the consular and paternal authority, have fought with the enemy out of your rank, contrary to our express command, and thereby, as far as in you lay, have dissolved that military discipline which has hitherto supported the Roman state, and have reduced me to the necessity of disregarding either the public or my own family; it is just that we should suffer for our own crime, rather than that the commonwealth should pay the forfeit for us to its own great detriment. We shall afford a sad but salutary example to the youth of future times. I cannot but be moved on this occasion, not only on account of the natural affection which every man bears to his children,

children, but through regard to that specimen of early valour you have exhibited, though deceived by a false appearance of glory. Yet since the consular authority is either to receive a perpetual sanction by your death, or to be for ever abrogated by your impunity; I cannot suppose that even yourself, if any of my blood flows in your veins, would refuse to repair by your punishment that breach in military discipline which your fault has made. Go, lictor, bind him to the stake.

LIVY.

C H A P. II.

MUCIUS SCÆVOLA TO KING PORSENA.

I AM a Roman citizen—my name Mucius. My purpose was to kill an enemy. Nor am I less prepared to undergo the punishment, than I was to perpetrate the deed. To do and to suffer bravely is a Roman's part. Neither am I the only person thus affected towards you. There is a long list of competitors for the same honour. If, therefore, you chuse to confront the danger of setting your life every hour at hazard, prepare yourself—you will have the foe in the very porch of your palace. This is the kind of war that the Roman youth declare against you. You have nothing to fear in the field. The combat is against you alone, and every individual is your antagonist.

LIVY.

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

SOPHONISBA TO MASSINISSA.

THE will of the Gods, your valour, and good fortune have this day put us entirely in your power. But if it be permitted a captive to lift up a supplicating voice to the lord of her life, to embrace his knees, and touch his conquering hand, I beg and intreat, by the regal dignity which we, too, lately possessed; by the Numidian name, which Syphax shared with you; by the Deities of this royal mansion, (may they prove more propitious to you than they have to him!) that you would grant this one favour to a wretched suppliant:—not to subject me to the cruel and imperious dominion of a Roman; but to determine the fate of your prisoner according to your own pleasure. Had I been no other than the wife of Syphax, I would rather commit myself to the faith of a Numidian, and, like myself, and native of Africa, than to that of a stranger and a foreigner. What a Carthaginian, what the daughter of Asdrubal has to apprehend from a Roman, yourself may judge. Oh! if it be no otherwise possible, deliver me, I beseech and implore you, from the Roman power, by death.

LIVY.

C H A P. IV.

SCIPIO TO THE ROMANS.

ON this day, tribunes and Roman citizens! I gained a signal victory in Africa over Hannibal and the Carthaginians. Since, then, such a day ought to be free
from

from strife and litigation, I shall immediately go from hence to the Capitol to pay my adorations to the highest Jove, to Juno, Minerva, and the other deities who preside over the sacred citadel; and I shall return them thanks, that both on this day, and many times beside, they have inspired me with the spirit and ability of doing essential service to the republic. Let such of you, too, as have leisure, accompany me; and pray the gods that you may ever have leaders like myself. For, as from the term of seventeen years to the decline of life you have always outgone my age by the honours conferred on me, so I have anticipated your honours by my actions.

Livr.

C H A P. V.

DEMOSTHENES TO THE ATHENIANS
AGAINST PHILIP.

HAD we been convened, Athenians! on some new subject of debate, I had waited, until most of the usual persons had declared their opinions. If I had approved of any thing proposed by them, I should have continued silent: if not, I had then attempted to speak my sentiments. But since those very points on which these speakers have oftentimes been heard already, are at this time to be considered; though I have arisen first, I presume I may expect your pardon: for if they on former occasions had advised the necessary measures, you would not have found it needful to consult at present.

First then, Athenians! these our affairs must not be thought desperate; no, though their situation seems entirely

entirely deplorable. For the most shocking circumstance of all our past conduct, is really the most favourable to our future expectations. And what is this? That our own total indolence hath been the cause of all our present difficulties. For were we thus distressed, in spite of every vigorous effort which the honour of our state demanded, there were then no hope of a recovery.

In the next place, reflect, (you who have been informed by others, and you who can yourselves remember) how great a power the Lacedemonians not long since possessed; and with what resolution, with what dignity you disdained to act unworthy of the state, but maintained the war against them for the rights of Greece. Why do I mention these things? That you may know, that you may see, Athenians! that if duly vigilant, you can have nothing to fear; that if once remiss, nothing can happen agreeable to your desires: witness the then powerful arms of Lacedemon, which a just attention to your interests enabled you to vanquish: and this man's late insolent attempt, which our insensibility to all our great concerns hath made the cause of this confusion.

If there is a man in this assembly who thinks that we must find a formidable enemy in Philip, while he views on one hand, the numerous armies which surround him; and on the other; the weakness of the state thus despoiled of its dominions; he thinks justly. Yet let him reflect on this: there was a time, Athenians! when we possessed Pydna, and Potidæa, and Methone, and all that country round: when many of the states now subjected to him were free and independent, and more inclined to our alliance than to his. Had then Philip reasoned in the same manner, "How shall I dare to
attack

“ attack the Athenians, whose garrisons command my territory, while I am destitute of all assistance ! ” he would not have engaged in those enterprizes which are now crowned with success ; nor could he have raised himself to this pitch of greatness. No, Athenians ! he knew this well, that all these places are but prizes, laid between the combatants, and ready for the conqueror : that the dominions of the absent devolve naturally to those who are in the field ; the possessions of the supine to the active and intrepid. Animated by these sentiments, he overturns whole nations ; he holds all people in subjection : some, by the right of conquest ; others, under the title of allies and confederates : for all are willing to confederate with those whom they see prepared and resolved to exert themselves as they ought.

And if you, my countrymen ! will now at length be persuaded to entertain the like sentiments : if each of you, renouncing all evasions, will be ready to approve himself an useful citizen, to the utmost that his station and abilities demand : if the rich will be ready to contribute, and the young to take the field : in one word, if you will be yourselves ; and banish those vain hopes which every single person entertains, that while so many others are engaged in public business, his service will not be required ; you then (if Heaven so pleases) will regain your dominions, recal those opportunities your supineness hath neglected, and chastise the insolence of this man. For you are not to imagine, that, like a God, he is to enjoy his present greatness for ever fixed and unchangeable. No, Athenians ! there are, who hate him, who fear him, who envy him, even among those seemingly the most attached to his cause. These are passions common to mankind ; nor must we

think that his friends only are exempted from them. It is true they lie concealed at present, as our indolence deprives them of all resource. But let us shake off this indolence! for you see how we are situated; you see the outrageous arrogance of this man, who does not leave it to your choice whether you shall act, or remain quiet; but braves you with his menaces; and talks (as we are informed) in a strain of the highest extravagance: and is not able to rest satisfied with his present acquisitions, but is ever in pursuit of farther conquests; and while we sit down, inactive and irresolute, incloses us on all sides with his toils.

When, therefore, O my countrymen! when will you exert your vigour? When roused by some event? When forced by some necessity? What then are we to think of our present condition? To freemen, the disgrace attending on misconduct, is, in my opinion, the most urgent necessity. Or say, is it your sole ambition to wander through the public places, one enquiring of another, "What news?" Can any thing be more new, than that a man of Macedon should conquer the Athenians, and give law to Greece?—"Is Philip dead?—No, but in great danger."—How are you concerned in those rumours? Suppose he should meet some fatal stroke: you would soon raise up another Philip, if your interests are thus disregarded. For it is not to his own strength that he so much owes his elevation, as to our supineness. And should some accident affect him, should fortune, who hath ever been more careful of the state, than we ourselves, now repeat her favours; (and may she thus crown them!) be assured of this, that by being on the spot, ready to take advantage of
the

the confusion, you will every where be absolute masters: but in your present disposition, even if a favourable juncture should present you with Amphipolis, you could not take possession of it, while this suspense prevails in your designs and in your councils.

Some wander about, crying, Philip hath joined with the Lacedemonians, and they are concerting the destruction of Thebes, and the dissolution of some free states. Others assure us, he hath sent an embassy to the king; others that he is fortifying places in Illyria. Thus we all go about framing our several tales. I do believe, indeed, Athenians! he is intoxicated with his greatness, and does entertain his imagination with many such visionary prospects, as he sees no power rising to oppose him, and is elated with his success. But I cannot be persuaded that he hath so taken his measures, that the weakest among us know what he is next to do; for it is the weakest among us who spread these rumours.—Let us disregard them: let us be persuaded of this; that he is our enemy, that he hath spoiled us of our dominions, that we have long been subject to his insolence, that whatever we expected to be done for us by others, hath proved against us, and that all the resource left, is in ourselves, that if we are not inclined to carry our arms abroad, we may be forced to engage him here—let us be persuaded of this, and then we shall come to a proper determination, then we shall be freed from these idle tales. For we are not to be solicitous to know what particular events will happen; we need but be convinced nothing good can happen, unless you grant the due attention to affairs, and be ready to act as becomes Athenians.

DEMOSTHENES.

C H A P. VI.

DEMOSTHENES TO THE ATHENIANS CONCERNING THE REGULATION OF THE STATE.

YOU ask, Athenians, "What real advantage have we derived from the speeches of Demosthenes? He rises when he thinks proper: he deafens us with his harangues: he declaims against the degeneracy of present times: he tells us of the virtues of our ancestors: he transports us by his airy extravagance: he puffs up our vanity: and then sits down."—But, could these my speeches once gain an effectual influence upon your minds, so great would be the advantages conferred upon my country, that were I to attempt to speak them, they would appear to many as visionary. Yet still I must assume the merit of doing some service, by accustoming you to hear salutary truths. And if your counsellors be solicitous for any point of moment to their country, let them first cure your ears; for they are distempered: and this, from the inveterate habit of listening to falsehoods, to every thing, rather than your real interests.

Thus it lately happened—Let no man interrupt me: let me have a patient hearing—that some persons broke into the treasury. The speakers all instantly exclaimed, "Our free constitution is overturned: our laws are no more!" And now, ye men of Athens! judge, if I speak with reason. They, who are guilty of this crime, justly deserve to die; but by such offenders our constitution is not overturned. Again, some oars have been stolen from our arsenal.—"Stripes and tortures for the villain.

villain! our constitution is subverted;" This is the general cry. But what is my opinion? This criminal, like the others, hath deserved to die: but, if some are criminal, our constitution is not therefore subverted. There is no man who dare openly and boldly to declare, in what case our constitution is subverted. But I shall declare it. When you, Athenians! become a helpless rabble, without conduct, without property, without arms, without order, without unanimity; when neither your general, nor any other person, hath the least respect for your decrees. When no man dares to inform you of this your condition, to urge the necessary reformation, much less, to exert his effort to effect it: then is your constitution subverted. And this is now the case.

But, O my fellow-citizens! a language of a different nature, hath poured in upon us; false, and highly dangerous to the state. Such is that assertion, that in your tribunals is your great security; that your right of suffrage is the real bulwark of the constitution. That these tribunals are our common resource in all private contests, I acknowledge. But, it is by arms we are to subdue our enemies, by arms we are to defend our state. It is not by our decrees that we can conquer. To those, on the contrary, who fight our battles with success, to these we owe the power of decreeing, of transacting all our affairs, without controul or danger. In arms, then, let us be terrible; in our judicial transactions, humane.

If it be observed, that these sentiments are more elevated than might be expected from my character, the observation, I confess, is just. Whatever is said about a state of such dignity, upon affairs of such importance, should appear more elevated than any character. To

your worth should it correspond, not to that of the speaker.

And now I shall inform you, why none of those who stand high in your esteem, speak in the same manner. The candidates for office and employment go about soliciting your voices, the slaves of popular favour. To gain the rank of general, is each man's great concern; not to fill this station with true manlike intrepidity. Courage, if he possesses it, he deems unnecessary: for, thus he reasons: he has the honour, the renown of this city to support him; he finds himself free from oppression and controul; he needs but to amuse you with fair hopes; and, thus, he secures a kind of inheritance in your emoluments. And he reasons truly. But; do you yourselves, once, assume the conduct of your own affairs; and then, as you take an equal share of duty, so shall you acquire an equal share of glory. Now, your ministers and public speakers, without one thought of directing you faithfully to your true interests, resign themselves entirely to these generals. Formerly you divided into classes, in order to raise the supplies: now the business of the classes is to gain the management of public affairs. The orator is the leader; the general seconds his attempts; the Three Hundred are the assistants on each side; and all others take their parties, and serve to fill up the several factions. And you see the consequences: this man gains a statue; this amasses a fortune; one or two command the state; while you sit down unconcerned witnesses of their success; and, for an uninterrupted course of ease and indolence, give them up those great and glorious advantages, which really belong to you.

DEMOSTHENES.

CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

MICIPSA TO JUGURTHA.

YOU know, Jugurtha! that I received you under my protection in your early youth, when left a helpless, and hopeless orphan. I advanced you to high honours in my kingdom; in the full assurance that you would prove grateful for my kindness to you; and that, if I came to have children of my own, you would study to repay to them, what you owed to me. Hitherto I have had no reason to repent of my favours to you. For, to omit all former instances of your extraordinary merit, your late behaviour in the Numantian war, has reflected upon me, and my kingdom, a new and distinguished glory. You have, by your valour, rendered the Roman commonwealth, which before was well affected to our interest, much more friendly. In Spain, you have raised the honour of my name and crown. And you have surmounted what is justly reckoned one of the greatest difficulties; having, by your merit, silenced envy. My dissolution seems now to be fast approaching. I therefore beseech and conjure you, my dear Jugurtha! by this right hand; by the remembrance of my past kindness to you; by the honour of my kingdom, and by the majesty of the gods; be kind to my two sons whom my favour to you has made your brothers; and do not think of forming a connection with any stranger to the prejudice of your relations. It is not by arms, nor by treasures, that a kingdom is secured, but by well affected subjects and allies. And it is by faithful and important services, that friendship (which neither gold will purchase, nor

arms extort) is secured. But what friendship is more perfect, than that which ought to obtain between brothers? What fidelity can be expected among strangers, if it is wanting among relations? The kingdom, I leave you, is in good condition, if you govern it properly; if otherwise, it is weak. For by agreement a small state increases: by division a great one falls into ruin. It will lie upon you, Jugurtha! who are come to riper years than your brothers, to provide that no misconduct produce any bad effect. And, if any difference should arise between you and your brothers (which may the gods avert!) the public will charge you, however innocent you may be, as the aggressor, because your years and abilities give you the superiority. But I firmly persuade myself, that you will treat them with kindness, and that they will honour and esteem you, as your distinguished virtue deserves.

SALLUST.

C H A P. VIII.

ADHERBAL TO THE ROMAN SENATE.

IT is known to you, that king Micipsa, my father, on his death-bed, left in charge, to Jugurtha, his adopted son, conjointly with my unfortunate brother Hiempsal, and myself, the children of his own body, the administration of the kingdom of Numidia; directing us, to consider the senate and people of Rome, as proprietors of it. He charged us, to use our best endeavours, to be serviceable to the Roman commonwealth, in peace and war: assuring us, that your protection would prove to us a defence against all enemies, and would be instead of armies, fortifications, and treasures.

While

While my brother and I were thinking of nothing but how we should regulate ourselves according to the direction of our deceased father, Jugurtha, the most infamous of mankind! breaking through all ties of gratitude and of common humanity, and trampling on the authority of the Roman commonwealth, procured the murder of my unfortunate brother, and has driven me from my throne, and native country; though he knows I inherit, from my grandfather Massinissa, and my father Micipsa, the friendship and alliance of the Romans.

For a prince to be reduced, by villainy, to my distressful circumstances, is calamity enough; but my misfortunes are heightened, by the consideration that I find myself obliged to solicit your assistance, Fathers, for the services done you by my ancestors, not for any I have been able to render you in my own person. Jugurtha has put it out of my power to deserve any thing at your hands; and has forced me to be burdensome, before I could be useful to you. And yet, if I had no plea, but my undeserved misery—a once powerful prince, the descendant of a race of illustrious monarchs, now, without any fault of my own, destitute of every support, and reduced to the necessity of begging foreign assistance, against an enemy, who has seized my throne and my kingdom—if my unequalled distresses were all I had to plead; it would become, the greatness of the Roman commonwealth, the arbiter of the world, to protect the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickedness over helpless innocence. But, to provoke your vengeance to the utmost, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions, which the senate and people of Rome gave to my ancestors; and from which, my

grandfather, and my father, under your protection, expelled Syphax and the Carthaginians. Thus, fathers, your kindness to our family is defeated; and Jugurtha, in injuring me, throws contempt on you.

O wretched prince! O cruel reverse of fortune! O father Micipsa! Is this the consequence of your generosity; that he, whom your goodness raised to an equality with your own children, should be the murderer of your children? Must, then, the royal house of Numidia always be a scene of havock and blood? While Carthage remained, we suffered, as was to be expected, all sorts of hardships, from their hostile attacks: our enemy near; our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth, at a distance. While we were so circumstanced, we were always in arms, and in action. When that scourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of established peace. But, instead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia, drenched with royal blood! and the only surviving son of its late king, flying from an adopted murderer, and seeking that safety in foreign parts, which he cannot command in his own kingdom!

Whither—oh! whither shall I fly? If I return to the royal palace of my ancestors, my father's throne is seized, by the murderer of my brother. What can I there expect, but that Jugurtha should hasten to imbrue, in my blood, those hands which are now reeking with my brother's? If I were to fly for refuge, or for assistance, to any other court; from what prince can I hope for protection, if the Roman commonwealth give me up? From my own family or friends, I have no expectations. My royal father is no more. He is beyond the reach of violence,

violence, and out of hearing of the complaints of his unhappy son. Were my brother alive, our mutual sympathy would be some alleviation. But he is hurried out of life in his early youth, by the very hand, which should have been the last to injure any of the royal family of Numidia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all whom he suspected to be in my interest. Some have been destroyed by the lingering torment of the cross. Others have been given a prey to wild beasts; and their anguish made the sport of men, more cruel than wild beasts. If there be any yet alive, they are shut up in dungeons; there to drag out a life more intolerable than death itself.

Look down, illustrious senators of Rome! from that height of power to which you are raised, on the unexampled distresses of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcast from all mankind. Let not the crafty insinuations of him, who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your judgment. Do not listen to the wretch, who has butchered the son and relations of a king, who gave him power to sit on the same throne with his own children.—I have been informed, that he labours, by his emissaries, to prevent your determining any thing against him in his absence; pretending that I magnify my distress; and that I might, for him, have staid in peace in my own kingdom. But, if ever the time come, when the due vengeance from above shall overtake him, he will then dissemble in the very same manner as I do. Then he, who, now, hardened in wickedness, triumphs over those whom his violence has laid low, will, in his turn, feel distress; and suffer, for his impious ingratitude to my father, and his blood-thirsty cruelty to my brother.

O murdered, butchered brother! O dearest to my heart! now gone for ever from my sight! But, why should I lament his death? He is, indeed, deprived of the blessed light of heaven, of life and kingdom, at once, by the very person, who ought to have been the first to hazard his own life in defence of any one of Micipsa's family: but, as things now are, my brother is not so much deprived of these comforts, as delivered from terror, from flight, from exile, and the endless train of miseries which render life to me a burden. He lies full low, gored with wounds, and festering in his own blood. But he lies in peace. He feels none of the miseries which rend my soul with agony and distraction; whilst I am set up a spectacle, to all mankind, of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power, to revenge his death, I am not master of the means of securing my own life. So far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the usurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection, for my own person.

Fathers! senators of Rome! the arbiters of the world! to you I fly, for refuge, from the murderous fury of Jugurtha. By your affection for your children; by your love for your country; by your own virtues; by the majesty of the Roman commonwealth; by all that is sacred; and all that is dear to you! deliver a wretched prince, from undeserved, unprovoked injury: and save the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, usurpation, and cruelty.

SALLUST.

CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

GENERAL WOLFE TO HIS ARMY.

I Congratulate you, my brave countrymen, and fellow-soldiers! on the spirit and success with which you have executed this important part of our enterprize. The formidable *Heights of Abraham* are now surmounted; and the city of Quebec, the object of all our toils, now stands in full view before us. A perfidious enemy, who have dared to exasperate you by their cruelties, but not to oppose you on equal ground, are now constrained to face you on the open plain, without ramparts or intrenchments to shelter them.

You know too well the forces which compose their army to dread their superior numbers. A few regular troops from Old France, weakened by hunger and sickness, who when fresh were unable to withstand British soldiers, are their General's chief dependence. Those numerous companies of Canadians, insolent, mutinous, unsteady and ill disciplined, have exercised his utmost skill to keep them together to this time; and as soon as their irregular ardour is damped by one firm fire, they will instantly turn their backs, and give you no further trouble but in the pursuit. As for those savage tribes of Indians, whose horrid yells in the forests have struck many a bold heart with affright, terrible as they are with the tomahawk and scalping-knife to a flying and prostrate foe, you have experienced how little their ferocity is to be dreaded by resolute men upon fair and open ground: you can now only consider them as the just objects of a severe revenge for the unhappy fate of many slaughtered countrymen.

This

This day puts it into your power to terminate the fatigues of a siege which has so long employed your courage and patience. Possessed with a full confidence of the certain success which British valour must gain over such enemies, I have led you up these steep and dangerous rocks; only solicitous to shew you the foe within your reach. The impossibility of a retreat makes no difference in the situation of men resolved to conquer or die: and, believe me, my friends, if your conquest could be bought with the blood of your general, he would most cheerfully resign a life which he has long devoted to his country.

C H A P. X.

T O A R T.

O ART! thou distinguishing attribute and honour of human kind! who art not only able to imitate Nature in her graces, but even to adorn her with graces of thine own! Possessed of thee, the meanest genius grows deserving, and has a just demand for a portion of our esteem: devoid of thee, the brightest of our kind lie lost and useless, and are but poorly distinguished from the most despicable and base. When we inhabited forests in common with brutes, nor otherwise known from them than by the figure of our species, thou taughtest us to assert the sovereignty of our nature, and to assume that empire, for which Providence intended us. Thousands of utilities owe their birth to thee; thousands of elegancies, pleasures and joys, without which, life itself would be but an insipid possession.

Wide and extensive is the reach of thy dominion. No element is there, either so violent or so subtile, so yielding

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ing or so sluggish, as, by the powers of its nature, to be superior to thy direction. Thou drestest not the fierce impetuosity of fire, but compellest its violence to be both obedient and useful. By it, thou softenest the stubborn tribe of minerals, so as to be formed and moulded into shapes innumerable. Hence weapons, armour, coin : and, previous to these and other thy works and energies, hence all those various tools and instruments, which empower thee to proceed to farther ends, more excellent. Nor is the subtle air less obedient to thy power; whether thou willest it to be a minister to our pleasure, or utility. At thy command it giveth birth to sounds, which charm the soul with all the powers of harmony. Under thy instruction, it moves the ships over the seas; while that yielding element, (where, otherwise, we sink,) even water itself, is by thee, taught to bear us; the vast ocean to promote that intercourse of nations, which ignorance would imagine it was destined to intercept. To say how thy influence is seen on earth, would be to teach the meanest what he knows already. Suffice it but to mention, fields of arable and pasture; lawns, and groves, and gardens, and plantations; cottages, villages, castles, towns; palaces, temples, and spacious cities.

Nor does thy empire end in subjects thus inanimate. Its power also extends through the various race of animals; who, either patiently submit to become thy slaves, or are sure to find thee an irresistible foe. The faithful dog, the patient ox, the generous horse, and the mighty elephant, are content, all, to receive their instructions from thee, and readily to lend their natural instincts or strength, to perform those offices, which thy occasions call for. If there be found any species, which are service-
able

able when dead, thou suggestest the means to investigate and take them: if any be so savage as to refuse being tamed; or of natures fierce enough to venture an attack, thou teachest us to scorn their brutal rage, to meet, repel, pursue, and conquer.

Such, O Art! is thy amazing influence, when thou art employed only on these inferior subjects, on natures inanimate, or, at best, irrational. But, whenever thou choolest a subject more noble, and employest thyself in cultivating the mind itself, then it is thou becomest truly amiable and divine, the ever-flowing source of those sublimer beauties, of which no subject, but mind alone, is capable. Then it is thou art enabled to exhibit to mankind, the admired tribe of poets and orators; the sacred train of patriots and heroes; the godlike list of philosophers and legislators; the forms of virtuous and equal polities, where private welfare is made the same with public, where crowds themselves prove disinterested, and virtue is made a national and popular characteristic.

Hail! sacred source of all these wonders! Thyself instruct me, to praise thee worthily; through whom, whatever we do, is done with elegance and beauty; without whom, what we do, is ever graceless and deformed.—Venerable power! by what name shall I address thee? Shall I call thee ornament of mind, or art thou more truly Mind itself? 'Tis Mind thou art, most perfect Mind: not rude, untaught; but fair, and polished: in such thou dwellest; of such thou art the form; nor is it a thing more possible, to separate thee from such, than it would be, to separate thee from thy own existence.

HARRIS.

CHAP.

C H A P. XI.

T O T H E S E A.

HA I L ! thou inexhaustible source of wonder and contemplation !—Hail ! thou multitudinous ocean ! whose waves chase one another down like the generations of men, and after a momentary space, are immersed for ever in oblivion !—Thy fluctuating waters wash the varied shores of the world, and while they disjoin nations, whom a nearer connection would involve in eternal war, they circulate their arts and their labours, and give health and plenty to mankind.

How glorious ! how awful are the scenes thou displayest !—Whether we view thee when every wind is hushed,—when the morning sun silvers the level line of the horizon—or when its evening track is marked with flaming gold, and thy unrippled bosom reflects the radiance of the over-arching Heavens !—Or whether we behold thee in thy terrors !—when the black tempest sweeps thy swelling billows, and the boiling surge mixes with the clouds,—when death rides the storm,—and humanity drops a fruitless tear for the toiling mariner whose heart is sinking with dismay !—

And yet, mighty deep ! 'tis thy *surface* alone we view—Who can penetrate the secrets of thy wide domain ?—What eye can visit thy immense rocks and caverns, that teem with life and vegetation ?—Or search out the myriads of objects, whose beauties lie scattered over thy dread abyfs ?

The mind staggers with the immensity of her own conceptions,—and when she contemplates the flux and
reflux,

reflux of thy tides, which from the beginning of the world were never known to err, how does she shrink at the idea of that Divine Power, which originally laid thy foundations so sure, and whose omnipotent voice hath fixed the limits where thy proud waves shall be stayed!

KEATE.

C H A P. XII.

JUPITER TO THE INFERIOR DEITIES.

AURORA, now, fair daughter of the dawn,
 Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn;
 When Jove conven'd the senate of the skies,
 Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise.
 The fire of gods his awful silence broke:
 The heav'ns, attentive, trembled as he spoke.
 "Celestial states! immortal gods! give ear:
 Hear our decree; and rev'rence what ye hear:
 The fix'd decree, which not all heav'n can move:
 Thou, Fate! fulfil it; and ye, Pow'rs! approve.—
 What god shall enter yon forbidden field,
 Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield,
 Back to the skies, with shame, he shall be driv'n,
 Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heav'n:
 Or, from our sacred hill, with fury thrown
 Deep, in the dark Tartarean gulph shall groan;
 With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
 And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;
 As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,
 As from that centre to th' ethereal world.

Let

Let each, submissive, dread those dire abodes,
 Nor tempt the vengeance of the God of gods.
 League all your forces, then, ye pow'rs above:
 Your strength unite, against the might of Jove.
 Let down our golden everlasting chain,
 Whose strong embrace holds heav'n, and earth, and main;
 Strive, all, of mortal and immortal birth,
 To drag by this the thund'rer down to earth:—
 Ye strive in vain. If I but stretch this hand,
 I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land;
 I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
 And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight:
 For such I reign unbounded, and above;
 And such are men, and gods, compar'd to Jove."

HOMER.

C H A P. XIII.

S A R P E D O N to G L A U C U S.

WHY boast we, Glaucus, our extended reign,
 Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain?
 Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
 And hills where vines their purpled harvest yield?
 Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
 Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound?
 Why on these shores are we with joy survey'd,
 Admir'd as heroes, and as gods obey'd?
 Unless great acts superior merit prove,
 And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above:
 That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
 Behold our deeds transcending our commands,

Such,

Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state,
 Whom those that envy dare not imitate.
 Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
 Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
 For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
 In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war:
 But, since, alas! ignoble age must come,
 Disease, and death's inexorable doom,
 The life, which others pay, let us bestow,
 And give to Fame what we to Nature owe;
 Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,
 Or let us glory gain, or glory give!

HOMER.

C H A P. XIV.

MALEFORT'S DEFENCE OF HIMSELF.

— I LIVE I once more
 To see these hands and arms free, these, that often
 In the most dreadful horror of a fight,
 Have been as sea-marks to teach such as were
 Seconds in my attempts, to steer between
 The rocks of too much daring, and pale fear,
 To reach the port of victory? When my sword,
 Advanc'd thus, to my enemies appear'd
 A hairy comet, threat'ning death and ruin
 To such as durst behold it. These the legs,
 That when our ships were grappl'd carried me
 With such swift motion from deck to deck,
 As they that saw it, with amazement cry'd,

He

He does not run, but flies.

Now cramped with irons,

Hunger and cold, they hardly do support me.

But I forget myself.—O my good lords,

That sit there as judges to determine

The life and death of Malefort, where are now

Those shouts, those cheerful looks, those loud applauses

With which, when I returned loaden with spoil,

You entertain'd your admiral? All's forgotten,

And I stand here to give an account for that

Of which I am as free and innocent,

As he that never saw the eye of him

For whom I stand suspected.——

—— The main ground, on which

You raise the building of your accusation,

Hath reference to my son : should I now curse him,

Or wish in th' agony of my troubled soul,

Light'ning had found him in his mother's womb,

You'll say, 'tis from the purpose ; and I therefore

Betake him to the devil, and so leave him.

Did never loyal father but myself

Beget a treacherous issue? Must it follow,

Because that he is impious, I am false?

I would not boast my actions, yet 'tis lawful

To upbraid my benefits to unthankful men.

Who sunk the Turkish gallies in the Streights,

But Malefort? Who rescu'd the French merchants,

When they were boarded, and stowed under hatches

By the pirates of Algiers, when every minute

They did expect to be chain'd to the oar,

But your now doubted admiral? Then you fill'd

The air with shouts of joy, and did proclaim

When

When hope had left them, and grim-look'd despair
 Hover'd with sail-stretch'd wings over their heads,
 To me, as to the Neptune of the sea,
 They ow'd the restitution of their goods,
 Their lives, their liberties. O can it then
 Be probable, my lords, that he that never
 Became the master of a pirate's ship,
 But at the main-yard hung the captain up,
 And caused the rest to be thrown over-board,
 Should after all these proofs of deadly hate,
 So often expressed against 'em, entertain
 A thought of quarter with 'em, but much less
 (To the perpetual ruin of my glories)
 To join with them to lift a wicked arm
 Against my mother country, this Marseilles,
 Which with my prodigal expence of blood
 I have so oft protected.——

—— What have I

Omitted in the power of flesh and blood,
 Even in the birth to strangle the designs
 Of this hell-bred wolf my son? Alas! my lords,
 I am no god, nor, like one, could foresee
 His cruel thoughts, and curst purposes;
 Nor would the sun at my command forbear
 To make his progress to the other world,
 Affording to us one continued light.
 Nor could my breath disperse those foggy mists
 Covered with which, and darkness of the night,
 Their navy undiscern'd, without resistance
 Beset our harbour. Make not that my fault,
 Which you in justice must ascribe to fortune.
 But if that nor my former acts, nor what

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I have deliver'd, can prevail with you
To make good my integrity and truth ;
Rip up this bosom, and pluck out the heart
That hath been ever loyal. —

— Thou Searcher of men's hearts,
And sure Defender of the innocent,
(My other crying sins a while not look'd on)
If I in this am guilty, strike me dead ;
Or, by some unexpected means, confirm
I am accus'd unjustly.

MASSINGER.

C H A P. XV.

HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS AT THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage ;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon, let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,

Hold

Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height. Now on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war proof;
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts, from morn 'till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument:
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
 That those whom you call fathers did beget you.
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war: and you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
 The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eye;
 I see you stand like greyhounds on the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot:
 Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
 Cry, God for Harry, England, and St. George.

SHAKESPEAR.

C H A P. XVI.

PROLOGUE TO CATO.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
 To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold;
 For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
 Commanding tears to stream through every age:
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.

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Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
 The hero's glory or the virgin's love ;
 In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was :
 No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys ;
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling in a falling state !
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?
 Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed ?
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?
 Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
 Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state ;
 As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
 The triumph ceas'd—tears gush'd from ev'ry eye,
 The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by ;
 Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
 And honour'd Cæsar's, less than Cato's sword.

Britons attend : Be worth like this approv'd,
 And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.

POPE.

C H A P. XVII.

C A T O ' s S E N A T E .

CATO. **F**ATHERS, we once again are met in council,
 Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
 And Romè attends her fate from our resolves;
 How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
 Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
 Pharsalia gave him Rome. Egypt has since
 Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
 Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
 And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
 Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
 What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
 And envies us even Libya's sultry desarts.
 Fathers, pronounce your thoughts, are they still fixt
 To hold it out and fight it to the last?
 Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
 By time and ill success to a submission?
 Sempronius, speak.

SEMPRONIUS. My voice is still for war.
 Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
 Which of the two to chuse, slav'ry or death?
 No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
 And at the head of our remaining troops,
 Attack the foe, break through the thick array
 Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
 Perhaps some arm more lucky than the rest,
 May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
 Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;

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Rife, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
 Or share their fate! The corpse of half her senate
 Manure the fields of Theffaly, while we
 Sit here delib'rating in cold debates
 If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
 Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
 Rouse up for shame! Our brothers of Pharsalia
 Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
 Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
 And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us!

CATO. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
 Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
 True fortitude is seen in great exploits
 That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides:
 All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
 Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
 In Rome's defence entrusted to our care?
 Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
 Might not th' impartial world with reason say,
 We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
 To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
 Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

LUCIUS. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
 Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
 With widows, and with orphans: Scythia mourns
 Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
 Lie half-unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
 'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
 It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
 The gods declare against us, and repel
 Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
 (Prompted by blind revenge, and wild despair)

Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
 And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
 Already have we shewn our love to Rome,
 Now let us shew submission to the gods.
 We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
 But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
 Arms have no further use: our country's cause,
 That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our hands,
 And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
 Unprofitably shed; what men could do
 Is done already: heav'n and earth will witness,
 If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

SEMP. This smooth discourse, and mild behaviour, oft
 Conceal a traitor—Something whispers me
 All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius.

CATO. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident;
 Immod'rate valour swells into a fault;
 And fear admitted into public councils,
 Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.
 Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
 Are grown thus desp'rate, we have bulwarks round us:
 Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
 In Afric's heats, and season'd to the sun;
 Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
 Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
 While there is hope do not distrust the gods:
 But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
 To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
 Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
 No, let us draw our term of freedom out
 In its full length, and spin it to the last,

So shall we gain still one day's liberty ;
And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter MARCUS.

MARC. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gate,
Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arriv'd
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight : he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

CATO. By your permission, fathers bid him enter.
Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
His message may determine our resolves.

Enter DECIVS.

DEC. Cæsar sends health to Cato ———

CATO. Cou'd he send it
To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcomt.
Are not your orders to address the senate ?

DEC. My business is with Cato ; Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven ; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

CATO. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Wou'd he save Cato ? Bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this : and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life, which he has power to offer.

DEC. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar ;
Her gen'als and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend ?

CATO. Those very reasons thou hast urg'd forbid it.

DEC. Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
 And reason with you, as from friend to friend;
 Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
 And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it;
 Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
 Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar.
 Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
 As on the second of mankind.

CATO. No more:
 I must not think of life on such conditions.

DEC. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
 And therefore sets this value on your life:
 Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
 And name your terms.

CATO. Bid him disband his legions,
 Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
 Submit his actions to the public censure,
 And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
 Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

DEC. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

CATO. Nay more, tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
 To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
 Myself will mount the Rostrum in his favour,
 And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

DEC. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

CATO. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

DEC. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

CATO. Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

DEC. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
 And at the head of your own little senate;
 You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
 With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

CATO.

CATO. Let him consider that, who drives us hither.
 'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
 And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
 Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
 Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
 Did'st thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
 With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,
 That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
 I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
 Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
 But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
 Shou'd never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

DEC. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
 For all his gen'rous cares, and proffer'd friendship?

CATO. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
 Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
 Wou'd Cæsar shew the greatness of his soul?
 Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
 And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
 By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

DEC. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
 You are a man. You rush on your destruction.
 But I have done. When I relate hereafter
 The tale of this unhappy embassy,
 All Rome will be in tears.

CATO.

B O O K V.

D I A L O G U E S.

C H A P. I.

MYRTLE AND BEVIL.

BEV. **W**ELL, Mr. Myrtle, your commands with me?
MYR. The time, the place, our long acquaintance, and many other circumstances which affect me on this occasion, oblige me, without farther ceremony, or conference, to desire you would not only, as you already have, acknowledge the receipt of my letter, but also comply with the request in it. I must have farther notice taken of my message than these half lines—I have yours—I shall be at home—

BEV. Sir, I own I have received a letter from you, in a very unusual style; but as I design every thing in this matter shall be your own action, your own seeking, I shall understand nothing but what you are pleased to confirm face to face, and I have already forgot the contents of your epistle.

MYR.

MYR. This cool manner is very agreeable to the abuse you have already made of my simplicity and frankness; and I see your moderation tends to your own advantage, and not mine; to your own safety, not consideration of your friend.

BEV. My own safety, Mr. Myrtle!

MYR. Your own safety, Mr. Bevil.

BEV. Look you, Mr. Myrtle, there's no disguising that I understand what you would be at. But, Sir, you know I have often dared to disapprove of the decisions a tyrant custom has introduced, to the breach of all laws both divine and human.

MYR. Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil, it would be a good first principle, in those who have so tender a conscience that way, to have as much abhorrence of doing injuries, as—

BEV. As what?

MYR. As fear of answering for 'em.

BEV. As fear of answering for 'em! But that apprehension is just or blameable, according to the object of that fear—I have often told you, in confidence of heart, I abhorred the daring to offend the Author of life, and rushing into his presence;—I say, by the very same act, to commit a crime against him, and immediately to urge on to his tribunal.

MYR. Mr. Bevil, I must tell you, this coolness, this gravity, this shew of conscience, shall never cheat me of my mistress. You have, indeed, the best excuse for life, the hopes of possessing Lucinda: but, consider, Sir, I have as much reason to be weary of it, if I am to lose her; and my first attempt to recover her, shall be to let her see the dauntless man who is to be her guardian and protector.

BEV. Sir, shew me but the least glimpse of argument, that I am authoris'd, by my own hand, to vindicate any lawless insult of this nature, and I will shew thee, to chastise thee, hardly deserves the name of courage. Slight, inconsiderate man! There is, Mr. Myrtle, no such terror in quick anger; and you shall, you know not why, be cool, as you have, you know not why, been warm.

MYR. Is the woman one loves so little an occasion of anger? You, perhaps, who know not what it is to love, who have your ready, your commodious, your foreign trinket; for your loose hours; and from your fortune, your specious outward carriage, and other lucky circumstances, as easy a way to the possession of a woman of honour; you know nothing of what it is to be alarmed, to be distracted with anxiety and terror of losing more than life. Your marriage, happy man! goes on like common business, and in the interim, you have your rambling captive, your Indian princess, for your soft moments of dalliance, your convenient, your ready Indiana.

BEV. You have touched me beyond the patience of a man; and I'm excusable in the guard of innocence, or from the infirmity of human nature, which can bear no more, to accept your invitation, and observe your letter — Sir, I'll attend you.

Enter Tom.

TOM. Did you call, Sir? I thought you did. I heard you speak aloud.

BEV. Yes, go call a coach.

TOM. Sir — Master — Mr. Myrtle — Friends — Gentlemen — What d'ye mean? I am but a servant, or —

BEV. Call a coach. —

— Shall

—Shall I, though provoked to the uttermost, recover myself at the entrance of a third person, and that my servant too, and not have respect enough to all I have ever been receiving from infancy, the obligation to the best of fathers, to an unhappy virgin too, whose life depends on mine.—

—I have, thank Heaven, had time to recollect myself, and shall not, for fear of what such a rash man as you think of me, keep longer unexplained the false appearances, under which your infirmity of temper makes you suffer; when, perhaps, too much regard to a false point of honour, makes me prolong that suffering.

MYR. I am sure, Mr. Bevil cannot doubt, but I had rather have satisfaction from his innocence, than his sword.

BEV. Why then would you ask it first that way?

MYR. Consider, you kept your temper yourself no longer than till I spoke to the disadvantage of her you loved.

BEV. True. But let me tell you, I have saved you from the most exquisite distress, even though you had succeeded in the dispute. I know you so well, that I am sure to have found this letter about a man you had killed, would have been worse than death to yourself—Read it—When he is thoroughly mortified, and shame has got the better of jealousy, he will deserve to be assisted towards obtaining Lucinda.

MYR. With what a superiority has he turned the injury on me, as the aggressor! I begin to fear I have been too far transported—"A treaty in our family!" Is not that saying too much? I shall relapse—But I find—"something like jealousy"—With what

face can I see my benefactor, my advocate, whom I have treated like a betrayer.—Oh, Bevil! with what words shall I——

BEV. There needs none; to convince is much more than to conquer.

MYR. But can you——

BEV. You have o'erpaid the inquietude you gave me, in the change I see in you towards me. Alas, what machines are we! thy face is alter'd to that of another man; to that of my companion, my friend.

MYR. That I could be such a precipitate wretch!

BEV. Pray no more.

MYR. Let me reflect how many friends have died by the hands of friends, for want of temper; and you must give me leave to say, again and again, how much I am beholden to that superior spirit you have subdued me with—what had become of one of us, or perhaps both, had you been as weak as I was, and as incapable of reason?

BEV. I congratulate us both on this escape from ourselves, and hope the memory of it will make us dearer friends than ever.

MYR. Dear Bevil, your friendly conduct has convinced me that there is nothing manly, but what is conducted by reason, and agreeable to the practice of virtue and justice; and yet, how many have been sacrificed to that idol, the unreasonable opinion of men! Nay, they are so ridiculous in it, that they often use their swords against each other, with dissembled anger and real fear.

STERLE.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

LIONEL AND SIR JOHN FLOWERDALE.

SIR JOHN. **L**IONEL, Lionel.

LION. Who calls?

SIR JOHN. Lionel.

LION. Heavens! 'Tis Sir John Flowerdale; where shall I hide myself; how avoid him—O cruel love, to what do you reduce me?

SIR JOHN. Who's there?

LION. 'Tis I, Sir; I am here, Lionel.

SIR JOHN. My dear lad, I have been searching for you this half hour, and was at last told you had come into the garden: I have a piece of news, which I dare swear will shock and surprise you; my daughter has refused Colonel Oldboy's son, who is this minute departed the house in violent resentment of her ill treatment.

LION. Is he gone, Sir?

SIR JOHN. Yes, and the family are preparing to follow him: it is impossible to describe to you, how I am grieved at this fatal accident; you know, as well as I, the cogent reasons, that determined me to this marriage. Oh, Lionel! Clarissa has deceived me: in this affair she has suffered me to deceive myself. The measures which I have been so long preparing are broken in a moment—my hopes frustrated; and both parties, in the eye of the world, rendered light and ridiculous.

LION. I am sorry to see you so much moved; pray, Sir, recover yourself.

SIR.

SIR JOHN. I am sorry, Lionel, she has profited no better by your lessons of philosophy, than to impose upon and distress so kind a father.

LION. Have juster thoughts of her, Sir! She has not imposed on you, she is incapable—have but a little patience, and things may yet be brought about.

SIR JOHN. No, Lionel, no; the matter is past, and there's an end of it; yet I would conjecture to what such an unexpected turn in her conduct can be owing; I would fain be satisfied of the motive that could urge her to so extraordinary a proceeding, without the least intimation, the least warning to me, or any of her friends.

LION. Perhaps, Sir, the gentleman may have been too impetuous, and offended Miss Flowerdale's delicacy—certainly nothing else could occasion——

SIR JOHN. Heaven only knows—I think, indeed, there can be no settled aversion, and surely her affections are not engaged elsewhere.

LION. Engaged, Sir,—No, Sir.

SIR JOHN. I think not, Lionel.

LION. You may be positive, Sir—I'm sure——

SIR JOHN. O worthy young man, whose integrity, openness, and every good quality have rendered dear to me as my own child; I see this affair troubles you as much as it does me.

LION. It troubles me indeed, Sir.

SIR JOHN. However, my particular disappointment ought not to be detrimental to you, nor shall it: I well know how irksome it is to a generous mind to live in a state of dependence, and have long had it in my thoughts to make you easy for life.

LION.

LION. Sir John, the situation of my mind at present is a little disturb'd—spare me!—I beseech you, spare me; why will you persist in a goodness that makes me ashamed of myself?

SIR JOHN. There is an estate in this country which I purchased some years ago; by me it will never be missed; and whoever marries my daughter will have little reason to complain of my disposing of such a trifle for my own gratification. On the present marriage I intended to perfect a deed of gift in your favour, which has been for some time prepared; my lawyer has this day completed it, and it is yours, my dear Lionel, with every good wish that the warmest friend can bestow.

LION. Sir, if you presented a pistol with design to shoot me, I would submit to it; but you must excuse me, I cannot lay myself under more obligations.

SIR JOHN. Your delicacy carries you too far; in this I confer a favour on myself: however, we'll talk no more on the subject at present, let us walk towards the house.

LIONEL AND CLARISSA.

CHAP. III.

ALFRED AND HERMIT.

ALF. **T**HREE happy hermit!

Whom thus the heavenly 'habitants attend,
Blessing thy calm retreat; while ruthless war
Fills the polluted land with blood and crimes.
In this extremity of England's fate,

Led

Led by thy sacred character, I come
 For comfort and advice. Say what remains,
 What yet remains to save our prostrate country?
 Nor scorn this anxious question even from me,
 A nameless stranger.

HER. Alfred, England's king,
 All hail!

ALF. Amazement! In this russet hid,
 I deem'd my state beyond discovery's reach:
 How is it then to thee alone reveal'd?

HER. Last night, when with a draught from that cool
 fountain

I had my wholesome sober supper crown'd;
 As is my stated custom, forth I walk'd
 Beneath the solemn gloom and glittering sky,
 To feed my soul with prayer and meditation.
 And thus to inward harmony compos'd,
 That sweetest music of the grateful heart,
 Whose each emotion is a silent hymn,
 I to my couch retired. Strait on mine eyes
 A pleasing slumber fell, whose mystic power
 Seal'd up my senses, but enlarg'd my soul.
 Led by those spirits, who disclose futurity,
 I liv'd thro' distant ages; felt the virtue,
 The great, the glorious passions that will fire
 Remote posterity; when guardian laws
 Are by the patriot, in the glowing senate,
 Won from corruption; when th' impatient arm
 Of liberty, invincible, shall scourge
 The tyrants of mankind—and when the deep,
 Thro' all her swelling waves, from pole to pole
 Shall spread the boundless empire of thy sons.

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I saw thee, Alfred, too—But o'er thy fortunes
Lay clouds impenetrable.

ALF. To Heaven's will,
In either fortune, mine shall ever bend
With humblest resignation—Yet, O say,
Does that unerring Providence, whose justice
Has bow'd me to the dust; whose ministers,
Sword, fire and famine, scourge this sinful land,
This tomb of its inhabitants—does he
Reserve me in his hand, the glorious instrument
From fell oppression to redeem my country?

HER. What mortal eye, by his immediate beam
Not yet enlighten'd, dare presume to look
Thro' time's abyss? But should the flatterer Hope,
Anticipating see that happy time,
Those whiter moments—Prince, remember, then,
The noble lessons by affliction taught:
Preserve the quick humanity it gives,
The pitying social sense of human weakness;
Yet keep thy generous fortitude entire,
The manly heart, that to another's woe
Is tender, as superior to its own.
Learn to submit: yet learn to conquer fortune.
Attach thee firmly to the virtuous deeds
And offices of life: to life itself,
With all its vain and transient joys, fit loose.
Chief, let devotion to the Sovereign Mind,
A steady, cheerful, absolute dependance
On his best, wisest government, possess thee.

ALF. I thank thee, father: and O witness, Heaven,
Whose eye the heart's profoundest depth explores!
That if not to perform my regal task;

To

To be the common father of my people,
Patron of honour, virtue and religion;
If not to shelter useful worth, to guard
His well-earn'd portion from the sons of rapine,
And deal out justice with impartial hand;
If not to spread, on all good men, thy bounty,
The treasures trusted to me, not my own;
If not to raise anew our English name,
By peaceful arts that grace the land they bless,
And generous war to humble proud oppressors:
Yet more; if not to build the public weal,
On that firm base which can alone resist
Both time and chance, on liberty and laws;
If not for these important ends ordain'd,
May I ne'er poorly fill the throne of England!

HER. Still may thy breast these sentiments retain,
In prosperous life.

ALF. Could it destroy or change
Such thoughts as these, prosperity were ruin.
When those whom Heaven distinguishes o'er millions,
And showers profusely power and splendor on them,
Whate'er th' expanded heart can wish; when they,
Accepting the reward, neglect the duty,
Or worse, pervert those gifts to deeds of ruin,
Is there a wretch they rule so base as they?
Guilty, at once, of sacrilege to Heaven!
And of perfidious robbery to man!

HER. Such thoughts become a monarch—but behold,
The glimmering dusk, involving air and sky,
Creeps slow and solemn on. Devotion now,
With eye enraptur'd, as the kindling stars
Light, one by one, all heaven into a glow

Of

Of living fire, adores the Hand divine,
Who form'd their orbs and pour'd forth glory on them.

ALF. Then, this good moment, snatch'd from earth's affairs
In yonder cell let us aright employ:
There, low on earth, as kneeling reverence bids,
To Him our homage pay, with heart sincere,
Who bids affliction hope, and triumph fear:
Who, from the depth of ruin, yet may raise
This prostrate isle, and bless with better days.

MALLET.

C H A P. IV.

GUSTAVUS VASA, ANDERSON,
ARNOLDUS, AND ARVIDA.

SCENE, A MINE.

AND. YOU tell me wonders.

ARN. Soft, behold, my lord,
Behold him stretch'd, where reigns eternal night,
The flint his pillow, and cold damps his cov'ring;
Yet, bold of spirit, and robust of limb,
He throws inclemency aside, nor feels
The lot of human frailty.

AND. What horrors hang around! the savage race
Ne'er hold their den but where some glimm'ring ray
May bring the cheer of morn—What then is he?
His dwelling marks a secret in his soul,
And whispers somewhat more than man about him.

ARN. Draw but the veil of his apparent wretchedness,
And you shall find his form is but assum'd,
To hoard some wond'rous treasure lodg'd within.

AND.

AND. Let him bear up to what thy praises speak him,
And I will win him, spite of his reserve,
Bind him with sacred friendship to my soul,
And make him half myself.

ARN. 'Tis nobly promis'd ;
For worth is rare, and wants a friend in Sweden :
And yet I tell thee, in her age of heroes,
When nurs'd by freedom, all her sons grew great,
And ev'ry peasant was a prince in virtue,
I greatly err, or this abandon'd stranger
Had stepped the first for fame, tho' now he seeks
To veil his name, and cloud his shine of virtues ;
For there is danger in them.

AND. True, Arnoldus.
Were there a prince throughout the scepter'd globe,
Who search'd out merit for its due preferment,
With half that care our tyrant seeks it out
For ruin, happy, happy were that state,
Beyond the golden fable of those pure
And earliest ages——Wherefore this, good Heav'n ?
Is it of fate, that who assumes a crown
Throws off humanity ?

ARN. So Cistiern holds.
He claims our country as by right of conquest;
A right to every wrong. Ev'n now 'tis said,
The tyrant envies what our mountains yield
Of health or aliment ; he comes upon us,
Attended by a numerous host, to seize
These last retreats of our expiring liberty.

AND. Say'st thou ?

ARN. This rising day, this instant hour,
Thus chafed, we stand upon the utmost brink

Of steep perdition, and must leap the precipice,
Or turn upon our hunters.

AND. Now, Gustavus!

Thou prop and glory of inglorious Sweden,
Where art thou, mightiest man?—Were he but here—
I'll tell thee, my Arnoldus, I beheld him,
Then when he first drew sword, serene and dreadful,
As the brow'd evening ere the thunder break;
For soon he made it toilsome to our eyes
To mark his speed, and trace the paths of conquest!
In vain we follow'd where he swept the field;
'Twas death alone could wait upon Gustavus.

ARN. He was indeed whate'er our wish could form him.

AND. Array'd and beauteous in the blood of Danes,
Th' invaders of his country, thrice he chased
This Cristiern, this fell conqu'ror, this usurper,
With rout and foul dishonour at his heels,
To plunge his head in Denmark.

ARN. Nor ever had the tyrant known return,
To tread our necks, and blend us with the dust,
Had he not dar'd to break thro' ev'ry law
That sanctifies the nations; seiz'd our hero,
The pledge of specious treaty, tore him from us,
And led him chain'd to Denmark.

AND. Then we fell.

If still he lives, we yet may learn to rise;
But never can I dare to rest a hope
On any arm but his.

ARN. And yet, I trust,
This stranger that delights to dwell with darkness,
Unknown, unfriended, compass'd round with wretchedness,
Conceals

Conceals some mighty purpose in his breast,
Now lab'ring into birth.

AND. When came he hither?

ARN. Six moons have chang'd upon the face of night,
Since here he first arriv'd, in servile weeds,
But yet of mien majestic. I observ'd him,
And ever as I gaz'd, some nameless charm,
A wond'rous greatness, not to be conceal'd,
Broke thro' his form, and aw'd my soul before him.
Amid these mines he earns the hireling's portion,
His hands out-toil the hind, while on his brow
Sits patience, bath'd in the laborious drop
Of painful industry. I oft have sought,
With friendly tender of some worthier service,
To win him from his temper; but he shuns
All offers, yet declin'd with graceful act,
Engaging beyond utt'rance. And at eve,
When all retire to some domestic solace,
He only stays, and, as you see, the earth
Receives him to her dark and cheerless bosom.

AND. Has no unwary moment e'er betray'd
The labours of his soul, some fav'rite grief,
Whereon to raise conjecture?

ARN. I saw, as some bold peasants late deplor'd
Their country's bondage, sudden passion seiz'd
And bore him from his seeming; straight his form
Was turn'd to terror, ruin fill'd his eye,
And his proud step appear'd to awe the world;
When check'd, as thro' an impotence of rage,
Damp sadness soon usurp'd upon his brow,
And the big tear roll'd graceful down his visage.

AND. Your words imply a man of much importance.

ARN.

ARN. So I suspected, and at dead of night
Stole on his slumbers ; his full heart was busy,
And oft his tongue pronounc'd the hated name
Of—bloody Cristiern—There he seem'd to pause,
And, recollected to one voice, he cry'd,
Oh, Sweden ! Oh, my country ! Yet I'll save thee.

AND. Forbear ; he rises — Heav'n's, what majesty !

Enter GUSTAVUS.

Your pardon, stranger, if the voice of virtue,
If cordial amity from man to man,
And somewhat that should whisper to the soul,
To seek and cheer the suff'rer, led me hither,
Impatient to salute thee. Be it thine
Alone to point the path of friendship out,
And my best pow'r shall wait upon thy fortunes.

GUS. Yes, gen'rous man ! there is a wond'rous test,
The truest, worthiest, noblest cause for friendship ;
Dearer than life, than int'rest, or alliance,
And equal to your virtues.

AND. Say, unfold.

GUS. Art thou a soldier, a chief lord in Sweden,
And yet a stranger to thy country's voice,
That loudly calls the hidden patriot forth ?
But what's a soldier ? What's a lord in Sweden ?
All worth is fled or fall'n ; nor has a life
Been spar'd but for dishonour ; spar'd to breed
More slaves for Denmark, to beget a race
Of new-born virgins for th' unfated lust
Of our new masters. Sweden, thou art no more !
Queen of the north ! thy land of liberty,
Thy house of heroes, and thy seat of virtues,

Is now the tomb where thy brave sons lie speechless,
And foreign snakes engender.

AND. Oh, 'tis true!

But wherefore? To what purpose?

GUS. Think of Stockholm.

When Criftiern seiz'd upon the hour of peace,
And drench'd the hospitable floor with blood,
Then fell the flow'r of Sweden, mighty names!
Her hoary senators, and gasping patriots.
The tyrant spoke, and his licentious band
Of blood-train'd ministers were loos'd to ruin.
Invention wanton'd in the toil of infants
Stabb'd on the breast, or reeking on the points
Of sportive javelins. Husbands, sons, and fires,
With dying ears drank in the loud despair
Of shrieking chastity. The waste of war
Was peace and friendship to this civil massacre.
Oh, heav'n and earth! Is there a cause for this?
For sin without temptation, calm, cool villainy,
Delib'rate mischief, unimpassion'd lust,
And smiling murder? Lie thou there, my soul:
Sleep, sleep upon it, image not the form
Of any dream but this, till time grows pregnant,
And thou canst wake to vengeance.

AND. Thou'st greatly mov'd me. Ha! thy tears start forth.
Yes, let them flow, our country's fate demands them;
I too will mingle mine, while yet 'tis left us
To weep in secret, and to sigh with safety.
But wherefore talk of vengeance? 'Tis a word
Should be engraven on the new-fall'n snow,
Where the first beam may melt it from observance.
Vengeance on Criftiern! Norway and the Dane,

The

The sons of Sweden, all the peopled north,
Bends at his nod——My humbler boast of pow'r
Meant not to cope with crowns.

Gus. Then what remains
Is briefly this; your friendship has my thanks,
But must not my acceptance. Never——no——
First sink, thou baleful mansion, to the center,
And be thy darkness doubled round my head,
Ere I forsake thee for the bliss of Paradise,
To be enjoy'd beneath a tyrant's sceptre:
No, that were wilful slavery. Freedom is
The brightest gift of Heav'n, 'tis reason's self,
The kin of Deity——I will not part it.

AND. Nor I, while I can hold it; but, alas!
That is not in our choice.

Gus. Why? where's that pow'r whose engines are of force
To bend the brave and virtuous man to slavery?
Base fear, the laziness of lust, gross appetites,
These are the ladders, and the groveling foot-stool,
From whence the tyrant rises on our wrongs,
Secure and scepter'd in the soul's servility.
He has debauch'd the genius of our country,
And rides triumphant, while her captive sons
Await his nod, the filken slaves of pleasure,
Or fetter'd in their fears.

AND. I apprehend you.
No doubt, a base submission to our wrongs
May well be term'd a voluntary bondage:
But think the heavy hand of pow'r is on us;
Of pow'r, from whose imprisonment and chains
Not all our free-born virtue can protect us.

L

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L

Gus.

Gus. 'Tis there you err ; for I have felt their force ;
And had I yielded to enlarge these limbs,
Or share the tyrant's empire, on the terms
Which he propos'd, I were a slave indeed.
No, in the deep and deadly damp of dungeons,
The soul can rear her scepter, smile in anguish,
And triumph o'er oppression.

AND. Oh, glorious spirit ! Think not I am slack
To relish what thy noble scope intends ;
But then the means, the peril, and the consequence !
Great are the odds, and who shall dare the trial ?

Gus. I dare.

Oh, wert thou still that gallant chief
Whom once I knew ! I could unfold a purpose,
Would make the greatness of thy heart to swell,
And burst in the conception.

AND. Give it utterance.

Perhaps there lie some embers yet in Sweden,
Which, weaken'd by the breath, might rise in flames,
And spread vindictive round. You say you know me ;
But give a tongue to such a cause as this,
And if you hold me tardy in the call,
You know me not. But thee I've surely known ;
For there is somewhat in that voice and form,
Which has alarm'd my soul to recollection :
But 'tis as in a dream, and mocks my reach.

Gus. Then name the man whom it is death to know,
Or, knowing, to conceal—and I am he.

AND. Gustavus ! Heav'ns ! 'Tis he ! 'tis he himself !

Enter ARVIDA, speaking to a Servant.

ARV. I thank you, friend ; he's here ; you may retire.

AND. Good morning to my noble guest ; you're early.

ARV.

ARV. I come to take a short and hasty leave.
'Tis said, that from the mountain's neighb'ring brow
The canvas of a thousand tents appears,
Whitening the vale——Suppose the tyrant there;
You know my safety lies not in the interview——
Ha! what is he, who, in the shreds of slavery,
Supports a step superior to the state
And insolence of ermine?

GUS. Sure that voice
Was once the voice of friendship and Arvida!

ARV. Ha! Yes, 'tis he!—ye pow'rs, it is Gustavus!

GUS. Thou brother of adoption! In the bond
Of ev'ry virtue wedded to my soul,
Enter my heart; it is thy property.

ARV. I'm lost in joy, and wond'rous circumstance.

GUS. Yet, wherefore, my Arvida. wherefore is it,
That in a place, and at a time like this,
We should thus meet? Can Criftiern cease from cruelty?
Say, whence is this, my brother? How escap'd you?
Did I not leave thee in the Danish dungeon?

ARV. Of that hereafter. Let me view thee first.
How graceful is the garb of wretchedness,
When worn by virtue! Fashions turn to folly;
Their colours tarnish, and their pomps grow poor
To her magnificence.

GUS. Yes, my Arvida;
Beyond the sweeping of the proudest train
That shades a monarch's heel, I prize these weeds;
For they are sacred to my country's freedom,
A mighty enterprize has been conceiv'd,
And thou art come auspicious to the birth,
As sent to fix the seal of Heav'n upon it.

ARN. Point but thy purpose—let it be to bleed—

GUS. Your hands, my friends.

ALL. Our hearts.

GUS. I know they're brave.

Of such the time has need, of hearts like yours,
Faithful and firm, of hands inur'd and strong;
For we must ride upon the neck of danger,
And plunge into a purpose big with death.

AND. Here let us kneel, and bind us to thy side.
By all——

GUS. No, hold—if we want oaths to join us,
Swift let us part, from pole to pole asunder.
A cause like ours is its own sacrament;
Truth, justice, reason, love, and liberty,
Th' eternal links that clasp the world, are in it;
And he who breaks their sanction, breaks all law,
And infinite connection.

ARN. True, my lord.

AND. And such the force I feel.

ARV. And I.

ARN. And all.

GUS. Know then, that ere our royal Stenon fell,
While this my valiant cousin and myself,
By chains and treach'ry lay detain'd in Denmark,
Upon a dark and unsuspected hour,
The bloody Cristiern sought to take my head.
Thanks to the ruling pow'r, within whose eye
Imbosom'd ill, and mighty treasons roll,
Prevented of their blackness—I escap'd,
Led by a gen'rous arm, and some time lay
Conceal'd in Denmark; for my forfeit head
Became the price of crowns. Each port and path

Was

Was shut against my passage: till I heard
That Stenon, valiant Stenon fell in battle,
And freedom was no more. Oh, then what bounds
Had pow'r to hem the desp'rate? I o'erpass'd them,
Travers'd all Sweden, thro' ten thousand foes,
Impending perils, and surrounding tongues,
That from himself inquir'd Gustavus out.
Witness, my country, how I toil'd to wake
Thy sons to liberty—In vain; for fear,
Cold fear, had seiz'd on all—Here last I came,
And shut me from the sun, whose hateful beams
Serv'd but to shew the ruins of my country.
When here, my friends, 'twas here, at length, I found
What I had left to look for, gallant spirits,
In the rough form of untaught peasantry.

AND. Indeed they once were brave; our Dalecarlians
Have oft been known to give a law to kings;
And as their only wealth has been their liberty,
From all th' unmeasur'd graspings of ambition
Have held that gem untouch'd—tho' now 'tis fear'd—

GUS. It is not fear'd—I say, they still shall hold it,
I've search'd these men, and find them like the soil,
Barren without, and to the eye unlovely,
But they've their mines within; and this the day
In which I mean to prove them.

ARN. Oh, Gustavus!
Most aptly hast thou caught the passing hour,
Upon whose critical and fated hinge
The state of Sweden turns.

GUS. And to this hour
I've therefore held me in this darksome womb,
That sends me forth as to a second birth

Of freedom, or thro' death to reach eternity.
This day, return'd with ev'ry circling year,
In thousands pours the mountain peasants forth,
Each with his batter'd arms and rusty helm,
In sportive discipline well train'd, and prompt
Against the day of peril. Thus disguis'd,
Already have I stirr'd their latent sparks
Of slumb'ring virtue, apt as I could wish,
To warm before the lightest breath of liberty.

ARN. How will they kindle, when, confess'd to view,
Once more their lov'd Gustavus stands before them,
And pours his blaze of virtues on their souls !

ARV. It cannot fail.

AND. It has a glorious aspect.

ARV. Now, Sweden, rise and re-assert thy rights,
Or be for ever fall'n.

AND. Then be it so.

ARN. Lead on, thou arm of war,
To death or victory.

GUS. Let us embrace.

Why, thus, my friends, thus join'd in such a cause,
Are we not equal to a host of slaves ?
You say the foe's at hand—Why, let them come ;
Steep are our hills, nor easy of access,
And few the hours we ask for their reception ;
For I will take these rustic sons of liberty
In the first warmth and hurry of their souls ;
And should the tyrant then attempt our heights,
He comes upon his fate—Arise, thou son !
Haste, haste to rouse thee to the call of liberty,
That shall once more salute thy morning beam,
And hail thee to thy setting.

ARN.

ARN. O bless'd voice!

Prolong that note but one short day thro' Sweden,
And tho' the sun and life should set together,
It matters not—we shall have liv'd that day.

ARV. Were it not worth the hazard of a life
To know if Cristiern leads his pow'rs in person,
And what his scope intends? Be mine that task,
Ev'n to the tyrant's tent I'll win my way,
And mingle with his councils.

GUS. Go, my friend.

Dear as thou art, whene'er our country calls,
Friends, sons, and fires should yield their treasure up,
Nor own a sense beyond the public safety.

BROOKE.

CHAP. V.

TAMERLANE AND DERVISE.

TAM. **T**HOU bring'st me thy credentials from the
highest,

From Alha, and our Prophet. Speak thy message,
It must import the best and noblest ends.

DER. Thus speaks our holy Mahomet, who has giv'n thee
To reign and conquer: Ill dost thou repay
The bounties of his hand, unmindful of
The fountain whence thy streams of greatness flow.
Thou hast forgot high Heav'n, hath beaten down
And trampled on religion's sanctity.

TAM. Now, as I am a soldier and a king,
(The greatest names of honour) do but make
Thy imputation out, and Tamerlane

Shall do thee ample justice on himself.
So much the sacred name of Heaven awes me,
Cou'd I suspect my soul of harbouring aught
To its dishonour, I would search it strictly,
And drive th' offending thought with fury forth.

DER. Yes, thou hast hurt our holy Prophet's honour,
By fostering the pernicious Christian sect;
Those, whom his sword pursu'd with fell destruction,
Thou tak'st into thy bosom, to thy councils;
They are thy only friends. The true believers
Mourn to behold thee favour this Axalla.

TAM. I fear me, thou outgo'st the Prophet's order,
And bring'st his venerable name to shelter
A rudeness ill-becoming thee to use,
Or me to suffer. When thou nam'st my friend,
'Thou nam'st a man beyond a monk's discerning,
Virtuous and great, a warrior and a prince.

DER. He is a Christian; there our law condemns him,
Altho' he were ev'n all thou speak'st, and more.

TAM. 'Tis false; no law divine condemns the virtuous,
For differing from the rules your schools devise.
Look round, how Providence bestows alike
Sun-shine and rain, to bless the fruitful year,
On different nations, all of different faiths;
And (tho' by several names and titles worshipp'd)
Heav'n takes the various tribute of their praise;
Since all agree to own, at least to mean,
One best, one greatest, only Lord of all.
Thus, when he view'd the many forms of nature,
He found that all was good, and blest the fair variety.

DER. Most impious and profane!—Nay, frown not prince!
Full of the Prophet, I despise the danger

Thy

Thy angry power may threaten. I command thee
 To hear, and to obey ; since thus says Mahomet :
 Why have I made thee dreadful to the nations ?
 Why have I giv'n thee conquest ; but to spread
 My sacred law ev'n to the utmost earth,
 And make my holy Mecca the world's worship ?
 Go on, and wheresoe'er thy arms shall prosper,
 Plant there the prophet's name ; with sword and fire
 Drive out all other faiths, and let the world
 Confess him only.

TAM. Had he but commanded
 My sword to conquer all, to make the world
 Know but one Lord, the task were not so hard,
 'Twere but to do what has been done already ;
 And Philip's son, and Cæsar did as much ;
 But to subdue th' unconquerable mind,
 To make one reason have the same effect
 Upon all apprehensions ; to force this
 Or this man, just to think as thou and I do ;
 Impossible ! Unless souls were alike
 In all, which differ now like human faces.

DER. Well might the holy cause be carry'd on,
 If Mussulmen did not make war on Mussulmen.
 Why hold'st thou captive a believing monarch ?
 Now, as thou hop'st to 'scape the Prophet's curse
 Release the royal Bajazet, and join,
 With force united, to destroy the Christians.

TAM. 'Tis well—I've found the cause that mov'd thy zeal.
 What shallow politician set thee on,
 In hopes to fright me this way to compliance ?

DER. Our prophet only —

TAM. No—thou dost belie him,

Thou maker of new faiths ! that dar'st to build
Thy fond inventions on religions name,
Religion's lustre is, by native innocence,
Divinely pure, and simple from all arts ;
You daub and dress her like a common mistress,
The harlot of your fancies ; and by adding
False beauties, which she wants not, make the world
Suspect her angel's face is foul beneath,
And wo' not bear all lights. Hence ! I have found thee.

DER. I have but one resort. Now aid me, Prophet.
Yet I have somewhat further to unfold ;
Our Prophet speaks to thee in thunder—thus——

TAM. No, villain, Heav'n is watchful o'er its wor-
shippers,

And blasts the murderer's purpose. Think, thou wretch !
Think on the pains that wait thy crime, and tremble
When I shall doom thee ——

DER. 'Tis but death at last ;
And I will suffer greatly for the cause
That urg'd me first to the bold deed.

TAM. Oh, impious !
Enthusiasm thus makes villains martyrs.
It shall be so—To die ! 'twere a reward—
Now learn the difference 'twixt thy faith and mine :
Thine bids thee lift thy dagger to my throat ;
Mine can forgive the wrong, and bid thee live.
Keep thy own wicked secret, and be safe !
If thou repent'st, I have gain'd one to virtue,
And am, in that, rewarded for my mercy ;
If thou continu'st still to be the same,
'Tis punishment enough to be a villain.
Hence ! from my sight—It shocks my soul to think

That

That there is such a monster in my kind.
Whither will man's impiety extend?
Oh, gracious Heav'n! dost thou withhold thy thunder,
When bold assassins take thy name upon 'em,
And swear they are the champions of thy cause?

ROWE.

C H A P. VI.

C O M U S A N D L A D Y.

LADY. **T**HIS way the noise was, if mine ear be true;
My best guide now; methought it was the
 found

Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gamefome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
Of such late rioters; yet, oh, where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?

COMUS. I'll ease her of that care, and be her guide.

LADY. My brothers, when they saw me weary'd out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket-side,
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit,
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,

Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain;
But were they are, and why they come not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far:
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rise, and perfect in my listening ear;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong-siding champion, Conscience.
Oh, welcome, pure-ey'd faith, white-handed hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemish'd form of chastity;
I see you visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good (t'whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance)
Would send a glist'ring guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a fable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove,
I cannot hollow to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest

I'll venture ; for my new-enliven'd spirits
Prompt me ; and they perhaps are not far off.

COMUS. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment ?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence :

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At ev'ry fall smoothing the raven-down
Of darkness, till it smil'd ! I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs ;
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium : Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause :
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself.

But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now — I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. — Hail, foreign wonder,
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'd here with Pan, or Silvan, by bless'd song,
Forbidding ev'ry bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

LADY. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise,
That is address'd to unattending ears :
Not any boast of skill but extreme shift

How

How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo,
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

COMUS. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

LADY. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

COMUS. Could that divide you from near-ush'ring guides?

LADY. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

COMUS. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

LADY. To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.

COMUS. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

LADY. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

COMUS. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them?

LADY. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

COMUS. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

LADY. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

COMUS. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

LADY. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

COMUS. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,

And the swink't hedger at his supper sat;

I saw them under a green mantling vine,

That crawls along the side of yon small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;

Their port was more than human: as they stood,

I took it for a fairy vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,

That in the colours of the rainbow live,

And play i' th' plaited clouds. I was awe-struck,

And as I pass'd, I worshipp'd; if those you seek,

It were a journey like the path to heav'n,

To help you find them.

LADY,

LADY. Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

COMUS. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

LADY. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would over-task the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guesses of well-practis'd feet.

COMUS. I know each lane, and ev'ry alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood.
And ev'ry bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood:
And if your stray attendants be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roofed lark
From her thatch'd pallet rouse: if otherwise,
I can conduct you, lady, to a low
But royal cottage, where you may be safe
Till farther quest.

LADY. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd.
And yet is most pretended. In a place,
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest'd Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength——Shepherd, lead on.

MILTON.

CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

THE BROTHERS.

ELDEST BROTHER. **U**NMUFFLE, ye faint stars;
 and thou, fair moon,
 That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit chaos, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness and of shades?
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 Though a rush candle, from the wicker hole
 Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light;
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
 Or Tyrian cynosure.

YOUNGEST BROTHER. Or, if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cot,
 Or sound of past'ral reed with oaten stops;
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village-cock
 Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet; some little cheering
 In this close dungeon of innum'rous boughs.
 But, oh! that hapless virgin, our lost sister!
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.

What

What if in wild amazement and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

E. BROTH. Peace, brother; be not over exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid;
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion!
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk: and wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retir'd solitude;
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' th' center, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

Y. BROTH. 'Tis most true,
That musing meditation most affects

The

The penfive secrecy of defart cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And fits as safe as in a senate house :
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his grey hairs any violence ?
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with uninchanted eye,
To save her blossoms and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of misers' treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night or loneliness it recks me not :
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.

E. BROTH. I do not, brother,
Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
Secure without all doubt or controversy :
Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength,
Which you remember not.

Y. BROTH.

Y. BROTH. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

E. BROTH. I mean that too; but yet a hidden strength,
Which, if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity.

She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,
And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage, fierce bandit, or mountaineer
Will dare to soil her virgin purity;
Yea there where very desolation dwells,
By grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride or in presumption.

Y. BROTH. How gladly would I have my terrors hush'd,
By crediting the wonders you relate!

E. BROTH. Some say, no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece,
To testify the arms of chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The friv'lous bolt of Cupid; gods and men

Fear'd

Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o'th' woods.
What was the snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank-awe?

Y. BROTH. But what are virtue's awful charms to those,
Who cannot rev'rence what they never knew?

E. BROTH. So dear to Heav'n is faintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand livery'd angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things, that no gross ear can hear;
Till oft converse with heav'nly 'habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpoluted temple of the mind,
And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal.

Y. BROTH. Happy state,
Beyond belief of vice!

E. BROTH. But when vile lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
Oft seen in carnal-vaults and sepulchres,
Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made grave,

As

As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itself in carnal sensuality
To a degen'rate and degraded state,

Y. BROTH. How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

MILTON.

C H A P. VIII.

CATHARINE AND GRIFFITH.

GRIFF. **H**OW does your grace?

CATH. O Griffith, sick to death:
My legs like loaded branches bow to th' earth,
Willing to leave their burden: reach a chair——
So—now methinks I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

GRIFF. Yes, Madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

CATH. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd.
If well, he slept before me happily,
For my example.

GRIFF. Well, the voice goes, Madam.
For after the stout earl of Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,

He

He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

CATH. Alas, poor man!

GRIF. At last, with easy roads he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the rev'rend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words. "O father Abbot,
An old man broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
'About the hour of eight (which he himself
Foretold should be his last) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace.

CATH. So may he rest, his faults lie bury'd with him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity; he was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes: one that by suggestion
Tith'd all the kingdom; simony was fair play:
His own opinion was his law. I'th' presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he mean't to ruin, pitiful.
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

GRIF.

GRIF. Noble Madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

CATH. Yes, good Griffith,
I were malicious else.

GRIF. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle:
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and four, to them that lov'd him not,
But to those men that fought him sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely; ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it:
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue,
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

CATH. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker, of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living thou hast made me,

With

With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!

SHAKESPEAR.

C H A P. IX.

T R I A L o f S H Y L O C K.

DUKE. **M**AKE room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought,
Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty.
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down;
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint;
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHY. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom!

You'll

You'll ask me, why I rather chuse to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that;
But say, it is my humour; is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it bane'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection.
Masterless passion sways us to the mood
Of what 't likes or loathes. Now for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,
Why he a harmless necessary cat,
Why he a woollen bag-pipe, but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Anthonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

BASSANIO. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
T' excuse the current of thy cruelty.

SHY. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

BASS. Do all men kill the thing they do not love?

SHY. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

BASS. Ev'ry offence is not a hate at first.

SHY. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

ANTHONIO. I pray you, think you question with a Jew.
You may as well go stand upon the beach,

'And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height ;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
When you behold the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make a noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heav'n ;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder ?)
His Jewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

BASS. For thy three thousand ducats here is fix.

SHY. If ev'ry ducat in fix thousand ducats
Were in fix parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

DUKE. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none ?

SHY. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish part,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ?
Why sweat they under burdens ? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands : you will answer,
The slaves are ours. So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice ;
I stand for judgment ; answer ; shall I have it ?

DUKE.

DUKE. Upon my pow'r I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

SALANIO. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

DUKE. Bring us the letters, call the messengers.

BASS. Good cheer, Anthonio: what, man, courage yet;
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ANTH. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me,
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA dressed like a Lawyer's Clerk.

DUKE. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

NER. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace.

BASS. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

SHY. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

GRATIANO. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; for no metal can,
No not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

SHY. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

GRA. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accus'd!
Thou almost makes me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men. Thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human ſlaughter,
Ev'n from the gallows did his fell ſoul ſteet,
And whiſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itſelf in thee: for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous.

SHY. 'Till thou canſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſs ruin. I ſtand here for law.

DUKE. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

NER. He attendeth here hard by
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

DUKE. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go, give him courteous conduct to this place.

Enter PORTIA dressed like a Doctor of Laws.

DUKE. Give me your hand. Came you from old
Bellario?

POR. I did, my lord.

DUKE. You're welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference,
That holds this preſent queſtion in the court?

POR. I am inform'd thoroughly of the caſe.
Which is the merchant here? and which the Jew?

DUKE. Anthonio and old Shylock, both ſtand forth.

POR. Is your name Shylock?

SHY. Shylock is my name.

POR. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſuit you follow;
Yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot

Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.

You stand within his danger, do you not? [To Antonio.

ANTH. Ay, so he says.

POR. Do you confess the bond?

ANTH. I do.

POR. Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHY. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

POR. 'The quality of mercy is not strain'd;

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heav'n,

Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;

It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes.

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown;

His scepter shews the force of temporal pow'r,

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth fit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;

It is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly pow'r doth then shew likest God's,

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

Tho' justice be thy plea, consider this,

That, in the course of justice, none of us

Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;

And that same pray'r doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,

To mitigate the justice of thy plea;

Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

SHY. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,

The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

POR. Is he not able to discharge the money?

et cetera

BASS. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum; if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

POR. It must not be: there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established.
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

SHY. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel.
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

POR. I pray you let me look upon the bond.

SHY. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

POR. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

SHY. An oath, an oath—I have an oath in Heav'n.
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

POR. Why this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off,
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful,
Take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.

SHY. When it is paid, according to the tenour,
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law: your exposition
Hath been most sound. I charge you, by the law,

Whereof

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man,
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

ANTH. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

POR. Why, then thus it is;
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

SHY. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

POR. For the intent and purpose of the law,
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

SHY. 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

POR. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

SHY. Ay, his breast.
So says the bond, doth it not, noble judge?
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

POR. It is so. Are there scales to weigh the flesh?

SHY. I have them ready.

POR. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

SHY. Is it so nominated in the bond?

POR. It is not so express'd, but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much, for charity.

SHY. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

POR. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?

ANTH. But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you:
For herein Fortune shews herself more kind,

Than is her custom. It is still her use,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth;
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty: from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife;
Tell her the process of Anthonio's end;
Say, how I lov'd you; speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend;
And he repents not, that he pays your debt!
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly, with all my heart.

(BASS. Anthonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life.
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

POR. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

GRA. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would she were in heav'n, so she could
Intreat some pow'r to change this curriish Jew.

NER. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

SHY. These be the Christian husbands! I've a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

POR.

POR. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine,
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

SHY. Most rightful judge!

POR. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

SHY. Most learned judge! a sentence—come, prepare.

POR. Tarry a little; there is something else:
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;

The words expressly are, a pound of flesh;

Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate

Unto the state of Venice.

GRA. O upright judge! Mark, Jew; O learned judge!

SHY. Is that the law?

POR. Thyself shall see the act!

For as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

GRA. O learned judge! Mark, Jew, a learned judge!

SHY. — I take this offer, then, pay the bond thrice,

And let the Christian go.

BASS. Here is the money.

POR. The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste;
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

GRA. O Jew! an upright judge! a learned judge!

POR. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh:

Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more

But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more

Or less than a just pound, be't but so much

As makes it light or heavy in the substance,

Or the division of the twentieth part,

Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou dy'st, and all thy goods are confiscate.

GRA. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

POR. Why doth the Jew pause? Take the forfeiture.

SHY. Give me my principal, and let me go.

BASS. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

POR. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

GRA. A Daniel, still say I: a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

SHY. Shall I not barely have my principal?

POR. Thou shalt have nothing, but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

SHY. Why then the devil give him good of it?
I'll stay no longer question.

POR. Tarry, Jew;
The law has yet another hold on you!
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st.
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life

Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

GRA. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

DUKE. That thou may'st see the diff'rence of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Anthonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

POR. Ay, for the state; not for Anthonio.

SHY. Nay, take my life and all: pardon not that.
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house: you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

POR. What mercy can you render him, Anthonio?

GRA. A halter gratis, nothing else (for God's sake.

ANTH. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it
Until his death unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.

Two things provided more, that for this favour
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

DUKE. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

POR. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

SHY. I am content.

POR. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

SHY. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence:
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

DUKE. Get thee gone, but do it.

SHAKESPEAR.

B O O K VI.

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

C H A P. I.

CHARACTER OF MARIUS.

THE birth of Marius was obscure, though some call it equestrian, and his education wholly in camps; where he learnt the first rudiments of war, under the greatest master of that age, the younger Scipio, who destroyed Carthage; till by long service, distinguished valour, and a peculiar hardiness and patience of discipline, he advanced himself gradually through all the steps of military honour, with the reputation of a brave and complete soldier. The obscurity of his extraction, which depressed him with the nobility, made him the greater favourite of the people; who, on all occasions of danger, thought him the only man fit to be trusted with their lives and fortunes, or to have the command of a difficult and desperate war: and in truth, he twice delivered them from the most desperate, with which they had ever been threatened by a foreign enemy. Scipio, from the observation of his martial talents, while he had yet but an inferior command in the army, gave a kind of prophetic testimony of his future glory: for being asked by some of his

his officers, who were supping with him at Numantia, what general the republic would have in case of any accident to himself; "That man," replied he, pointing to Marius at the bottom of the table. In the field he was cautious and provident; and while he was watching the most favourable opportunities of action, affected to take all his measures from augurs and diviners! nor ever gave battle, till by pretended omens and divine admonitions, he had inspired his soldiers with a confidence of victory: so that his enemies dreaded him, as something more than mortal; and both friends and foes believed him to act always by a peculiar impulse and direction from the gods. His merit however was wholly military, void of every accomplishment of learning, which he openly affected to despise; so that Arpinum had the singular felicity to produce the most glorious contemner, as well as the most illustrious improver of the arts and eloquence of Rome. He made no figure, therefore, in the gown, nor had any other way of sustaining his authority in the city, than by cherishing the natural jealousy between the senate and the people; that by his declared enmity to the one, he might always be at the head of the other; whose favour he managed, not with any view to the public good, for he had nothing in him of the statesman or the patriot; but to the advancement of his private interest and glory. In short, he was crafty, cruel, covetous, and perfidious; of a temper and talents greatly serviceable abroad, but turbulent and dangerous at home: an implacable enemy to the nobles, ever seeking occasions to mortify them, and ready to sacrifice the republic, which he had saved, to his ambition and revenge. After a life spent in the perpetual toils of foreign or domestic wars, he died at last in his bed,

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in a good old age, and in his seventh consulship; an honour that no Roman before him ever attained.

MIDDLETON.

CH A P. II.

CHARACTER OF SYLLA.

SYLLA died after he had laid down the dictatorship, and restored liberty to the republic, and, with an uncommon greatness of mind, lived many months as a private senator, and with perfect security, in that city where he had exercised the most bloody tyranny: but nothing was thought to be greater in his character, than that during the three years, in which the Marians were masters of Italy, he neither dissembled his resolution of pursuing them by arms, nor neglected the war which he had upon his hands; but thought it his duty, first to chastise a foreign enemy, before he took his revenge upon citizens. His family was noble and patrician, which yet, through the indolency of his ancestors, had made no figure in the republic for many generations, and was almost sunk into obscurity, till he produced it again into light, by aspiring to the honours of the state. He was a lover and a patron of polite letters, having been carefully instituted himself in all the learning of Greece and Rome; but from a peculiar gaiety of temper, and fondness for the company of mimics and players, was drawn, when young, into a life of luxury and pleasure; so that when he was sent quæstor to Marius, in the Jugurthine war, Marius complained, that in so rough and desperate a service, chance had given him so soft and delicate a quæstor. But whether roused by
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the example, or stung by the reproach of his general, he behaved himself in that charge with the greatest vigour and courage, suffering no man to outdo him in any part of military duty or labour, making himself equal and familiar even to the lowest of the soldiers, and obliging them all by his good offices and his money; so that he soon acquired the favour of the army, with the character of a brave and skilful commander; and lived to drive Marius himself, banished and proscribed, into that very province where he had been contemned by him at first as his quæstor. He had a wonderful faculty of concealing his passions and purposes, and was so different from himself in different circumstances, that he seemed as it were to be two men in one: no man was ever more mild and moderate before victory; none more bloody and cruel after it. In war, he practised the same art that he had seen so successful to Marius, of raising a kind of enthusiasm and contempt of danger in his army, by the forgery of auspices and divine admonitions: for which end, he carried always about with him, a little statue of Apollo, taken from the Temple of Delphi; and whenever he had resolved to give battle, used to embrace it in sight of the soldiers, and beg the speedy confirmation of its promises to him. From an uninterrupted course of success and prosperity, he assumed a surname, unknown before to the Romans, of Felix or the Fortunate; and would have been fortunate indeed, says Velleius, if his life had ended with his victories. Pliny calls it a wicked title, drawn from the blood and oppression of his country; for which posterity would think him more unfortunate, even than those whom he had put to death. He had one felicity, however, peculiar to himself, of
being

being the only man in history, in whom the odium of the most barbarous cruelties was extinguished by the glory of his great acts. Cicero, though he had a good opinion of his cause, yet detested the inhumanity of his victory, and never speaks of him with respect, nor of his government; but as a proper tyranny; calling him, "a master of three most pestilent vices, luxury, avarice, cruelty." He was the first of his family, whose dead body was burnt: for having ordered Marius's remains to be taken out of his grave, and thrown into the river Anio, he was apprehensive of the same insult upon his own, if left to the usual way of burial. A little before his death, he made his own epitaph, the sum of which was, "that no man had ever gone beyond him, in doing good to his friends, or hurt to his enemies."

MIDDLETON.
O H A P. III.

CHARACTER OF POMPEY.

POMPEY had early acquired the surname of the Great, by that sort of merit, which, from the constitution of the republic, necessarily made him great; a fame and success in war, superior to what Rome had ever known, in the most celebrated of her generals. He had triumphed at three several times over the three different parts of the known world, Europe, Asia, Africa; and by his victories, had almost doubled the extent, as well as the revenues of the Roman dominion; for, as he declared to the people on his return from the Mithridatic war, he had found the lesser Asia the boundary, but left it the middle of their empire. He was about six years older

older than Cæsar: and while Cæsar, immersed in pleasures, oppressed with debts, and suspected by all honest men, was hardly able to shew his head, Pompey was flourishing in the height of power and glory; and by the consent of all parties, placed at the head of the republic. This was the post that his ambition seemed to aim at, to be the first man in Rome; the leader, not the tyrant of his country: for he more than once had it in his power to have made himself the master of it without any risk; if his virtue, or his phlegm at least, had not restrained him: but he lived in a perpetual expectation of receiving from the gift of the people, what he did not care to seize by force; and by fomenting the disorders of the city, hoped to drive them to the necessity of creating him dictator.

It is an observation of all the historians, that while Cæsar made no difference of power, whether it was conferred or usurped; whether over those who loved, or those who feared him; Pompey seemed to value none but what was offered; nor to have any desire to govern, but with the good will of the governed. What leisure he found from his wars, he employed in the study of polite letters, and especially of eloquence, in which he would have acquired great fame, if his genius had not drawn him to the more dazzling glory of arms: yet he pleaded several causes with applause, in the defence of his friends and clients; and some of them in conjunction with Cicero. His language was copious and elevated; his sentiments just; his voice sweet; his action noble, and full of dignity. But his talents were better formed for arms, than the gown: for though, in both, he observed the same discipline; a perpetual modesty, temperance, and gravity of outward behaviour; yet in the licence

of

of camps, the example was more rare and striking. His person was extremely graceful, and imprinting respect; yet with an air of reserved haughtiness, which became the general better than the citizen. His parts were plausible, rather than great; specious, rather than penetrating; and his views of politics but narrow; for his chief instrument of governing was dissimulation; yet he had not always the art to conceal his real sentiments. As he was a better soldier than a statesman, so what he gained in the camp, he usually lost in the city; and though adored when abroad, was often affronted and mortified at home, till the imprudent opposition of the senate drove him to that alliance with Crassus and Cæsar, which proved fatal both to himself and the republic. He took in these two, not as the partners, but the ministers rather of his power; that by giving them some share with him, he might make his own authority uncontrollable. He had no reason to apprehend that they could ever prove his rivals; since neither of them had any credit or character of that kind, which alone could raise them above the laws; a superior fame and experience in war, with the militia of the empire at their devotion: ~~all~~ this was purely his own; till by cherishing Cæsar, and throwing into his hands, the only thing which he wanted, arms, and military command; he made him at last too strong for himself, and never began to fear him, till it was too late. Cicero warmly dissuaded both his union, and his breach with Cæsar; and after the rupture, as warmly still, the thought of giving him battle: if any of these counsels had been followed, Pompey had preserved his life and honour, and the republic its liberty. But he was urged to his fate by a
natural

natural superstition, and attention to those vain auguries; with which he was flattered by all the Haruspices: he had seen the same temper in Marius and Sylla, and observed the happy effects of it: but they assumed it only out of policy, he out of principle. They used it to animate their soldiers, when they had found a probable opportunity of fighting; but he, against all prudence and probability, was encouraged by it to fight to his own ruin. He saw all his mistakes, at last, when it was out of his power to correct them; and in his wretched flight from Pharsalia, was forced to confess, that he had trusted too much to his hopes; and that Cicero had judged better, and seen farther into things than he.

The resolution of seeking refuge in Egypt, finished the sad catastrophe of this great man. The father of the reigning prince had been highly obliged to him for his protection at Rome, and restoration to his kingdom; and the son had sent a considerable fleet to his assistance in the present war: but in this ruin of his fortunes, what gratitude was there to be expected from a court governed by eunuchs and mercenary Greeks? all whose politics turned, not on the honour of the king, but the establishment of their own power; which was likely to be eclipsed by the admission of Pompey. How happy had it been for him to have died in that sickness, when all Italy was putting up vows and prayers for his safety! Or if he had fallen by the chance of war on the plains of Pharsalia, in the defence of his country's liberty, he had died still glorious, though unfortunate: but, as if he had been reserved for an example of the instability of human greatness, he, who a few days before commanded kings and consuls, and
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all the noblest of Rome, was sentenced to die by a council of slaves; murdered by a base deserter; cast out naked and headless on the Egyptian strand; and when the whole earth, as Velleius says, had scarce been sufficient for his victories, could not find a spot upon it at last for a grave. His body was burnt on the shore by one of his freed-men with the planks of an old fishing boat; and his ashes being conveyed to Rome, were deposited privately by his wife Cornelia, in a vault of his Alban Villa. The Egyptians, however, raised a monument to him on the place, and adorned it with figures of brass, which being defaced afterwards by time, and buried almost in sand and rubbish, was sought out, and restored by the emperor Hadrian.

MIDDLETON.

C H A P. IV.

CHARACTER OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

CÆSAR was endowed with every great and noble quality, that could exalt human nature, and give a man the ascendant in society: formed to excel in peace, as well as war; provident in counsel; fearless in action; and executing what he had resolved with an amazing celerity: generous beyond measure to his friends; placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, scarce inferior to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities, which are seldom found together, strength and elegance. Cicero ranks him among the greatest orators, that Rome ever bred: and Quintilian says, that he spoke with the same force with which he fought; and if he had devoted himself to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero.

Nor

Nor was he a master only of the politer arts; but conversant also with the most abstruse and critical parts of learning; and among other works, which he published, addressed two books to Cicero, on the analogy of language, or the art of speaking and writing correctly. He was a most liberal patron of wit and learning, wherever they were found; and out of his love of those talents, would readily pardon those, who had employed them against himself; rightly judging, that by making such men his friends, he should draw praises from the same fountain, from which he had been aspersed. His capital passions were ambition, and love of pleasure; which he indulged in their turns to the greatest excess: yet the first was always predominant; to which he could easily sacrifice all the charms of the second, and draw pleasure even from toils and dangers, when they ministered to his glory. For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero says, the greatest of goddesses; and had frequently in his mouth a verse of Euripides, which expressed the image of his soul, that if right and justice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the sake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpose of his life; the scheme that he had formed from his early youth: so that, as Cato truly declared of him, he came with sobriety and meditation to the subversion of the republic. He used to say, that there were two things necessary to acquire and to support power; soldiers and money; which yet depended mutually on each other: with money therefore he provided soldiers; and with soldiers extorted money: and was of all men, the most rapacious in plundering both friends and foes; sparing neither prince nor state, nor temple, nor even private persons, who were known to possess any share of treasure. His

great

great abilities would necessarily have made him one of the first citizens of Rome; but disdaining the condition of a subject, he could never rest, till he had made himself a monarch. In acting this last part, his usual prudence seemed to fail him; as if the height, to which he was mounted had turned his head, and made him giddy: for, by a vain ostentation of his power, he destroyed the stability of it; and as men shorten life by living too fast, so by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end.

MIDDLETON.

C H A P. V.

CHARACTER OF CATO.

IF we consider the character of Cato without prejudice, he was certainly a great and worthy man; a friend to truth, virtue, liberty: yet falsely measuring all duty by the absurd rigour of the stoical rule; he was generally disappointed of the end, which he sought by it, the happiness both of his private and public life. In his private conduct, he was severe, morose, inexorable; banishing all the softer affections, as natural enemies to justice, and as suggesting false motives of acting, from favour, clemency, and compassion: in public affairs he was the same; had but one rule of policy, to adhere to what was right without regard to times or circumstances, or even to a force that could controul him: for instead of managing the power of the great, so as to mitigate the ill, or extract any good from it, he was urging it always to acts of violence by a perpetual defiance; so that, with the best intentions in the world, he

he often did great harm to the republic. This was his general behaviour; yet, from some particular facts, it appears that his strength of mind was not always impregnable, but had its weak places of pride, ambition, and party zeal; which when managed, and flattered to a certain point, would betray him sometimes into measures contrary to his ordinary rule of right and truth. The last act of his life was agreeable to his nature and philosophy: when he could no longer be, what he had been; or when the ills of life overbalanced the good, which, by the principles of his sect, was a just cause for dying; he put an end to his life, with a spirit and resolution, which would make one imagine, that he was glad to have found an occasion of dying in his proper character. On the whole, his life was rather admirable, than amiable; fit to be praised, rather than imitated.

MIDDLETON.

C H A P. VI.

CHARACTER OF THE VIRTUOUS MAN.

HE who, in his youth, improves his intellectual powers in the search of truth and useful knowledge; and refines and strengthens his moral and active powers, by the love of virtue, for the service of his friends, his country and mankind; who is animated by true glory, exalted by sacred friendship for social, and softened by virtuous love for domestic life; who lays his heart open to every other mild and generous affection, and who, to all these adds a sober masculine piety, equally remote from superstition and enthusiasm; that man enjoys the most agreeable youth; and lays in the

the richest fund for the honourable action, and happy enjoyment of the succeeding periods of life.

He who, in MANHOOD, keeps the defensive and private passions under the wisest restraint; who forms the most select and virtuous friendships; who seeks after fame, wealth and power in the road of truth and virtue, and, if he cannot find them in that road, generously despises them; who, in his private character and connections gives fullest scope to the tender and manly passions, and in his public character and connections serves his country and mankind, in the most upright and disinterested manner: who, in fine, enjoys the goods of life with the greatest moderation, bears its ills with the greatest fortitude; and in those various circumstances of duty and trial maintains and expresses an habitual and supreme reverence and love of God; that man is the worthiest character in this stage of life; passes through it with the highest satisfaction and dignity; and paves the way to the most easy and honourable old age.

Finally, he who, in the DECLINE OF LIFE preserves himself most exempt from the chagrins incident to that period; cherishes the most equal and kind affections; uses his experience, wisdom and authority in the most fatherly and venerable manner; acts under a sense of the inspection, and with a view to the approbation of his Maker; is daily aspiring after immortality, and ripening apace for it; and having sustained his part with integrity and consistency to the last, quits the stage with a modest and graceful triumph; this is the best, this is the happiest old man.

Therefore that whole life of youth, manhood and old age which is spent after this manner, is the best and the happiest life.

FORDYCE.
CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

CHARACTER OF A TRUE FRIEND.

CONCERNING the man you call your friend—tell me, Will he weep with you in the hour of your distress? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face, for actions for which others are ridiculing or censuring you behind your back? Will he dare to stand forth in your defence, when detraction is secretly aiming its deadly weapons at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the same cordiality, and behave to you with the same friendly attention, in the company of your superiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride or vanity do not interfere with those of friendship? If misfortunes and losses should oblige you to retire into a walk of life, in which you cannot appear with the same distinction, or entertain your friends with the same liberality as formerly, will he still think himself happy in your society, and, instead of gradually withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connection, take pleasure in professing himself your friend, and cheerfully assist you to support the burden of your afflictions? When sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy scenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy retreat, listen with attention to your “tale of symptoms,” and minister the balm of consolation to your fainting spirit? And lastly, when death shall burst asunder every earthly tie, will he shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual friendship in his heart, as a treasure never to be resigned?

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The man who will not do all this, may be your companion—your flatterer—your seducer—but, believe me, he is not your friend.

E.

C H A P. VIII.

THE RULING PASSION.

S EARCH then the Ruling Passion, There, alone,
 The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known;
 The Fool consistent, and the False sincere;
 Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.
 This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
 The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
 Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
 Whose ruling Passion was the Lust of Praise:
 Born with whate'er could win it from the Wise,
 Women and Fools must like him or he dies;
 Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,
 The Club must hail him master of the joke.
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
 He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores
 With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
 Enough if all around him but admire,
 And now the Punk applaud; and now the Friar.
 Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
 And most contemptible, to shun contempt;
 His Passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,
 His Life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;

A constant Bounty which no friend has made ;
 An angel Tongue, which no Man can persuade ;
 A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind,
 Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd :
 A Tyrant to the wife his heart approves ;
 A Rebel to the very king he loves ;
 He dies, sad out-cast of each church and state,
 And, harder still ! flagitious, yet not great.
 Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule ?
 'Twas all for fear the Knaves should call him Fool.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
 Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
 If second qualities for first they take.
 When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store ;
 When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore ;
 In this the Lust, in that the Avarice
 Were means, not ends ; Ambition was the vice.
 That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
 Had aim'd, like him, by Chastity at praise.
 Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,
 Had roasted turnips in the Sabin farm.
 In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil,
 But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one Passion man can strength enjoy,
 As Fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
 Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
 Yet tames not this ; it sticks to our last sand.
 Consistent in our follies and our sins,
 Here honest nature ends as she begins.

Old Politicians chew on wisdom past,
 And totter on in business to the last ;

As weak, as earnest ; and as gravely out,
As sober Lane'sb'row dancing in the gout.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate ;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late :
" Mercy ! " cries Helluo, " mercy on my soul :
Is there no hope ?—Alas !—then bring the jowl."

The frugal Crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

" Odious ! in woollen ! 'twould a Saint provoke,
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)
No, let a charming Chints, and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face :
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this Cheek a little Red."

The Courtier's smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
" If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir ?"

" I give and I devise " (old Enclio said,
And sigh'd). " my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money, Sir ; " My money, Sir, what all ?
Why,—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul."
The Manor, Sir ?—" The Manor ! hold," he cry'd,
" Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.

POPE.

C H A P. IX.

T H E A C T O R.

THE Player's province they but vainly try,
Who want these pow'rs, Deportment, Voice, and Eye.

The critic fight 'tis only Grace can please,
No figure charms us if it has not Ease.
There are, who think the stature all in all,
Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.
The feeling sense all other want supplies,
I rate no actor's merit from his size.
Superior height requires superior grace,
And what's a giant with a vacant face?

Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
Affect to mark the solemn pace of state:
One foot put forward in position strong,
The other, like its vassal, dragg'd along:
So grave each motion, so exact and slow,
Like wooden monarchs at a puppet-show.
The mien delights us that has native grace,
But affectation ill supplies its place.

Unskilful actors, like your mimic apes,
Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes;
However foreign from the poet's art,
No tragic hero but admires a start.
What though unfeeling of the nervous line,
Who but allows his *attitude* is fine?
While a whole minute equipois'd he stands,
Till praise dismiss him with her echoing hands!

Resolv'd

Resolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pause,
 By perseverance to extort applause,
 When Romeo sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
 With eager madness bursts the canvas tomb,
 The sudden whirl, stretch'd leg, and lifted staff,
 Which please the vulgar, make the critic laugh.

Eye.

To paint the passion's force, and mark it well,
 The proper action nature's self will tell:
 No pleasing pow'rs distortions e'er express,
 And nicer judgment always loaths excess.
 In sock or buskin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
 Disgusts our reason, and the taste confounds.

Of all the evils which the stage molest,
 I hate your fool who overacts his jest;
 Who murders what the poet finely writ,
 And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit
 With shrug, and grin, and gesture out of place,
 And writes a foolish comment with his face,

The word and action should conjointly suit,
 But acting words is labour too minute.
 Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong;
 While sober humour marks th' impression strong.
 Her proper traits the fixt attention hit,
 And bring me closer to the poet's wit;
 With her delighted o'er each scene I go,
 Well-pleas'd, and not ashamed of being so.

But let the generous actor still forbear
 To copy features with a mimic's care!
 'Tis a poor skill, which ev'ry fool can reach,
 A vile stage-custom, honour'd in the breach.
 Worse as more close, the disingenuous art
 But shews the wanton looseness of the heart.

lv'd

When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
 Drag private foibles on the public scene,
 Forsaking nature's fair and open road
 To mark some whim, some strange peculiar mode;
 Fir'd with disgust I loathe his servile plan,
 Despise the mimic, and abhor the man.
 Go to the lame, to hospitals repair,
 And hunt for humour in distortions there!
 Fill up the measure of the motley whim
 With shrug, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb;
 Then shame at once, to please a trifling age,
 Good sense, good manners, virtue and the stage!

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,
 'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
 When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
 And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,
 The same soft sounds of unimpassion'd woes
 Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of passion can express,
 That marks the proper word with proper stress.
 But none emphatic can that actor call,
 Who lays an equal-emphasis on *all*.

Some o'er the tongue the labour'd measures roll
 Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll,
 Point ev'ry stop, mark ev'ry pause so strong,
 Their words, like stage-processions, stalk along.
 All affectation but creates disgust,
 And e'en in speaking we may seem *too* just.
 In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,
 Whose recitation runs it all to prose;
 Repeating what the poet sets not down,
 The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,

While

While pause, and break, and repetition join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill th' allotted scene
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene;
While others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.

More nature oft and finer strokes are shown,
In the low whisper than tempestuous tone.
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixt amaze,
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
Than he, who swol'n with big impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.

He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A single look more marks th' internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd Oh.
Up to the Face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking Eyes;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

LLOYD.

CHAP. X.

ODE TO EDUCATION.

WHEN now on Britain's sea-girt shore,
Resounds the threat'ning voice of war;
Bursts the loud cannon's frequent roar;
And glares the ensign from afar;

The Muse, who shuns the harsh alarms
 That wake the madding world to arms,
 And scorns to share the factious rage
 That prompts to deeds of blood the age;
 Turns joyful to those happier seats
 Where sacred Science loves to rest,
 And Genius, 'midst the calm retreats,
 Pours all his influence o'er the breast:
 Not more rever'd, the hallow'd bow'rs,
 Where truth distill'd from Plato's honey'd tongue;
 Nor those fair scenes, where Tully's happier hours
 In philosophic leisure fled along.

There Education, power divine!
 Her favourite temple long has plann'd;
 And calls around her sacred shrine,
 To guard her Laws, a chosen band.
 Where yon fair Dome its front uprears,
 Her venerable form appears;
 To the young view one hand displays
 The wreath of honourable praise;
 With stronger grasp her left sustains
 The harsher emblems of controul,
 That check wild Folly's headlong reins,
 And bend the rude and stubborn soul:
 In dreadful state, behind her glide
 Her handmaids, Fear, and Jealousy, and Shame;
 By whom she knows the youthful step to guide,
 To peace, to virtue, excellence, and fame.

Mark, how th' attentive votaries throng
 Where she her genuine lore imparts!

And

And catch from her inspiring tongue,
 The thirst of praise, the love of arts.
 As she unveils the brighter day,
 The shades of error melt away ;
 And sacred Truth of simple mien,
 In all her native charms is seen :
 — Not she who o'er her shadowy coast
 Long led th' inquiring mind astray,
 In dull scholastic reasonings lost ;
 While Aristotle led the way :
 But she who Bacon's vows approv'd,
 And o'er his hours of meditation stole ;
 Who at one glance (each lingering doubt remov'd)
 With charms congenial strikes the human soul.

What joy ! whilst youth its aid supplies,
 To trace the years that long have fled ;
 And bid th' illustrious forms arise,
 Of sages, and of warriors dead :
 In soft attention catch the sound
 That Virgil's genius pours around,
 Sweet, as when first the matchless song
 Spontaneous echo'd from his tongue ;
 With sprightly Horace smile at ease,
 And every fleeting hour improve ;
 With exil'd Ovid drop the tear ;
 And with Tibullus melt in love ;
 Or when, by Cicero taught to flow,
 Strong and unfetter'd rolls the nervous line,
 To feel his passions, catch his genuine glow,
 His conquering warmth, and energy divine.

But whilst elate the youthful bands
Each beauty of past ages share,
Her wonted victims life demands,
And points to more substantial care :
Severer studies then engage
The seasons of maturer age,
To fill with dignity and ease,
The several stations Heav'n decrees.
—Yon sprightly train, who erst were joy'd
To trace each herb of varied hue,
That decks the mountain's vernal side ;
And Nature's bashful steps pursue ;
Ere long, improv'd by studious toil,
Shall sooth the frame by fell disease oppress,
Bid brightening Health diffuse her wonted smile,
And give to friendship's vow the kindred breast.

Yon few—as yet unknown to strife—
Whom Tully's liberal spirit charms,
—Foes to the silent paths of life,
The thirst of elocution warms :
Theirs be the task, to mark with awe
The mighty edifice of law ;
And having caught the general view,
Trace every varied chamber thro' :
And may they scorn the vulgar tribe,
Whose sense for formal gingle slight ;
Superior to the guilty bribe,
With learning grave, with wit polite :
By Blackstone's bright example taught,
Watch o'er each private right with generous fear ;
And

And with th' unconquer'd love of freedom fraught,
Preserve those claims to every Briton dear.

Yet nobler paths for some remain, —
—By hallow'd footsteps only trod ;
And these shall seek the sacred fane,
And give their studious hours to God.
Hark ! while th' inspiring diction flows,
Each breast with holy rapture glows ;
See trembling Guilt betrays his fears,
See sad Repentance pours her tears,
Till from her starry mansion charm'd,
The smiling cherub Peace descends,
And o'er the soul with doubts alarm'd,
Her guardian wings unseen extends.
Whilst those, attentive to the cause
Of Britain, shall to her devote their days ;
In the full senate meet unbought applause,
And place their glory in their country's praise.

Exulting Science now disdains
The ties of Custom's proud controul,
And breaks the rude and barbarous chains
That fetter'd down the freeborn soul ;
Extinguish'd now her vengeful fires,
Lo ! Superstition slow retires ;
Or from some cloister's mouldering fane,
Pours out her mutter'd curse in vain :
Whilst the warm breast, with generous joy,
Embraces all of human kind ;
And scorns each mean and narrower tie,
To climate and to sect confin'd :

Deaf to the Bigot's frantic voice,
Conducts each dubious step by Reason's plan,
To her unerring rule conforms it choice,
Nor tamely yields the sacred rights of man.

O ye ! whom Science chose to guide
Her unpolluted stream along,
Adorn with flowers its cultur'd side,
And to its taste allure the young ;
O say, what language can reveal
Th' exalted pleasures you must feel,
When, fir'd by you, the youthful breast
Disdains to court inglorious rest ;
And to the world's admiring gaze,
(Each precept into action brought)
In full reality displays
The liberal maxims you have taught :
A transport this, superior far
To all the blifs th' exulting conqueror feels,
When crowds triumphant hail him from the war,
And conquered nations crouch beneath his wheels.

Oft as those favour'd haunts among,
Your youthful bard delighted roves,
Attentive to the nobler song
That breathes along the list'ning groves ;
He seems to tread on Classic ground ;
A sacred influence breathes around,
And whilst he feels its awe divine,
He fondly grasps the vast design. —
— But ah ! far weightier cares renew
Their claims, and check the rising strain,

Again

Again he joins Life's general crew,
The dull, the giddy, and the vain :
Thus echoing thro' the rural bow'rs,
Th' imprison'd Songster hears each rival lay ;
Whilst cold restraint represses all his pow'rs,
And unapplauded flies his joyless day.

R.

C H A P. XI.

HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

HOW thick the shades of evening close !
How pale the sky with weight of snows !
Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyless day retire.
—Alas ! in vain I try within
To brighten the dejected scene,
While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins ;
While winter's voice, that storms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning sound
Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
Till starting horror shakes the room.

Is there in nature no kind power
To sooth affliction's lonely hour ?
To blunt the edge of dire disease,
And teach these wintry shades to please ?
Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
Shine through the hovering cloud of care :
O sweet of language, mild of mien,
O virtue's friend and pleasure's queen,

Affuage

Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
Compose my jarring thoughts to rest;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My song shall all thy praise reveal.

As once ('twas in Astræa's reign)
The vernal powers renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging through the spheres above,
And downward hither cast his eye
The year's returning pomp to 'spy.
He saw the radiant god of day,
Waft in his car the rosy May;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were shedding round him dews and flowers;
Before his wheels Aurora pass'd,
And Hesper's golden lamp was last.
But, fairest of the blooming throng,
When Health majestic mov'd along,
Delighted to survey below
The joys which from her presence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And swains, and flocks, and fields rejoice;
Then mighty Love her charms confess'd,
And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
And, known from that auspicious morn,
The pleasing Cheerfulness was born.

Thou, Cheerfulness, by Heaven design'd
To sway the movements of the mind,
Whatever fretful passion springs,
Whatever wayward fortune brings
To disarrange the power within,
And strain the musical machine;

Thou,

Thou, Goddess, thy attempering hand
 Doth each discordant string command,
 Refines the soft, and swells the strong;
 And joining nature's general song,
 Through many a varying tone unfolds
 The harmony of human souls.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
 Kind banisher of home-bred strife,
 Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye
 Deforms the scene where thou art by:
 No sickening husband damns the hour
 Which bound his joys to female power:
 No pining mother weeps the cares
 Which parents waste on thankless heirs:
 Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend;
 The brother adds the name of friend:
 By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
 With songs from thee their walks resound;
 And morn with welcome lustre shines,
 And evening unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth, whose anxious heart
 Labours with love's unpitied smart?
 Though now he stray by rills and bowers,
 And weeping waste the lonely hours,
 Or if the nymph her audience deign,
 Debase the story of his pain
 With slavish looks, discolour'd eyes,
 And accents faltering into sighs;
 Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease
 Can'st yield him happier arts to please,
 Inform his mien with manlier charms,
 Instruct his tongue with nobler arms,

With

With more commanding passion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse and all her train,
For thee I court the Muse again :

The Muse for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondest art,
Who owes to thee that pleasing sway
Which earth and peopled heaven obey.

Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
Repeat what later bard's have sung ;

But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight :

Thy hand each Lesbian wreath attir'd :

Thy lip Sicilian reeds inspir'd :

Thy spirit lent the glad perfume

Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom ;

Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale

Delicious blows the enlivening gale,

While Horace calls thy sportive choir,

Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.

But see where yonder pensive sage

(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,

Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd

Or glooms congenial to his breast)

Retires in desert scenes to dwell,

And bids the joyless world farewell.

Alone he treads the autumnal shade,

Alone beneath the mountain laid

He sees the nightly damp ascend,

And gathering storms aloft impend ;

He hears the neighbouring surges roll,

And raging thunders shake the pole :

Then,

Then, struck by every object round,
 And stunn'd by every horrid sound,
 He asks a clue for nature's ways ;
 But evil haunts him through the maze :
 He sees ten thousand demons rise
 To wield the empire of the skies,
 And chance and fate assume the rod,
 And malice blot the throne of God.
 — O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
 Thy lenient influence hither bring ;
 Compose the storm, dispel the gloom,
 Till nature wear her wonted bloom,
 Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
 And music swell each opening gale :
 Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
 And let him learn the timely hour
 To trace the world's benignant laws,
 And judge of that presiding Cause
 Who founds on discord beauty's reign,
 Converts to pleasure every pain,
 Subdues each hostile form to rest,
 And bids the universe be bless'd.

O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
 If right I touch the votive string,
 If equal praise I yield thy name,
 Still govern thou thy poet's flame ;
 Still with the Muse my bosom share,
 And sooth to peace intruding care.
 But most exert thy pleasing power
 On Friendship's consecrated hour ;
 And while my Sophron points the road
 To godlike Wisdom's calm abode,

Or

Or warm in Freedom's ancient cause
 Traceth the source of Albion's laws,
 Add thou o'er all the generous toil
 The light of thy unclouded smile.
 But, if by Fortune's stubborn sway
 From him and Friendship torn away,
 I court the Muse's healing spell
 For griefs that still with absence dwell,
 Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
 To such indulgent placid themes,
 As just the struggling breast may cheer,
 And just suspend the starting tear,
 Yet leave that sacred sense of woe
 Which none but friends and lovers know.

AKENSIDE.

C H A P. XII.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share!
 Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
 Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
 A goddess violated brought thee forth,
 Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
 Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.
 What time the iron-hearted Gaul
 With frantic Superstition for his guide,

Arm'd

Arm'd with the dagger and the pail,
 The sons of Woden to the field defy'd :
 The ruthless hag, by Wefer's flood,
 In Heaven's name urg'd the infernal blow ;
 And red the stream began to flow :
 The vanquish'd were baptiz'd with blood !

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
 From altars stain'd with human gore ;
 And Liberty his routed legions led
 In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
 There in a cave asleep she lay,
 Lull'd by the hoarse-resounding main ;
 When a bold savage past that way,
 Impell'd by Destiny, his name Disdain.
 Of ample front the portly chief appear'd :
 The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest ;
 The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard ;
 And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious blast.
 He stopt : he gaz'd ; his bosom glow'd,
 And deeply felt the impression of her charms :
 He seiz'd th' advantage Fate allow'd ;
 And straight compress'd her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The Curliu scream'd, the Tritons blew
 Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite ;
 Old Time exulted as he flew ;
 And Independence saw the light.
 The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
 Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
 While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,
 The auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born—

The

The mountain Dryads seiz'd with joy,
 The smiling infant to their charge consign'd;
 The Doric muse caress'd the favourite boy;
 The hermit Wisdom stor'd his opening mind.
 As rolling years matur'd his age,
 He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his fire;
 While the mild passions in his breast assuage
 The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus, he wing'd his way,
 And zealous rov'd from pole to pole,
 The rolls of right eternal to display,
 And warm with patriot thoughts the aspiring soul.
 On desert isles 'twas he that rais'd
 Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
 Where Tyranny beheld amaz'd
 Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave.
 He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms
 To burst the Iberian's double chain;
 And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
 Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
 He, with the generous rustics, fate
 On Uri's rocks in close divan;
 And wing'd that arrow sure as fate,
 Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he crost,
 Where blasted Nature pants supine,
 Conductor of her tribes adust,
 To Freedom's adamantinè shrine;
 And many a Tartar hord forlorn, aghast,
 He snatch'd from under fell oppression's wing;

And

And taught amidst the dreary waste
 The all-cheering hymns of liberty to sing.
 He Virtue finds, like precious ore,
 Diffus'd through every baser mould,
 Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
 And turns the dross of Corsica to gold.
 He, guardian genius, taught my youth
 Pomp's tinsel livery to despise :
 My lips by him chastised to truth,
 Ne'er paid that homage which the heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptured halls my feet shall never tread,
 Where varnished Vice and Vanity combin'd,
 To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread ;
 And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
 Where Insolence his wrinkled front uprears ;
 And all the flowers of spurious Fancy blow ;
 And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
 Full often wreath'd around the miscreant's brow :
 Where ever-dimpling Falsehood pert and vain,
 Presents her cup of stale profession's froth ;
 And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,
 Torments the sons of Gluttony and Sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
 With either India's glittering spoils oppress :
 So moves the sumpter-mule, in harnessed pride,
 That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
 For him let venal bards disgrace the bay ;
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string ;
 Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay ;
 And all her gingling bells fantastic Folly ring ;

Disquiet,

Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene :
 And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
 In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
 Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts
 By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
 Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chaunts,
 And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.
 There, Study shall with Solitude recline ;
 And Friendship pledge me to his fellow swains ;
 And Toil and Temperance sedately twine
 The slender chord that fluttering life sustains ;
 And fearless Poverty shall guard the door ;
 And Taste unspoil'd the frugal table spread ;
 And Industry supply the humble store ;
 And Sleep unbrib'd his dews refreshing shed :
 White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,
 Shall chase far off the goblins of the night ;
 And Independence o'er the day preside,
 Propitious power ! my patron and my pride.

SMOLLET.

C H A P. XIII.

O D E to M I R T H.

PARENT of joy ! heart-easing Mirth !
 Whether of Venus or Aurora born !
 Yet Goddess sure of heavenly birth,
 Visit benign a son of Grief forlorn :
 Thy glittering colours gay,
 Around him, Mirth, display ;

And

And o'er his raptur'd sense
 Diffuse thy living influence :
 So shall each hill in purer green array'd,
 And flower adorn'd in new-born beauty glow ;
 The grove shall smooth the horrors of the shade,
 And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
 Shine, Goddess, shine with unremitted ray,
 And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,
 And aged Poverty can smile with thee,
 If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
 And weak th' uplifted arm of tyranny.
 The morning opes on high
 His universal eye ;
 And on the world doth pour
 His glories in a golden shower.
 Lo ! Darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray
 Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn :
 The brood obscene, that own her gloomy sway,
 Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of morn.
 Pale shivering ghosts, that dread th' all-cheering light,
 Quick, as the light'nings flash, glide to sepulchral night.

But whence the gladdening beam
 That pours his purple stream
 O'er the long prospect wide ?
 'Tis Mirth. I see her sit
 In majesty of light,
 With Laughter at her side
 Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering near
 Wide waves her glancing wing in air ;

O

And

And

And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltless strikes the willing heart.

Fear not now Affliction's power,
Fear not now wild Passion's rage,
Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of Age.

Now Mirth hath heard the suppliant Poet's prayer ;
No cloud that rides the blast, shall vex the troubled air.

SMOELLETT.

C H A P. XIV.

THOUGHT IN A GARDEN.

DELIGHTFUL mansion ! blest retreat !
Where all is silent, all is sweet !

Here Contemplation prunes her wings,
The raptur'd Muse more tuneful sings,
While May leads on the cheerful hours,
And opens a new world of flow'rs.

Gay Pleasure here all dresses wears,
And in a thousand shapes appears.

Pursu'd by Fancy, how she roves

Thro' airy walks, and museful groves ;

Springs in each plant and blossom'd tree,

And charms in all I hear and see !

In this Elysium while I stray,

And Nature's fairest face survey,

Earth seems new-born, and life more bright ;

Time steals away, and smooths his flight ;

And thought's bewilder'd in delight.

} Where

Where are the crowds I saw of late?
 What are those tales of Europe's fate?
 Of Anjou, and the Spanish crown;
 And leagues to pull usurpers down?
 Of marching armies, distant wars;
 Of factions, and domestic jars?
 Sure these are last night's dreams, no more;
 Or some romance, read lately o'er;
 Like Homer's antique tale of Troy,
 And pow'r's confed'rate to destroy
 Priam's proud house, the Dardan name,
 With him that stole the ravish'd dame,
 And, to possess another's right,
 Durst the whole world to arms excite.
 Come, gentle Sleep, my eye-lids close,
 These dull impressions help me lose:
 Let Fancy take her wing, and find
 Some better dream to sooth my mind;
 Or waking, let me learn to live;
 The prospect will instruction give.
 For see, where beauteous Thames does glide
 Serene, but with a fruitful tide;
 Free from extremes of ebb and flow,
 Not swell'd too high, nor sunk too low:
 Such let my life's smooth current be,
 Till, from time's narrow shore set free,
 It mingle with th' eternal sea;
 And, there enlarg'd, shall be no more
 That trifling thing it was before.

HUGHES.

C H A P. XV.

H Y M N T O C Y N T H I A.

QUEEN, and huntrefs, chafte, and fair,
 Now the Sun is laid to fleep;
 Seated in thy filver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep:
 Hefperus intreats thy light,
 Goddeffs, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious fhade
 Dare itfelf to interpoze;
 Cynthia's fhining orb was made
 Heaven to cheer, when day did cloze;
 Bles us then with wifhed light,
 Goddeffs, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy cryftal-fhining quiver;
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how fhort foever:
 Thou that mak'ft a day of night,
 Goddeffs, excellently bright.

B. JONSON.

C H A P. XVI.

T H E C U C K O O.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the wood,
 Attendant on the spring!
 Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear:
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 When heaven is fill'd with music sweet
 Of birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wand'ring in the wood
 To pull the flowers so gay,
 Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou fly'st thy vocal vale,
 An annual guest, in other lands,
 Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee :
 We'd make, with social wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the spring.

C H A P. XVII.

THE WINTER'S WALK.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
 What dreary prospects round us rise ;
 The naked hill, the leafless grove,
 The hoary ground, the frowning skies !

Nor only through the wasted plain,
 Stern Winter, is thy force confess'd ;
 Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
 I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening Hope and fond Desire
 Resign the heart to Spleen and Care ;
 Scarce frighted Love maintains his fire,
 And Rapture saddens to despair.

In groundless hope, and causeless fear,
 Unhappy man ! behold thy doom,
 Still changing with the changeful year,
 The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
 With mental and corporeal strife ;
 Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
 And screen me from the ills of life.

DR. JOHNSON.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVIII.

T H E H E R M I T.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove :
 'Twas then by the cave of a mountain, reclin'd,
 An Hermit his nightly complaint thus began,
 Tho' mournful his voice, his heart was resign'd,
 He thought as a Sage, but he felt as a Man.

“ Ah, why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
 Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain ?
 For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
 Yet, if pity inspire thee, ah cease not thy lay,
 Mourn, sweetest Complainer, Man calls thee to mourn :
 O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away —
 Full quickly they pass,—but they never return.

Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
 The Moon half-extinguish'd her crescent displays :
 But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 The path that conducts thee to splendor again. —
 But Man's faded glory no change shall renew,
 Ah fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
 I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
 Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn;
 Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.—
 But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn!
 O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!"

BEATTIE.

C H A P. XIX.

THE PRAISE OF PHILOSOPHY.

BUT now let other themes our care engage.
 For lo, with modest yet majestic grace,
 To curb Imagination's lawless rage,
 And from within the cherish'd heart to brace,
 Philosophy appears. The gloomy race
 By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,
 Fear, Discontent, Solitude give place,
 And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead.
 While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

Then waken from long lethargy to life
 The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought;
 Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
 A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.
 Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
 With fell revenge, lust that defies controul,
 With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
 Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl;
 As Phœbus to the world, is Science to the soul.

And

And Reason now through Number, Time, and Space,
 Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
 And learns, from facts compared, the laws to trace,
 Whose long progression leads to Deity.
 Can mortal strength presume to soar so high!
 Can mortal fight, so oft bedim'd with tears,
 Such glory bear! — for lo, the shadows fly
 From nature's face; Confusion disappears,
 And order charms the eyes, and harmony the ears.

In the deep windings of the grove, no more
 The hag obscene, and grisly phantom dwell;
 Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
 Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell;
 No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
 Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon;
 Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
 To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
 Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
 Stunn'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves,
 Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
 And trembling hands, the famish'd native craves
 Of Heaven his wretched fare: shivering in caves,
 Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day;
 But Science gives the word; and lo, he braves
 The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
 And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

And even where Nature loads the teeming plain
 With the full pomp of vegetable store,

Her bounty, unimprov'd, is deadly bane :
Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to shore,
Stretch their enormous gloom ; which to explore
Even Fancy trembles in her sprightliest mood ;
For there, each eye-ball gleams with lust of gore,
Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,
Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every flood.

'Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to tame
The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
Lo, from the echoing axe, and thundering flame,
Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled.
The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
Bring health and melody to every vale :
And, from the breezy main, and mountain's head,
Ceres and Flora to the sunny dale,
To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering gale.

What dire necessities on every hand
Our art, our strength, our fortitude require !
Of foes intestine what a numerous band
Against this little throb of life conspire !
Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
A while, and turn aside Death's levell'd dart,
Soothe the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the heart,
And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
Science exerts her all-composing sway.
Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
Or pines to Indolence and Spleen a prey,

Or Avarice, a fiend more fierce than they?
 Flee to the shade of Academus' grove;
 Where cares molest not, discord melts away
 In harmony, and the pure passions prove
 How sweet the words of truth breathed from the lips of Love.

What cannot Art and Industry perform,
 When Science plans the progress of their toil!
 They smile at penury, disease, and storm;
 And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
 When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
 A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
 Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
 Deep-versed in man the philosophic Sage
 Prepares with lenient hand their phrenzy to assuage.

'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
 From situation, temper, soil, and clime
 Explored, a nation's various powers can bind
 And various orders, "in one Form sublime
 Of polity, that, 'midst the wrecks of time,
 Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
 Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime,
 While public faith, and public love sincere,
 And Industry and Law maintain their sway severe.

BEATTIE.

C H A P. XX.

H Y M N T O L I G H T.

FIRST-BORN of Chaos, who so fair didst come
 From the old Negro's darksome womb!
 Which when it saw the lovely child,
 The melancholy mafs put on kind looks, and fmil'd.

Thou tide of glory, which no rest doft know,
 But ever ebb, and ever flow!
 Thou golden shower of a true Jove!
 Who does in thee descend, and heav'n to earth make love!

Hail, active Nature's watchful life and health!
 Her joy, her ornament, and wealth!
 Hail to thy husband Heat, and thee!
 Thou the world's beauteous bride, the lufly bridegroom he!

Say, from what golden quivers of the fky
 Do all thy winged arrows fly?
 Swiftness and power by birth are thine:
 From thy great fire they came, thy fire the Word Divine.

'Tis, I believe, this archery to fhew,
 That fo much coft in colours thou,
 And fkill in painting doft beftow
 Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heav'nly bow.

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
 Thy race is finish'd when begun;
 Let a post-angel ftart with thee,
 And thou the goal of earth fhall reach as foon as he.

Thou

Thou in the moon's bright chariot proud and gay,
 Dost thy bright wood of stars survey;
 And all the year doth with thee bring
 A thousand flow'ry lights, thine own nocturnal spring.

Thou Scythian-like dost round thy lands above
 Thy sun's gilt tent for ever move,
 And still as thou in pomp dost go,
 The shining pageants of the world attend thy shew.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
 The humble glow-worms to adorn,
 -And with those living spangles gild
 (O greatness without pride!) the blushes of the field.

Night, and her ugly subjects, thou dost fright,
 And Sleep, the lazy owl of night;
 Afham'd and fearful to appear,
 They skreen their horrid shapes, with the black hemisphere.

With 'em there hastes, and wildly takes th' alarm,
 Of painted dreams a busy swarm;
 At the first opening of thine eye,
 The various clusters break, the antick atoms fly.

The guilty serpents, and obscener beasts,
 Creep conscious to their secret rests:
 Nature to thee does reverence pay,
 Ill omens and ill sights removes out of thy way.

At thy appearance, grief itself is said
 To shake his wings, and rouse his head;
 And cloudy Care has often took
 A gentle beamy smile, reflected from thy look.

At thy appearance, Fear itself grows bold ;
Thy sun-shine melts away his cold :
Encourag'd at the sight of thee,
To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

Even Lust, the master of a harden'd face,
Blushes if thou be'st in the place ;
To Darkness' curtains he retires,
In sympathizing Night he rolls his smoky fires.

When, Goddess, thou lift'st up thy waken'd head,
Out of the Morning's purple bed,
Thy choir of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world salutes the rising Day.

The ghosts, and monster sprites, that did presume
A body's priv'lege to assume,
Vanish again invisibly,
And bodies gain again their visibility.

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes,
Is but thy sev'ral liveries ;
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landskip as thou go'st.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st ;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st :
The virgin lilies in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands,
Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands :

On the fair tulip thou dost dote ;
Thou cloath'st it in a gay and party-colour'd coat.

With flame condens'd thou dost the jewels fix,
And solid colours in it mix :
Flora herself envies to see
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

Ah, Goddess ! would thou could'st thy hand with-hold,
And be less liberal to gold ;
Didst thou less value to it give,
Of how much care, alas, might'st thou poor man relieve !

To me the sun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are :
But few, ah wondrous few there be,
Who do not gold prefer, O Goddess, ev'n to thee.

Through the soft ways of heav'n, and air, and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou dost glide,
And with thy living stream through the close channels slide.

But where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
Gently thy source the land o'erflows ;
Takes there possession, and does make,
Of colours mingled, light, a thick and standing lake.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day
In th' Empyrean heav'n does stay ;
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs below,
From thence took first their rise, thither at last must flow.

COWLEY.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXI.

INVOCATION TO LIGHT.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,
Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam !

May I express thee unblam'd ? Since God is light,
And never but in unapproach'd light

Dwelt from eternity ; dwelt then in thee,

Bright effluence of bright essence increate.

Or hear'ft thou rather pure ethereal stream,

Whose fountain who shall tell ? Before the sun,

Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice

Of God, as with a mantle didst invest

The rising world of waters dark and deep,

Won from the void and formless infinite.

Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,

Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd

In that obscure sojourn ; while in my flight

Through utter and through middle darkness borne,

With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre,

I sung of Chaos and eternal Night ;

Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down

The dark descent, and up to reascend,

Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,

And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp ; but thou

Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain

To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;

So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,

Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more

Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt

Clear

CHAP. XXI. DESCRIPTIVE PIECES. 305

Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
 So were I equall'd with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides;
 And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with an universal blank
 Of Nature's works, to me expung'd and rais'd,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

MILTON.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXII.

T H E P A S S I O N S .

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,

The Passions oft, to hear her shell,

Throng'd around her magic cell,

Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,

Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;

By turns they felt the glowing mind

Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.

'Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,

Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,

From the supporting myrtles round

They snatch'd her instruments of sound.

And as they oft had heard apart

Sweet lessons of her forceful art,

Each, for madness rul'd the hour,

Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,

Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,

And back recoil'd he knew not why,

Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,

In light'nings own'd his secret stings,

In one rude clash he struck the lyre,

And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With

With woeful measures wan Despair—
 Low fullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
 Still would her touch the scene prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still thro' all the song;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
 And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
 And longer had she sung,—but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose,
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
 And with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe,
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat:
 And tho' sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
 Sad proof of thy distressful state,

Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow Horn her pensive soul:
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an aspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leap'd up and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's extatic trial,
He with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address,
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They

They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
 Why, Goddess, why to us denied?
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
 As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
 You learn'd an all-commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd!
 Can well recall what then it heard.
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
 Thy wonders in that god-like age,
 Fill thy recording Sister's page—
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age,
 Even all at once together found,
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
 O bid our vain endeavours cease,
 Revive the just designs of Greece,

Return .

Return in all thy simple state!
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!

COLLINS.

C H A P. XXIII.

P R A I S E O F E N G L A N D.

HAIL, noble Albion! where no golden mines,
 No soft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bow'rs,
 The vig'rous frame and lofty heart of man
 Enervate: round whose stern cerulean brows
 White-winged snow, and cloud, and pearly rain,
 Frequent attend, with solemn majesty:
 Rich queen of mists and vapours! These, thy sons
 With their cool arms compress; and twist their nerves
 For deeds of excellence and high renown.
 Thus form'd, our Edwards, Henries, Churchills, Blakes,
 Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons, rose.

See the sun gleams; the living pastures rise,
 After the nurture of the fallen snow'r,
 How beautiful! How blue th' ethereal vault,
 How verdurous the lawns, how clear the brooks!
 Such noble warlike steeds, such herds of kine,
 So sleek, so vast; such spacious flocks of sheep,
 Like flakes of gold illumining the green,
 What other paradise adorn but thine,
 Britannia? Happy, if thy sons would know
 Their happiness. To these thy naval streams,

Thy

Thy frequent towns superb of busy trade,
And ports magnific add, and stately ships
Innumeros.

DYER.

CHAP. XXIV.

SHEEP-SHEARING.

COULD I recall those notes, which once the Muse
Heard at a shearing, near the woody sides
Of blue-topp'd Wreakin. Yet the carols sweet,
Through the deep maze of the memorial cell,
Faintly remurmur. First arose in song
Hoar-headed Damon, venerable swain,
The soothest shepherd of the flow'ry vale.
"This is no vulgar scene: no palace roof
Was e'er so lofty, nor so nobly rise
Their polish'd pillars, as these aged oaks,
Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmless sports
Thus have expanded wide their shelt'ring arms,
Thrice told an hundred summers. Sweet content,
Ye gentle shepherds, pillow us at night."

"Yes, tuneful Damon, for our cares are short,
Rising and falling with the cheerful day,"
Colin reply'd, "and pleasing weariness
Soon our unaching heads to sleep inclines.
Is it in cities so? where, poets tell,
The cries of sorrow sadden all the streets,
And the diseases of intemp'rate wealth.
Alas, that any ills from wealth should rise!

"May

“ May the sweet nightingale on yonder spray,
 May this clear stream, these lawns, those snow-white lambs,
 Which, with a pretty innocence of look,
 Skip on the green, and race in little troops;
 May that great lamp, which sinks behind the hills,
 And streams around variety of lights,
 Recall them erring: this is Damon’s wish.

“ Huge Breaden’s stony summit once I climb’d
 After a kidling: Damon, what a scene!
 What various views unnumber’d spread beneath!
 Woods, tow’rs, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, and torrent floods;
 And here and there, between the spiry rocks,
 The broad flat sea. Far nobler prospects these,
 Than gardens black with smoke in dusty towns,
 Where stenchy vapours often blot the sun:
 Yet flying from his quiet, thither crouds
 Each greedy wretch for tardy-rising wealth,
 Which comes too late; that courts the taste in vain,
 Or nauseates with distempers. Yes, ye rich,
 Still, still be rich, if thus ye fashion life;
 And piping, careless, silly shepherds we;
 We silly shepherds, all intent to feed
 Our snowy flocks, and wind the sleeky fleece.”

“ Deem not, howe’er, our occupation mean,”
 Damon reply’d, “ while the Supreme accounts
 Well of the faithful shepherd, rank’d alike
 With king and priest: they also shepherds are;
 For so th’ All-seeing styles them, to remind
 Elated man, forgetful of his charge.”

“ But haste, begin the rites: see purple Eve
 Stretches her shadows: all ye nymphs and swains
 Hither assemble. Pleas’d with honours due,

Sabrina,

Sabrina, guardian of the crystal flood,
 Shall bless our cares, when she by moonlight clear
 Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our sleeping folds :
 Or in hoar caves, around Plynlymmon's brow,
 Where precious min'rals dart their purple gleams,
 Among her sisters she reclines ; the lov'd
 Vaga, profuse of graces, Ryddol rough,
 Blithe Yftwith, and Clevedoc swift of foot ;
 And mingles various seeds of flow'rs and herbs
 In the divided torrents, ere they burst
 Through the dark clouds, and down the mountain roll.
 Nor taint-worm shall infect the yearning herds,
 Nor penny-grass, nor spearwort's pois'nous leaf."

He said : with light fantastic toe, the nymphs
 Thither assembled, thither ev'ry swain ;
 And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flow'rs,
 Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks,
 Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
 And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms.

DYER.

C H A P. XXV.

RISE AND DECLENSION OF ROME.

SEE'ST thou yon fane ? * Ev'n now incessant time
 Sweeps her low mould'ring marbles to the dust ;
 And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
 Threatens huge ruin o'er the small rotund.

* The temple of Romulus and Remus under mount Palatin.

'Twas there beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
Th' astonish'd swains with rev'rend awe beheld
Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin,
Pressing the teat within a monster's grasp
Sportive; while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf
Turn'd her stretch'd neck and form'd your tender limbs:
So taught of Jove, ev'n the fell savage fed
Your sacred infancies, your virtues, toils,
The conquests, glories of th' Ausonian state,
Wrapp'd in their secret seeds. Each kindred soul,
Robust and stout, ye grapple to your hearts,
And little Rome appears. Her cots arise,
Green twigs of osier weave the slender walls,
Green rushes spread the roofs; and here and there
Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.
Elate with joy Etruscan Tiber views
Her spreading scenes enamelling his waves,
Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
And gath'ring swains; and rolls his yellow car
To Neptune's court with more majestic train.

Her speedy growth alarm'd the states around
Jealous, yet soon by wond'rous virtue won,
They sink into her bosom. From the plough
Rose her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd,
Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers;
For then no private pomp, no household state,
The public only swell'd the gen'rous breast.
Who has not heard the Fabian heroes sung?
Dentatus' scars, or Mutius' flaming hand?
How Manlius sav'd the Capitol? the choice
Of steady Regulus? As yet they stood,
Simple of life; as yet seducing wealth

Was

Was unexplor'd, and shame of poverty
 Yet unimagin'd — Shine not all the fields
 With various fruitage? Murmur not the brooks
 Along the flow'ry vallies? They, content,
 Feasted at Nature's hand, indelicate,
 Blithe, in their easy taste; and only sought
 To know their duties; that their only strife,
 Their gen'rous strife, and greatly to perform.
 They through all shapes of peril and of pain,
 Intent on honour, dar'd in thickest death
 To snatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd,
 Nor Thrasymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,
 Their dauntless courage; storming Hannibal
 In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd,
 The thunder of the battle they return'd
 Back on his Punic shores; 'till Carthage fell,
 And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd
 With precious spoils: alas, prosperity!
 Ah, baneful state! Yet ebb'd not all their strength
 In soft luxurious pleasures; proud desire
 Of boundless sway, and sev'rish thirst of gold,
 Rous'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece
 Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
 Half-rais'd her rusty shield; nor could avail
 The sword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart;
 Nor yet the car of that fam'd British chief,
 Which seven brave years beneath the doubtful wing
 Of vict'ry, dreadful roll'd its griding wheels
 Over the bloody war: the Roman arms
 Triumph'd, 'till Fame was silent of their foes.
 And now the world unrival'd they enjoy'd
 In proud security: the crested helm,

The plated grave and corselet hung unbrac'd ;
Nor clank'd their arms, the spear and sounding shield,
But on the glitt'ring trophy to the wind.

Dissolv'd in ease and soft delights they lie,
'Till ev'ry sun annoys, and ev'ry wind
Has chilling force, and ev'ry rain offends :
For now the frame no more is girt with strength
Masculine, nor in lustiness of heart
Laughs at the winter storm, and summer beam,
Superior to their rage : enfeebling vice
Withers each nerve, and opens every pore
To painful feeling : flow'ry bow'rs they seek
(As æther prompts, as the sick sense approves)
Or cool Nymphæan grotts ; or tepid baths
(Taught by the soft Ionians) they, along
The laway vale, of ev'ry beauteous stone,
Pile in the roseate air with fond expence :
'Through silver channels glide the vagrant waves,
And fall on silver beds chrystalline down,
Melodious murmuring ; while luxury
Over their naked limbs, with wanton hand,
Sheds roses, odours, sheds unheeded bane.

Swift is the flight of wealth ; unnumber'd wants,
Brood of volupt'ousness, cry out aloud
Necessity, and seek the splendid bribe.
The citron board, the bowl emboss'd with gems,
And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around
Of seeming ivy, by that artful hand,
Corinthian Thericles ; whate'er is known
Of rarest acquisition ; Tyrian garbs,
Neptunian Albion's high testaceous food,
And flavour'd Chian wines with incense fum'd

To flake Patrician thirst: for these, their rights
 In the vile streets they prostitute to sale;
 Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
 Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
 Is there no villain, that will bend the neck
 Stretch'd to the yoke? They come; the market throngs.
 But who has most by fraud or force amass'd?
 Who most can charm corruption with his doles?
 He be the monarch of the state; and lo!
 Didius, vile us'rer, through the crowd he mounts,
 Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cow'rs,
 And the red arrows fill his grasp uncouth.
 O Britons, O my countrymen, beware,
 Gird, gird your hearts; the Romans once were free,
 Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny how'er
 Deign'd to walk forth awhile in pageant state,
 And with licentious pleasures fed the rout,
 The thoughtless many: to the wanton sound
 Of fife and drums they danc'd, or in the shade
 Sung Cæsar, great and terrible in war,
 Immortal Cæsar! lo, a God, a God,
 He cleaves the yielding skies! Cæsar meanwhile
 Gathers the ocean pebbles; or the gnat
 Enrag'd pursues; or at his lonely meal
 Starves a wide province; takes, dislikes, and flings
 To dogs and sycophants: a God, a God!
 The flow'ry shades and shrines obscene return.

But see along the north the tempest swell
 O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their snows!
 Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,
 Rush as the breach of waters, whelming all
 Their domes, their villas; down the festive piles,

Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
And roll before the storm in clouds of dust.

Vain end of human strength, of human skill,
Conquest, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,
And ease and luxury ! O Luxury,
Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine ?
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind !
To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
How do'st thou lure the fortunate and great !
Dreadful attraction ! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulph where Ashur lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten ; and high-boasting Cham ;
And Elam's haughty pomp ; and beauteous Greece ;
And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome.

DYER.

C H A P. XXVI.

NATIONAL CHARACTERS.

FAR to the right where Appenine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends ;
Her uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;

Whatever

Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
 With vernal lives that blossom but to die;
 These here disporting own the kindred soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
 And sensual bliss is all this nation knows.
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
 Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
 Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
 Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
 And ev'n in penance planning sins anew.
 All evils here contaminate the mind,
 That opulence departed leaves behind;
 For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
 When Commerce proudly flourish'd through the state:
 At her command the palace learnt to rise,
 Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
 The canvass glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
 Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
 Commerce on other shores display'd her fail;
 While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
 But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
 And late the nation found with fruitless skill
 Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
 From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind,
 An easy compensation seem to find.

Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim repress'd by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
Amidst the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swifts their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But Winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, Content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;

No

No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
 Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the steep ;
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
 And drags the strugling savage into day.
 At night returning, every labour sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
 While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart,
 And even those hills, that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms :
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast ;
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd ;
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
 Yet let them only share the praises due,
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;

For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their-level life is but a smould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from fire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run,
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire?

Where

Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And freshen'd from the wave the Zephyr flew:
 And haply, tho' my harsh touch faltering still,
 But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
 Yet would the village praise my wonderous pow'r,
 And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
 Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
 And the gay grandfire, skill'd in gestic lore,
 Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honour forms the social temper here.
 Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or even imaginary worth obtains,
 Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
 From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise:
 They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their blis supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise;
 For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought.
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
 Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
 Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trims her robes of frize with copper lace;

Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting passion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies;
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently flow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow:
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The flow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus while around the wave subjected soil,
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;

A land

A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
 And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic fires of old !
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow ;
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

GOLDSMITH.

C H A P. XXVII.

A N C I E N T R O M E.

THE great Republic see ! that glow'd, sublime,
 With the mix'd freedom of a thousand states ;
 Rais'd on the thrones of Kings her Curule Chair,
 And by her Fasces aw'd the subject world.
 See busy millions quick'ning all the land,
 With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high :
 For Nature then smil'd on her free-born sons,
 And pour'd the plenty that belongs to Men.
 Behold, the country cheering, villas rise,
 In lively prospect ; by the secret lapse
 Of brooks now lost, and streams renown'd in song :
 In Umbria's closing vales, or on the brow
 Of her brown hills, that breathe the scented gale :
 On Baiæ's viny coast ; where peaceful seas,
 Fann'd by kind Zephyrs, ever kiss the shore ;
 And suns unclouded shine, thro' purest air :
 Or in the spacious neighbourhood of Rome ;
 Far-shining upward to the Sabine Hills,

To

To Anio's roar, and Tibur's olive shade;
 To where Preneste lifts her airy brow;
 Or downward spreading to the sunny shore,
 Where Alba breathes the freshness of the main.

See distant mountains leave their valleys dry,
 And o'er the proud arcade their tribute pour,
 To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,
 Deep, massy, firm, diverging every way,
 With tombs of heroes sacred, see her roads:
 By various nations trod, and suppliant kings;
 With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.

Full in the center of these wondrous works,
 The pride of earth! Rome in her glory see!
 Behold her demigods, in senate met;
 All head to counsel, and all heart to act:
 The commonweal inspiring every tongue
 With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd, and bold;
 Ere tame corruption taught the servile herd
 To rank obedient to a master's voice.

Her Forum see, warm, popular, and loud,
 In trembling wonder hush'd, when the two Sires,
 As they the private father greatly quell'd,
 Stood up the public fathers of the state.
 See Justice judging there, in human shape.
 Hark! how with freedom's voice it thunders high,
 Or in soft murmurs sinks to Tully's tongue.

Her Tribes, her Census, see; her generous troops,
 Whose pay was glory, and their best reward
 Free for their country and for me * to die;
 Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.

Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
 The highest pomp and lowest fall of life.

Her

* Liberty is speaking.

Her festive games, the school of heroes, see;
 Her Circus, ardent with contending youth;
 Her streets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
 Full of fair forms, of Beauty's eldest born,
 And of a people cast in Virtue's mould.
 While sculpture lives around, and Asian hills
 Lend their best stores to heave the pillar'd dome:
 All that to Roman strength the softer touch
 Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
 To paint this fun, this center of mankind;
 Where every virtue, glory, treasure, art,
 Attracted strong, in heightened lustre met.

THOMSON.

C H A P. XXVIII.

A N C I E N T G R E E C E.

O GREECE! thou sapient nurse of Finer Arts!
 Which to bright science blooming fancy bore,
 Be this thy praise, that Thou, and Thou alone,
 In these hast led the way, in these excell'd,
 Crown'd with the laurel of assenting Time.
 In thy full language, speaking mighty things;
 Like a clear torrent close, or else diffus'd
 A broad majestic stream, and rolling on
 Thro' all the winding harmony of sound:
 In it the power of eloquence at large,
 Breath'd the persuasive or pathetic soul;
 Still'd by degrees the democratic storm,
 Or bade it threat'ning rise, and tyrants shook,
 Flush'd at the head of their victorious troops.

In

In it the Muse, her fury never quench'd,
By mean unyielding praise, or jarring sound,
Her unconfin'd divinity display'd ;
And, still harmonious, form'd it to her will :
Or soft depress'd it to the shepherd's moan,
Or rais'd it swelling to the tongue of gods.

Heroic Song was thine ; the Fountain-Bard,
Whence each poetic stream derives its course.
Thine the dread Moral Scene, thy chief delight !
Where idle Fancy durst not mix her voice,
When Reason spoke august ; the fervent heart
Or plain'd, or storm'd ; and in th' impassion'd man,
Concealing art with art, the poet sunk.
This potent school of manners, but when left
To loose neglect, a land-corrupting plague,
Was not unworthy deem'd of public care,
And boundless cost, by thee ; whose every son,
Even last mechanic, the true taste possess'd.
Of what had flavour to the nourish'd soul.
The sweet enforcer of the poet's strain,
Thine was the meaning Music of the heart.
Not the vain trill, that, void of passion, runs
In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears ;
But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,
To which respondent shakes the varied soul.

Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
By Love imagin'd, by the Graces touch'd,
The boast of well-pleas'd Nature ! Sculpture seiz'd,
And bade them ever smile in Parian stone.
Selecting Beauty's choice, and that again
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
Thy workmen left even Nature's self behind.

From

From those far different, whose prolific hand
 Peoples a nation ; they for years on years,
 By the cool touches of judicious toil,
 Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all
 Thro' the live features of one breathing stone.
 There, beaming full, it shone ; expressing Gods :
 Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
 The fierce atrocious frown of sinewed Mars,
 Or the sly graces of the Cyprian queen.
 Minutely perfect all ! Each dimple sunk,
 And every muscle swell'd, as Nature taught.
 In tresses, braided gay, the marble wav'd ;
 Flow'd in loose robes, or thin transparent veils ;
 Sprung into motion ; softened into flesh ;
 Was fir'd to passion, or refin'd to soul.

Nor less thy Pencil, with creative touch,
 Shed mimic life, when all thy brightest dames
 Assembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd.
 And when Apelles, who peculiar knew
 To give a grace that more than mortal smil'd,
 The Soul of Beauty ! call'd the Queen of Love,
 Fresh from the billows, blushing orient charms.
 Even such enchantment then thy pencil pour'd
 That cruel-thoughted War th' impatient torch
 Dash'd to the ground ; and, rather than destroy
 The patriot picture, let the city 'scape.

First elder Sculpture taught her Sister Art
 Correct design ; where great ideas shone,
 And in the secret trace expression spoke :
 Taught her the graceful attitude ; the turn,
 And beauteous airs of head ; the native act,
 Or bold, or easy ; and, cast free behind,

The

The swelling mantle's well-adjusted flow.
 Then the bright Muse, their eldest Sister, came;
 And bade her follow where she led the way;
 Bade earth, and sea, and air, in colours rise;
 And copious action on the canvass glow:
 Gave her gay Fable; spread Invention's store;
 Enlarg'd her View; taught Composition high,
 And just Arrangement, circling round one point,
 That starts to fight, binds and commands the whole.
 Caught from the heavenly Muse a nobler aim,
 And scorning the soft trade of mere delight,
 O'er all thy temples, porticos, and schools,
 Heroic deeds she trac'd, and warm display'd
 Each moral beauty to the ravish'd eye.
 There, as th' imagin'd presence of the God
 Arous'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd
 Calm contemplation, or assembled youth
 Burn'd in ambitious circle round the sage,
 The living lesson stole into the heart,
 With more prevailing force than dwells in words.
 These rouse to glory; while, to rural life,
 The softer canvass oft repos'd the soul:
 There gaily broke the sun-illum'd cloud;
 The less'ning prospect, and the mountain blue,
 Vanish'd in air; the precipice frown'd, dire;
 White, down the rock, the rushing torrent dash'd;
 The sun shone, trembling o'er the distant main;
 The tempest foam'd, immense; the driving storm
 Sadden'd the skies, and, from the doubling gloom,
 On the scath'd oak the ragged light'ning fell;
 In closing shades, and where the current strays,
 With Peace, and Love, and Innocence around,

Piped

Piped the lone shepherd to his feeding flock :
 Round happy parents smil'd their younger selves ;
 And friends convers'd, by death divided long.

To public Virtue thus the smiling Arts,
 Unblemish'd handmaids, serv'd ; the Graces they
 To dress this fairest Venus. Thus rever'd,
 And plac'd beyond the reach of sordid care,
 The high awarders of immortal fame,
 Alone for glory thy great masters strove ;
 Courted by kings, and by contending states
 Assum'd the boasted honour of their birth.

In Architecture too thy rank supreme !
 That art where most magnificent appears
 The little builder man ; by thee refin'd,
 And, smiling high, to full perfection brought.
 Such thy sure rules, that Goths of every age,
 Who scorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth
 With labour'd heavy monuments of shame.
 Not those gay domes that o'er thy splendid shore
 Shot, all proportion, up. First unadorn'd,
 And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose ;
 Th' Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
 Her airy pillar heav'd ; luxuriant last,
 The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath.
 The whole so measur'd true, so lessen'd off
 By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
 Form'd to repel the still or stormy waste
 Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
 That from the magic wand aerial rise.

THOMSON.

C H A P. XXIX.

THE KING OF A FREE PEOPLE.

—**T**HREE happy ! did they know
Their happiness, Britannia's bounded Kings.
What tho' not theirs the boast, in dungeon glooms,
To plunge bold Freedom ; or, to cheerless wilds,
To drive him from the cordial face of friend ;
Or fierce to strike him at the midnight hour,
By mandate blind, not Justice, that delights
To dare the keenest eye of open day ?
What tho' no glory to controul the laws,
And make injurious Will their only rule,
They deem it ? What tho', tools of wanton power,
Pestiferous Armies swarm not at their call ?
What tho' they give not a relentless crew
Of Civil Furies, proud Oppression's fangs !
To tear at pleasure the dejected land,
With starving labour pampering idle waste ?
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
The guiltless tear from lone affliction's eye ;
To raise hid Merit, set th' alluring light
Of Virtue high to view ; to nourish Arts,
Direct the thunder of an injur'd state,
Make a whole glorious people sing for joy,
Bless human kind, and thro' the downward depth
Of future times to spread that better sun
Which lights up British soul : for deeds like these,
The dazzling fair career unbounded lies ;
While (still superior bliss !) the dark abrupt

Is kindly barr'd, the precipice of ill.
 Oh luxury divine ! O poor to this,
 Ye giddy glories of Despotic thrones !
 By this, by this indeed, is imag'd Heaven,
 By boundless Good without the power of Ill.

THOMSON.

C H A P. XXX.

I N D E P E N D E N C E.

HAIL ! Independence, hail ! Heaven's next best gift,
 To that of life and an immortal soul !
 The life of life ! that to the banquet high
 And sober meal gives taste ; to the bow'd roof
 Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.
 Of public Freedom, hail, thou secret Source !
 Whose streams from every quarter confluent form
 My better Nile, that nurses human life.
 By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,
 The private field looks gay, with Nature's wealth
 Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight
 That nature craves. Its happy master there,
 The only Free-man, walks his pleasing round :
 Sweet-featur'd Peace attending ; fearless Truth ;
 Firm Resolution ; Goodness, blessing all
 That can rejoice ; Contentment, surest friend ;
 And, still fresh stores from Nature's book deriv'd,
 Philosophy, companion ever-new.
 These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,
 When into action call'd, his busy hours.
 Mean-time true-judging moderate desires,
 Economy and Taste, combin'd, direct

His

His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
 Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those
 Whom Fortune heaps, without these Virtues, reach
 That truce with pain, that animated ease,
 That self-enjoyment springing from within;
 That Independence, active, or retir'd,
 Which make the soundest blifs of man below:
 But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,
 And drain'd by wants to Nature all unknown,
 A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched train,
 Tho' rich, are beggars, and tho' noble, slaves.

Britons! be firm! nor let Corruption fly
 Twine round your heart indissoluble chains!
 The steel of Brutus burst the grosser bonds
 By Cæsar cast o'er Rome; but still remain'd
 The soft enchanting fetters of the mind,
 And other Cæsars rose. Determin'd, hold
 Your Independence; for, that once destroy'd,
 Unfounded, Freedom is a morning dream,
 That flits aërial from the spreading eye.

THOMSON.

C H A P. XXXI.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND,
 JUST LEAVING A FAVOURITE RETIREMENT,
 PREVIOUS TO SETTLING ABROAD.

(Written in the Close of Winter.)

ERE yet your footsteps quit the place
 Your presence long hath deign'd to grace,
 With softening eye and heart deplore
 The conscious scenes, your own no more: —

When

When vernal clouds their influence shower,
 Disclose the bud, and rear the flower,
 Who to yon leafing grove will come
 Where the rath primrose loves to bloom,
 And fondly seek, with heedful tread,
 The forward floret's downy head?
 Or, when the violet leaves the ground,
 Scent the pure perfume breathing round?
 The garden tribes that gladlier grew,
 While cherish'd by your fostering view,
 No more resume their wonted hues;
 No more their wonted sweets diffuse!
 Who first will 'spy the swallow's wing?
 Or hear the cuckoo greet the spring?
 Unmark'd shall then th' assiduous dove,
 With ruffling plumage, urge his love!
 Unnoted, tho' in lengthen'd strain,
 The bashful nightingale complain!
 The bleating group of new-born lambs,
 That frisk around their pasturing dams,
 No more allure the passing eye;
 Or shorn, invoke your sympathy!
 Who listless now will sauntering stay
 Where buxom rustics ted their hay,
 And o'er the field survey askance
 The wavy vapour quivering dance?
 Or, sunk supine with musing eyes,
 Enjoy the hum of noon-day flies;
 Or watch the bee from bell to bell,
 Where flecker'd fox-gloves edge the dell?
 Or, mid the sultry heat, reclin'd
 Beneath the poplar, woo the wind;

While,

While, to the lightest air that strays,
Each leaf its hoary side displays?
Who, drawn by Nature's varying face,
O'er heav'n the spreading tempest trace?
Or, in the rear of sunny rain,
Admire the bright bow's gorgeous train,
Till all its glowing tints decay,
And the dimm'd vision melt away?
Who now surmount the upland's height,
When morning beams her blushing light,
To view the goss'mer pearl'd with dew,
That tremulous shoots each mingling hue?
Or mark the clouds in liveries gay,
Precede the radiant orb of day?
Who, when his amplest course is run,
Wistful pursue the sinking sun?
To common eyes he vainly shines,
Unheeded rises or declines!
Aslant their brows, the golden ray
In vain th' empurpled hills display.
Steep sidelong woods, with farms between;
Dark hedge-row elms, with meadows green?
The white church, peeping half thro' trees;
Slopes waving corn, as wills the breeze;
The podding bean-field, strip'd with balks;
The hurdled sheep-cote; hoof-trod walks;
The road that winds athwart the down;
The skirting furze-brake; fallow brown;
The windmill's scarcely-circling vane;
The villager's returning wain;
The western window's crimson blaze,
That flares obtrusive on the gaze;

The eager heifer's echoing low,
 Far from her calf compell'd to go;
 The throble's wild melodious lay,
 That bids farewell to parting day;
 The cottage smoke that straight ascends;
 The labourer blithe that homeward bends;
 The gathering fumes that lightly skim
 O'er the clear brook's undimpled brim;
 The plank and rail that bridge the stream;
 The rising full-moon's amber gleam——
 No more the onward foot beguile,
 Where pollards rude protect the stile.
 Whose look now scans the dusky sphere,
 To note each kindling star appear?
 Who now the flushing dawn descries,
 That upward streams o'er northern skies?
 Or the wan meteor's lurid light,
 That, headlong glancing, mocks the sight?
 In the dank lane who now require
 The glow-worm's ineffectual fire?
 Or catch the bells from distant vale,
 That load by fits the freshening gale,
 Till startled from the rustling spray,
 The moping owl re-wings her way?
 When Autumn fear the copse invades,
 No more you haunt the woodland glades
 To eye the change on ev'ry bough;
 Or eddying leaf descending flow;
 Or peering squirrel nimbly glean
 Each nut, that hung before unseen;
 Or sitting down from thistle borne;
 Or glossy hawk that crowds the thorn,

Q

Whence

Whence oft in haws observers old
 Portend the length of Winter's cold.*
 Wak'd by the flail's redoubling sound,
 When spangling hoar-frost crisps the ground,
 No more forego bewildering sleep,
 To climb with health yon airy steep.
 When deepening snows oppress the plain,
 The birds no more their boon obtain;
 The red-breast hovering round your doors,
 No more his stated meal implores.
 Where all that needed, found relief,
 No tearful eye laments their grief;
 No lenient hand dispels their pain;
 Fainting they sue, yet sue in vain.
 But tho' the scenes you now deplore,
 With heart and eye, be your's no more;
 Tho' ev'ry long-known object seem
 Unreal, as the morning's dream,
 You still with retrospective glance,
 Or rapt in some poetic transe,
 At will may ev'ry charm renew;
 Each smiling prospect still review:
 Thro' memory's power and fancy's aid,
 The pictur'd phantoms ne'er shall fade.

And, oh! where'er your footsteps roam;
 Where'er you fix your future home;
 May joys attending crown the past,
 And heaven's blest mansion be your last!

S. H.

* Store of haws portends cold winters, Lord Bacon's Natural History.

B O O K VII.

P A T H E T I C P I E C E S.

C H A P. I.

D I R G E I N C Y M B E L I N E.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
 Soft maids and village-hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
 And rife all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew;
 The female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

COLLINS.

C H A P. II.

A W I N T E R P I E C E.

IT was a winter's evening, and fast came down the snow,
And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast did blow,
When a damsel all forlorn, quite bewilder'd in her way,
Prest her baby to her bosom, and sadly thus did say:

“ Oh cruel was my father, that shut his door on me,
And cruel was my mother, that such a sight could see,
And cruel is the wintry wind that chills my heart with cold,
But crueller than all, the lad that left my love for gold!

Hush, hush my lovely baby, and warm thee in my breast;
Ah little thinks thy father how sadly we're distressed;

For

For cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,
He'd shield us in his arms from this bitter piercing air.

Cold, cold my dearest jewel! thy little life is gone:
Oh let my tears revive thee, so warm that trickle down:
My tears that gush so warm, oh they freeze before they fall:
Ah wretched, wretched mother! thou'rt now bereft of all."

Then down she sunk despairing upon the drifted snow,
And wrung with killing anguish lamented loud her woe;
She kiss'd her baby's pale lips, and laid it by her side;
Then cast her eyes to heaven, then bow'd her head, and died.

A.

C H A P. III.

E L E G Y to P I T Y.

HAIL, lovely Power! whose bosom heaves the sigh,
When Fancy paints the scene of deep distress;
Whose tears spontaneous crystallize the eye,
When rigid Fate denies the power to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
From Flowery meads, can with that sigh compare:
Not dew drops glittering in the morning ray,
Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear the fawns around thee play;
Emblem of peace the dove before thee flies;
No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way,
Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.

Q3

Come,

Come, lovely nymph! and range the mead with me,
 To spring the partridge from the guileful foe,
 From secret snares the struggling bird to free,
 And stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
 And Nature droops beneath the conquering gleam,
 Let us slow wandering where the current flows,
 Save sinking flies that float along the stream.

Or turn to nobler greater tasks thy care,
 To me thy sympathetic gifts impart;
 Teach me in Friendship's griefs to bear a share,
 And justly boast the generous feeling heart.

Teach me to soothe the helpless orphan's grief,
 With timely aid the widow's woes assuage,
 To Misery's moving cries to yield relief,
 And be the sure resource of drooping age.

So when the genial spring of life shall fade,
 And sinking nature owns the dread decay,
 Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
 And gild the close of life's eventful day.

R.

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

AN EVENING ADDRESS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird! that kindly perching near,
 Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
 Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
 The melancholy haunts of Woe,

Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain:—
 For surely, thou hast known to prove,
 Like me, the pangs of hapless love;
 Else why so feelingly complain,
 And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the grove?
 Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,

That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?
 Or has the cruel hand of Fate
 Bereft thee of thy darling young?

Alas, for both, I weep—
 In all the pride of youthful charms,
 A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms!
 A lovely babe that should have liv'd to bless,
 And fill my doting eyes with frequent tears,
 At once the source of rapture and distress,
 The flattering prop of my declining years!
 In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,

By every art that Science could devise,
 Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,
 And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies—
 Then O our comforts be the same,
 At evening's peaceful hour,

To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,
And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bower.

But why, alas ! to thee complain !
To thee—unconscious of my pain !
Soon shalt thou cease to mourn thy lot severe,
And hail the dawning of a happier year :

The genial warmth of joy-renewing spring
Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing ;
Again thy little heart shall transport prove,
Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy love :
But O for me in vain may seasons roll,
Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears,
Deploing still the comfort of my soul,
I count my sorrows by increasing years.

Tell me, thou Syren Hope, deceiver, say,
Where is the promis'd period of my woes ?
Full three long lingering years have roll'd away,
And yet I weep, a stranger to repose :
O what delusion did thy tongue employ !
" That Emma's fatal pledge of love,
Her last bequest—with all a mother's care,
The bitterness of sorrow should remove,
Softens the horrors of despair,
And cheer a heart long lost to joy !"
How oft, when fondling in mine arms,
Gazing enraptur'd on its angel-face,
My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,
And burn with all a father's fond alarms !
And O what flattering scenes had Fanny feign'd,
How did I rave of blessings yet in store !

Till

Till every aching sense was sweetly pain'd,
Nor my full heart could bear, nor tongue could utter
more.—

“Just Heaven,” I cry’d, with recent hopes elate,

“Yet I will live—will live, tho’ Emma’s dead—

So long bow’d down beneath the storms of Fate,

Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!

My little Emma, now my ALL,

Will want a father’s care,

Her looks, her wants my rash resolves recall,

And for her sake the ills of life I’ll bear:

And oft together we’ll complain,

Complaint, the only bliss my soul can know,

From me, my child shall learn the mournful strain,

And prattle tales of woe;

And O in that auspicious hour,

When Fate resigns her persecuting power,

With duteous zeal her hand shall close,

No more to weep—my sorrow-streaming eyes,

When death gives misery repose,

And opes a glorious passage to the skies.”

Vain thought! it must not be—She too is dead—

The flattering scene is o’er—

My hopes for ever—ever fled—

And vengeance can no more—

Crush’d by misfortune—blasted by disease—

And none—none left to bear a friendly part!

To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,

Or soothe the anguish of an aching heart!

Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome death,
 With lenient hand (O falsely deem'd severe)
 Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,
 And dry up every tear :
 Perhaps, obsequious to my will,
 But ah ! from my affections far remov'd !
 The last sad office strangers may fulfil,
 As if I ne'er had been belov'd ;
 As if, unconscious of poetic fire,
 I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre,
 As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
 Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet—while this weary life shall last,
 While yet my tongue can form the impassion'd strain,
 In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,
 And dwell with fond delay on blessings past :
 For O how grateful to a wounded heart,
 The tale of misery to impart !
 From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
 And raise esteem upon the base of woe !
 Even he, * the noblest of the tuneful throng,
 Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
 Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
 And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear.

SHAW.

* Lord Lyttelton.

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

“**T**OO daring Prince ! ah whither dost thou run ?
Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son !
And think’st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, an helpless orphan he !
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue’s sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain ;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain !
Oh grant me, Gods ! e’er Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heav’n, an early tomb !

So shall my days in one sad tenour run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.
No parent now remains my griefs to share,
No father’s aid, no mother’s tender care.
Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee :
Alas ! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share :
Oh ! prove a husband’s and a father’s care !
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy :
Thou, from this tow’r defend th’ important post ;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host ;
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain ;
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv’n,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven.

Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."

The chief reply'd: "That post shall be my care,
Not that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to th' embattl'd plains:
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories and my own.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates;
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end,
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
'There while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife!
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
'The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name!

May

May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest,
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child,
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound;
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground;
Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the Gods preferr'd a father's pray'r:

"O Thou! whose glory fills th' ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless pow'rs! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when triumphant from successful toils
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say, This chief transcends his father's fame;
While pleas'd amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms:
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chas'd by Fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.

The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursu'd:

“Andromache! my soul's far better part!
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
'Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term of all the race of earth,
And such the hard condition of our birth;
No force can then resist, no flight can save;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle; and direct the loom:
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger as the first in fame.”

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes.
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye
That stream'd at every look: then moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran;
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.

POPE'S HOMER.

C H A P. VI.

HELENA UPBRAIDING HERMIA.

INJURIOUS Hermia, most ungrateful maid,
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us; oh! and is all forgot?
All school-days friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

BUCKINGHAM GOING TO EXECUTION.

BUCK. **A**LL good people,
 You that thus far have come to pity me,
 Hear what I say, and then go home, and lose me.
 I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
 And by that name must die; yet, Heav'n bear witness,
 And if I have a conscience, let it sink me
 Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
 To th' law I bear no malice for my death,
 'T has done, upon the premises, but justice.
 But those that sought it, I could wish more Christians.
 Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;
 Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
 Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
 For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
 More than I dare make faults. You saw that lov'd me,
 And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
 His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying;
 Go with me, like good angels, to my end:
 And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
 And lift my soul to heav'n. Lead on, o' God's name.

SIR T. LOVELL. I do beseech your grace for charity,
 If ever any malice in your heart
 Where hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

BUCK.

BUCK. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven. I forgive all.
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with : no black envy
Shall mark my grave.—Commend me to his Grace :
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him,
You met him half in heaven : my vows and prayers
Yet are the King's ; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years !
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be !
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument !

LOV. To th' water-side I must conduct your Grace,
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

SIR N. VAUX. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming : see the barge be ready ;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

BUCK. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,
And duke of Buckingham ; now poor Edward Bohun,
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it ;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distressed, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !

Henry

Henry the Sev'nth succeeding, truly pitying
 My father's loss, like a most royal Prince
 Restor'd to me my honours ; and, from ruins,
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
 Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,
 And must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father.
 Yet thus far we are one in fortune ; both
 Sell by our servants, by those men we lov'd :
 A most unnatural and faithless service !
 Heav'n has an end in all ; yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain :
 Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels,
 Be sure you be not loose ; those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again,
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me ! I must leave ye ; the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.
 Farewel ; and when you would say something sad,
 Speak, how I fell.—I've done ; and God forgive me !

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP.

C H A P. VIII.

SFORZA DUKE OF MILAN PLEADING HIS CAUSE
BEFORE THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

SFORZA. **I** COME not, Emperor, t'invade thy mercy,
By fawning on thy fortune; nor bring with me
Excuses, or denials. I profess
(And with a good man's confidence, ev'n this instant
That I am in thy pow'r) I was thine enemy;
Thy deadly and vow'd enemy; one that wish'd
Confusion to thy person and estates;
And with my utmost pow'rs and deepest counsels,
Had they been truly follow'd, further'd it:
Nor will I now, although my neck were under
The hangman's axe, with one poor syllable
Confess, but that I honour'd the French king
More than thyself, and all men.

Now, give me leave
(My hate against thyself, and love to him
Freely acknowledg'd) to give up the reasons
That made me so affected. In my wants
I ever found him faithful: had supplies
Of men and monies from him; and my hopes
Quite sunk, were, by his grace, buoy'd up again:
He was, indeed, to me, as my good angel,
To guard me from all dangers. I dare speak
(Nay must and will) his praise now, in as high
And loud a key, as when he was thy equal.
The benefits he sow'd in me, met not
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own

With

With fair increase, and I still glory in it.
And, though my fortunes (poor, compar'd to his,
And Milan, weigh'd with France, appear as nothing)
Are in thy fury burnt; let it be mention'd,
They serv'd but as small tapers to attend
The solemn flame at this great funeral;
And with them I will gladly waste myself,
Rather than undergo the imputation
Of being base or unthankful.

If that, then, to be grateful
For courtesies receiv'd; or not to leave
A friend in his necessities, be a crime
Amongst you Spaniards (which other nations
That, like you, aim'd at empire, lov'd, and cherish'd
Where'er they found it) Sforza brings his head
To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a slave,
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid weed,
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling,
For a forefall'd remission: that were poor,
And would but shame thy victory; for conquest
Over base foes, is a captivity,
And not a triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die,
More than I wish'd to live. When I had reach'd
My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,
This crown upon my head, and to my side
This sword was girt: and, witness truth, that, now
'Tis in another's power, when I shall part
With them and life together, I'm the same:
My veins then did not swell with pride; nor now
They shrink for fear.—Know, Sir, that Sforza stands
Prepar'd for either fortune.

But,

But, if example

Of my fidelity to the French (whose honours,
Titles, and glories, are now mix'd with yours ;
As brooks devour'd by rivers, lose their names)
Has pow'r t'invite you to make him a friend
That hath given evident proof, he knows to love,
And to be thankful, this my crown, now yours,
You may restore me, and in me instruct
These brave commanders (should your fortune change,
Which now I wish not) what they may expect
From noble enemies for being faithful.
The charges of the war I will defray,
And, what you may (not without hazard) force,
Bring freely to you : I'll prevent the cries
Of murder'd infants, and of ravish'd maids,
Which, in a city sack'd, call on Heav'n's justice,
And stop the course of glorious victories.
And, when I know the captains and the soldiers,
That have in the late battle done best service,
And are to be rewarded, I myself,
According to their quality and merits,
Will see them largely recompens'd.—I've said,
And now expect my sentence.

CHARLES. Thou hast so far
Outgone my expectation, noble Sforza,
(For such I hold thee) and true constancy,
Rais'd on a brave foundation, bears such palm
And privilege with it, that, where we behold it,
Tho' in an enemy, it does command us
To love and honour it.—By my future hopes,
I'm glad, for thy sake, that, in seeking favour,
Thou didst not borrow of Vice her indirect,

Crooked,

Crooked, and abject means ; and for mine own,
 That (since my purposes must now be chang'd
 Touching my life and fortunes) the world cannot
 Tax me of levity in my settled councils ;
 I being neither wrought by tempting bribes,
 Nor servile flattery ; but forc'd unto it
 By a fair war of virtue.

All former passages of hate be buried ;
 For thus with open arms I meet thy love,
 And as a friend embrace it ; and so far
 I am from robbing thee of the least honour,
 That with my hands, to make it fit the faster,
 I set thy crown once more upon thy head ;
 And do not only style thee duke of Milan,
 But vow to keep thee so : yet, not to take
 From others to give only to thyself,
 I will not hinder your magnificence
 To my commanders, neither will I urge it ;
 But in that, as in all things else, I leave you
 To be your own disposer.

MASSINGER.

C H A P. IX.

FAULCONBRIDGE AND KING JOHN.

FAULC. **A**LL Kent hath yielded, nothing there holds out
 But Dover castle : London hath receiv'd,
 Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.
 Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
 To offer service to your enemy ;

And

And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. JOHN. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

FAULC. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel, life,
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. JOHN. That villain Hubert told me he did live!

FAULC. So on my soul he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away, and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field;
Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh, let it not be said! Forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. JOHN. The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

FAULC.

FAULC. Oh inglorious league!
 Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
 Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
 Infination, parley, and base truce,
 To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,
 A cocker'd filken wanton, brave our fields,
 And flesh his spirit in a warlike foil,
 Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
 And find no check? Let us, my Liege, to arms:
 Perchance the Cardinal can't make your peace;
 Or if he do, let it at least be said,
 They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. JOHN. Have thou the ord'ring of this present time.

FAULC. Away then, with good courage; yet I know
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

SHAKESPEAR.

C H A P. X.

B R U T U S A N D T I T U S.

BRUT. **W**ELL, Titus, speak; how is it with thee now?
 I would attend a while this mighty motion,
 Wait till the tempest were quite overblown,
 That I may take thee in the calm of nature,
 With all thy gentler virtues brooding on thee,
 So hush'd a stillness, as if all the gods
 Look'd down, and listen'd to what we were saying;
 Speak then, and tell me, O my best lov'd,
 My son, my Titus, is all well again?

TIT. So well, that saying how must make it nothing;
 So well, that I could wish to die this moment,

For

For so my heart with powerful throbs persuades me :
That were indeed to make you reparation,
That were, my lord, to thank you home, to die ;
And that for Titus too, would be most happy.

BRUT. How's that, my son ? Would death for thee
be happy ?

TIT. Most certain, Sir ; for in my grave I 'scape
All those affronts which I in life must look for,
All those reproaches which the eyes, and fingers,
And tongues of Rome will daily cast upon me ;
From whom, to a soul so sensible as mine,
Each single scorn would be far worse than dying :
Besides, I 'scape the stings of my own conscience,
Which will for ever rack me with remembrance,
Haunt me by day, and torture me by night,
Casting my blotted honour in the way
Where'er my melancholy thoughts shall guide me.

BRUT. But is not death a very dreadful thing ?

TIT. Not to a mind resolv'd. No, Sir, to me
It seems as natural as to be born :

Groans, and convulsions, and discolour'd faces,
Friends weeping round us, blacks and obsequies,
Make it a dreadful thing ; the pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itself.

Yes, Sir, I call the pow'rs of heav'n to witness,
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed ;

Nay, he shall die with joy, to honour Brutus,
To make your justice famous through the world,
And fix the liberty of Rome for ever :

Not but I must confess my weakness too ;

Yet it is great thus to resolve against it,

R

To

To have the frailty of a mortal man,
But the security of th' immortal gods.

BRUT. O Titus! O thou absolute young man!
Thou flatt'ring mirror of thy father's image,
Where I behold myself at such advantage!
'Thou perfect glory of the Junian race!
Let me endear thee once more to my bosom,
Groan an eternal farewell to thy soul;
Instead of tears weep blood, if possible,
Blood, the heart-blood of Brutus, on his child;
For thou must die, my Titus, die, my son;
I swear the gods have doom'd thee to the grave:
The violated Genius of thy country
Rears his sad head, and passes sentence on thee:
This morning sun, that lights my sorrows on
To the tribunal of this horrid vengeance,
Shall never see thee more.

TIT. Alas, my lord!
Why are you mov'd thus? Why am I worth your sorrow?
Why should the god-like Brutus shake to doom me?
Why all these trappings for a traitor's hearse?
The gods will have it so.

BRUT. They will, my Titus:
Nor heav'n, nor earth, can have it otherwise.
Nay, Titus, mark; the deeper that I search,
My harrafs'd soul returns the more confirm'd:
Methinks I see the very hand of Jove
Moving the dreadful wheels of this affair,
That whirl thee, like a machine, to thy fate.
It seems as if the gods had pre-ordain'd it,
To fix the reeling spirits of the people,
And settle the loose liberty of Rome.

'Tis

'Tis fix'd, O therefore let not fancy fond thee:
So fix'd thy death, that 'tis not in the power
Of gods or men to save thee from the axe,

TIT. The axe! O Heav'n! then must I fall so basely?
What, shall I perish by the common hangman?

BRUT. If thou deny me this, thou giv'st me nothing.
Yes, Titus, since the gods have so decreed
That I must lose thee, I will take th' advantage
Of thy important fate, cement Rome's flaws,
And heal her wounded freedom with thy blood:
I will ascend myself the sad tribunal,
And sit upon my sons; on thee, my Titus;
Behold thee suffer all the shame of death,
The lictor's lashes bleed before the people;
Then with thy hopes, and all thy youth upon thee,
See thy head taken by the common axe,
Without a groan, without one pitying tear,
If that the gods can hold me to my purpose,
To make my justice quite transcend example.

TIT. Scourg'd like a bondman! ha! a beaten slave
But I deserve it all; yet here I fail:
The image of this suff'ring quite unmans me;
Nor can I longer stop the gushing tears.
O Sir! O Brutus! must I call you Father,
Yet have no token of your tenderness?
No sign of mercy? What, not bate me that!
Can you resolve, O all th' extremity
Of cruel rigour! to behold me too?
To sit unmov'd, and see me whipt to death?
Where are your bowels now? Is this a father?
Ah, Sir, why should you make my heart suspect

R 2

That

That all your late compassion was dissembled?
How can I think that you did ever love me?

BRUT. Think that I love thee by my present passion,
By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,
These sighs that twitch the very strings of life:
Think that no other cause on earth could move me
To tremble thus, to sob, or shed a tear,
Nor shake my solid virtue from her point,
But Titus' death: O do not call it shameful,
That this shall fix the glory of the world.
I own thy sufferings ought t' unman me thus,
To make me throw my body on the ground,
To bellow like a beast, to gnaw the earth,
To tear my hair, to curse the cruel fates
That force a father thus to drag his bowels.

TIT. O rise, thou violated majesty,
Rise from the earth, or I shall beg those fates
Which you would curse to bolt me to the center.
I now submit to all your threaten'd vengeance:
Come forth, you executioners of justice,
Nay, all you listers, slaves, and common hangmen,
Come, strip me bare, unrobe me in his sight,
And lash me till I bleed, whip me like furies;
And when you've scourg'd me till I foam and fall,
For want of spirits groveling in the dust,
Then take my head, and give it his revenge;
By all the gods I greedily resign it.

BRUT. No more, farewell, eternally farewell:
If there be gods, they will reserve a room,
A throne for thee in heav'n. One last embrace.
What is it makes thy eyes thus swim again?

TIT.

TIT. I had forgot: be good to Teraminta
When I am in ashes.

BRUT. Leave her to my care.

See her thou must not, for thou can'st not bear it.
O for one more, this pull, this tug of heart-strings:
Farewel for ever.

TIT. O Brutus! O my father!

BRUT. Can'st thou not say farewel?

TIT. Farewel for ever.

BRUT. For ever then; but O my tears run o'er;
Groans choke my words, and I can speak no more.

LEE.

CHAP. XI.

SEBASTIAN AND DORAX.

*Re-enter DORAX, having taken off his turban, and put on
a European habit.*

DORAX. **N**OW do you know me?

SEBASTIAN. Thou should'st be Alonzo.

DOR. So you should be Sebastian;
But when Sebastian ceas'd to be himself,
I ceas'd to be Alonzo.

SEB. As in a dream
I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.

DOR. It is so strange to find me where my wrongs,
And your inhuman tyranny have sent me?
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake;
And death should give you back to answer me.
A thousand nights have brush'd their balmy wings

Over these eyes ; but ever when they clos'd,
Your tyrant image forc'd them ope again,
And dry'd the dews they brought.
The long-expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame :
And that once clear'd, eternal sleep is welcome.

SEB. I have not yet forgot I am a king,
Whose royal office is redress of wrongs :
If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face ;
I have not yet forgot I am a soldier.

DOR. 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done me ;
Then though I loathe this woman's war of tongues,
Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear ;
And, Honour, be thou judge.

SEB. Honour befriend us both.
Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majesty to hear :
I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is insolent and haughty to superiors :
How often hast thou brav'd my peaceful court,
Fill'd it with noisy brawls, and windy boasts ;
And, with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproach'd even me thy prince ?

DOR. And well I might, when you forgot reward,
The part of Heav'n in kings : for punishment
Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils.
I must, and will reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant, (it irks me so to call my prince)
But just resentment and hard usage coin'd
Th' unwilling word ; and grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.

SEB. How, Tyrant !

DOR.

DOR. Tyrant!

SEB. Traitor; that name thou canst not echo back:
That robe of infamy, that circumcision
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor:
And, if a name
More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade.

DOR. If I'm a traitor, think, and blush, thou tyrant,
Whose injuries betray'd me into treason,
Effac'd my loyalty, unhing'd my faith,
And hurry'd me from hopes of heaven to hell;
All these, and all my yet unfinish'd crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
I charge on thee to make thy damning sure.

SEB. Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing.
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy king.

DOR. Too well I know thee, but for king no more:
This is not Lisbon, nor the circle this,
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieg'd
By sycophants, and fools, the growth of courts;
Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in every face;
And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who first should catch, and first applaud
The stuff or royal nonsense: when I spoke,
My honest homely words were carp'd, and censur'd,
For want of courtly style: related actions
Though modestly reported, pass'd for boasts:
Secure of merit, if I ask'd reward,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights invaded,
And the bread snatch'd from pimps and parasites.

Henriquez answer'd, with a ready lie,
To save his king's, the boon was begg'd before.

SEB. What say'st thou of Henriquez? Now by Heav'n,
Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all my foul unmanner'd scurril taunts.

DOR. And therefore 'twas to gall thee, that I nam'd him,
That thing, that nothing, but a cringe and smile;
That woman, but more daub'd; or, if a man,
Corrupted to a woman; thy man-mistress.

SEB. All false as hell, or thou.

DOR. Yes; full as false
As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard campaigns,
And pitch'd thy standard in those foreign fields:
By me thy greatness grew, thy years grew with it.
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both.

SEB. I see to what thou tend'st; but tell me first,
If those great acts were done alone for me;
If love produc'd not some, and pride the rest?

DOR. Why, love does all that's noble here below:
But all th' advantage of that love was thine:
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own,
(For Violante's vows were mine before:)
Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke;
And ask'd me Violante for Henriquez.

SEB. I meant thee a reward of greater worth.

DOR. Where justice wanted, could reward be hop'd?
Could the robb'd passenger expect a bounty
From those rapacious hands who stripp'd him first?

SEB. He had my promise, ere I knew thy love.

DOR. My services deserv'd thou should'st revoke it.

SEB.

SEB. Thy insolence had cancell'd all thy service;
To violate my laws, even in my court,
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts;
Ev'n to my face, and done in my despight,
Under the wing of awful majesty
To strike the man I lov'd!

DOR. Ev'n in the face of Heav'n, a place more sacred,
Would I have struck the man, who, prompt by power,
Would seize my right, and rob me of my love:
But, for a blow provoked by thy injustice,
The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the field,
That thou should'st make a coward's cause thy own?

SEB. He durst: nay, more, desir'd and begg'd with tears,
To meet thy challenge fairly: 'twas thy fault
To make it public; but my duty, then
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt your swords.

DOR. On pain of infamy
He should have disobey'd.

SEB. Th' indignity thou didst was meant to me:
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
As who should say, the blow was there intended;
But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands
Against anointed power: — so was I forc'd
To do a sovereign justice to myself,
And spurn thee from my presence.

DOR. Thou hast dar'd
To tell me, what I durst not tell myself:
I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live;
And live to hear it boasted to my face;
All my long avarice of honour lost,

Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age ;
Has Honour's fountain then suck'd back the stream ?
He has ; and hooting boys may dry-shod pass,
And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
Give me my love, my honour ; give them back —
Give me revenge, while I have breath to ask it —

SEB. Now by this honour'd order which I wear,
More gladly would I give, than thou dar'st ask it —
Nor shall the sacred character of king
Be urg'd to shield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal :
The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.
But thou hast charg'd me with ingratitude ;
Hast thou not charg'd me ? Speak.

DOR. Thou know'st I have :
If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lie.

SEB. No ; to disprove that lie I must not draw :
Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul
What thou hast done this day in my defence :
To fight thee, after this, what were it else
Than owning that ingratitude thou urgest ?
That isthmus stands between two rushing seas ;
Which mounting, view each other from afar ;
And strive in vain to meet.

DOR. I'll cut that isthmus,
Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
But to reprieve it, for my own revenge.
I sav'd thee out of honourable malice :
Now draw ; I should be loath to think thou dar'st not :
Beware of such another vile excuse.

SER. Oh, patience, Heav'n ?

DOR.

DOR. Beware of patience too ;
That's a suspicious word : it had been proper,
Before thy foot had spurn'd me ; now 'tis base :
Yet to disarm thee of thy last defence,
I have thy oath for my security :
The only boon I begg'd was this fair combat :
Fight or be perjurd now ; that's all thy choice.

SEB. Now can I thank thee as thou would'st be thank'd :

[Drawing.

Never was vow of honour better paid,
If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.
The sprightly bridegroom on his wedding night,
More gladly enters not the lists of love.
Why 'tis enjoyment to be summon'd thus.
Go ; bear my message to Henriquez' ghost ;
And say his master and his friend reveng'd him.

DOR. His ghost ! then is my hated rival dead ?

SEB. The question is beside our present purpose ;
Thou seest me ready ; we delay too long.

DOR. A minute is not much in either's life,
When there's but one betwixt us ; throw it in,
And give it him of us who is to fall.

SEB. He's dead : make haste, and thou may'st yet
o'ertake him.

DOR. When I was hasty, thou delay'st me longer.
I pr'ythee let me hedge one moment more
Into thy promise : for thy life preserv'd,
Be kind ; and tell me how that rival dy'd,
Whose death next thine I wish'd.

SEB. If it would please thee, thou should'st never know :
But thou, like jealousy, enquir'st a truth,
Which found will torture thee : he dy'd in fight :

Fought next my person ; as in concert fought :
 Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow ;
 Save when he heav'd his shield in my defence,
 And on his naked side receiv'd my wound :
 Then when he could no more, he fell at once,
 But roll'd his falling body cross their way,
 And made a bulwark of it for his prince.

DOR. I never can forgive him such a death !

SEB. I prophesy'd thy proud soul could not bear it.
 Now judge thyself, who best deserv'd my love.
 I knew you both ; and (durst I say) as Heav'n
 Foreknew among the shining angel host
 Who should stand firm, who fall.

DOR. Had he been tempted so, so had he fall'n ;
 And so, had I been favour'd, had I stood.

SEB. What had been, is unknown ; what is, appears ;
 Confess he justly was preferr'd to thee.

DOR. Had I been born with his indulgent stars,
 My fortune had been his, and his been mine.
 Oh, worse than hell ! what glory have I lost,
 And what has he acquir'd by such a death !
 I should have fallen by Sebastian's side,
 My corpse had been the bulwark of my king,
 His glorious end was a patch'd work of Fate,
 Ill-sorted with a soft effeminate life :
 It suited better with my life than his
 So to have dy'd : mine had been of a piece,
 Spent in your service, dying at your feet.

SEB. The more effeminate and soft his life,
 The more his fame, to struggle to the field,
 And meet his glorious fate : confess, proud spirit,

(For

(For I will have it from thy very mouth)
That better he deserv'd my love than thou.

DOR. Oh, whither would you drive me! I must grant,
Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,
Henriquez had your love with more desert:
For you he fought and dy'd; I fought against you;
Through all the mazes of the bloody field,
Hunted your sacred life; which that I miss'd
Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my soul; my soul's a regicide.

SEB. Thou might'st have given it a more gentle name:
Thou meant'st to kill a tyrant, not a king.
Speak, didst thou not, Alonzo?

DOR. Can I speak!
Alas, I cannot answer to Alonzo:
No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo:
Alonzo was too kind a name for me.
Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your arms,
In that blest age I was the man you nam'd;
Till rage and pride debas'd me into Dorax;
And lost, like Lucifer, my name above.

SEB. Yet twice this day I ow'd my life to Dorax.

DOR. I sav'd you but to kill you: there's my grief.

SEB. Nay, if thou can'st be griev'd, thou can'st repent:
Thou could'st not be a villain, though thou would'st:
Thou own'st too much in owning thou hast err'd;
And I too little, who provok'd thy crime.

DOR. Oh, stop this headlong torrent of your goodness;
It comes too fast upon a feeble soul,
Half-drown'd in tears before; spare my confusion:
For pity spare, and say not, first you err'd.
For yet I have not dar'd, through guilt and shame,

To

To throw myself beneath your royal feet.

Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade :

'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.

SEB. Indeed thou should'st not ask forgiveness first,
But thou prevent'st me still, in all that's noble.

Yes, I will raise thee up with better news :

Thy Violante's heart was ever thine ;

Compell'd to wed, because she was my ward,

Her soul was absent when she gave her hand :

Nor could my threats, or his pursuing courtship,

Effect the consummation of his love :

So, still indulging tears, she pines for thee,

A widow and a maid.

DOR. Have I been cursing Heav'n, while Heav'n blest me !

I shall run mad with extasy of joy :

What, in one moment, to be reconcil'd

To Heav'n, and to my king, and to my love !

But pity is my friend, and stops me short,

For my unhappy rival. Poor Henriquez !

SEB. Art thou so generous too, to pity him ?

Nay, then I was unjust to love him better.

Here let me ever hold thee in my arms ;

And all our quarrels be but such as these,

Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace :

Be what Henriquez was : be my Alonzo.

DOR. What, my Alonzo, said you ? My Alonzo !

Let my tears thank you ; for I cannot speak ;

And if I could,

Words were not made to vent such thoughts as mine.

SEB. Thou can'st not speak, and I can ne'er be silent.

Some strange reverse of fate must sure attend

This vast profusion, this extravagance

Of Heav'n to bless me thus. 'Tis gold so pure,
 It cannot bear the stamp, without allay.
 Be kind, ye pow'rs, and take but half away :
 With ease the gifts of fortune I resign ;
 But, let my love, and friend, be ever mine.

DRYDEN.

C H A P. XII.

ANTONY AND VENTIDIUS.

ANT. **T**HEY tell me, 'tis my birth-day, and I'll keep it
 With double pomp of sadness.

'Tis what the day deserves, which gave me breath.
 Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,
 Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,
 'Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downwards
 To be trod out by Cæsar ?

VENT. [*Aside.*] On my soul
 'Tis mournful, wond'rous mournful !

ANT. Count thy gains,
 Now, Antony, wouldst thou be born for this ?
 Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
 Has starv'd thy wanting age.

VENT. [*Aside.*] How sorrow shakes him !
 So now the tempest tears him up by th' roots,
 And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

ANT. [*Having thrown himself down.*] Lie there, thou
 shadow of an emperor ;

The place thou presteest on thy mother earth
 Is all thy empire now : now it contains thee ;
 Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,

When

When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
 Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then Octavia,
 (For Cleopatra will not live to see it)
 Octavia then will have thee all her own,
 And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar.
 Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
 To see his rival of the universe
 Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.
 Give me some music; look that it be sad.
 I'll sooth my melancholy, 'till I swell,
 And burst myself with sighing——
 'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
 I'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature;
 Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
 Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene,
 Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oak,
 I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
 And look just of a piece, as I grew from it:
 My uncomb'd locks, matted like mistletoe,
 Hang o'er my hoary face; a murm'ring brook
 Runs at my foot——

VENT. Methinks, I fancy
 Myself there too.

ANT. The herd come jumping by me,
 And fearless, quench their thirst, while I look on,
 And take me for their fellow-citizen.

More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts.

VENT. I must disturb him. I can hold no longer.

[Stands before him.]

ANT. *[Starting up.]* Art thou Ventidius?

VENT. Are you Antony?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him
 I left you last.

ANT.

ANT. I'm angry.

VENT. So am I.

ANT. I would be private. Leave me.

VENT. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.

ANT. Will not leave me!
Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?

VENT. My emperor; the man I love next Heav'n,
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:
You're all that's good, and god-like.

ANT. All that's wretched.
You will not leave me then?

VENT. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not: but I dare not leave you;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

ANT. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfy'd?
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough,
And, if a foe, too much.

VENT. Look, emperor, this is no common dew,
I have not wept this forty years; but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes;
I cannot help her softness.

ANT. By Heav'n, he weeps, poor good old man, he weeps!
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death; they set my shame,
That caus'd 'em full before me.

VENT. I'll do my best.

ANT. Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends;
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine——Nay, father——

VENT.

VENT. Emperor!

ANT. Emperor! Why that's the style of victory.

The conqu'ring soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so: but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.

VENT. I warrant you.

ANT. Aëtium, Aëtium! Oh——

VENT. It fits too near you.

ANT. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day;
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams——

VENT. Out with it; give it vent.

ANT. Urge not my shame——

I lost a battle,

VENT. So has Julius done.

ANT. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou
think'st;

For Julius fought it out and lost it fairly:

But Antony——

VENT. Nay, stop not,

ANT. Antony,

(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward, fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought? fled first, Ventidius.

Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.

I know thou can'st prepar'd to rail.

VENT. I did.

ANT. I'll help thee—I have been a man, Ventidius.

VENT. Yes, and a brave one; but——

ANT. I know thy meaning.

But I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd

The name of soldier, with inglorious ease.

In the full vintage of my flowing honours,

Sate still, and saw it prest by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
And purple greatness met my ripen'd years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crouding to my triumphs;
The wish of nations, and the willing world,
Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace.
I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,
And work'd against my fortune, chid her from me,
And turn'd her loose: yet still she came again.
My careless days, and my luxurious nights,
At length have weary'd her, and now she's gone,
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever. Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who labour'd to be wretched. Pr'ythee curse me,

VENT. No.

ANT. Why?

VENT. You are too sensible already
Of what you've done; too conscious of your failings;
And like a scorpion, whipt by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your fortunes.

ANT. I know thou would'st.

VENT. I will.

ANT. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

VENT. You laugh.

ANT. I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.

VENT. You would be lost then?

ANT. I am.

VENT.

VENT. I say you are not. Try your fortune.

ANT. I have to th' utmost. Dost thou think me desperate
Without just cause? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.

VENT. Cæsar thinks not so:
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd, like Tully, would you? Do
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.

ANT. No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.

VENT. I can die with you too, when time shall serve:
But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.

ANT. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius.

VENT. No; 'tis you dream; you sleep away your hours
In desperate sloth, miscall'd philosophy.
Up, up, for honour's sake; twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief. By painful journeys
I led 'em, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches, to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces,
Their scarr'd cheeks, and chopt hands; there's virtue in 'em;
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.

ANT. Where left you them?

VENT. I say, in lower Syria.

ANT. Bring 'em hither;
There may be life in these.

VENT. They will not come.

ANT.

ANT. Why did'st thou mock my hopes with promis'd aids,
To double my despair? They're mutinous.

VENT. Most firm and loyal.

ANT. Yet they will not march
To succour me. Oh, trisler!

VENT. They petition
You would make haste to head 'em.

ANT. I'm besieg'd.

VENT. There's but one way shut up—How came I
hither?

ANT. I will not stir.

VENT. They would perhaps desire
A better reason.

ANT. I have never us'd
My soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?

VENT. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

ANT. What was't they said?

VENT. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why should they fight, indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave? To gain you kingdoms,
Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,
You'll sell to her?—Then she new names her jewels,
And calls this diamond such or such a tax;
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.

ANT. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults; but, on your life
No word of Cleopatra; she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.

VENT. Behold, you pow'rs,
To whom you have entrusted human kind;
See Europe, Africa, Asia put in balance;
And all weigh'd down by one light worthless woman!

I think

I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wasteful hands.

ANT. You grow presumptuous.

VENT. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

ANT. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor;
Who, under seeming honesty, hath vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
Oh, that thou wert my equal; great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without stain to my honour!

VENT. You may kill me.
You have done more already; call'd me traitor.

ANT. Art thou not one?

VENT. For showing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done. But had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hinder'd me to've led my conqu'ring eagles
To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,
And not have been so call'd.

ANT. Forgive me, soldier;
I've been too passionate.

VENT. You thought me false;
Thought my old age betray'd you. Kill me, Sir;
Pray kill me; yet, you need not, your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.

ANT. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: pr'ythee forgive me.

Why

Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear?

VENT. No prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I us'd,
Nor durst another man have ventur'd it:
But you, ere love misl'd your wand'ring eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of human race,
Fram'd in the very pride and boast of nature.

ANT. But Cleopatra —
Go on; for I can bear it now.

VENT. No more.

ANT. Thou dar'st not trust my passion; but thou may'st:
Thou only lov'st, the rest have flatter'd me.

VENT. Heaven's blessing on your heart, for that kind
word.

May I believe you love me? Speak again.

ANT. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.
Thy praises were unjust; but, I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.

VENT. And, will you leave this —

ANT. Pr'ythee do not curse her,
And I will leave her; though, Heav'n knows, I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all, but honour:
But I will leave her.

VENT. That's my royal master.
And, shall we fight?

ANT. I warrant thee, old foldier;
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,
And, at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, Come follow me.

VENT.

VENT. Oh, now I hear my emperor! In that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,
And, if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for th' exchange.

ANT. Oh, Cleopatra!

VENT. Again!

ANT. I've done. In that last sigh, she went;
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.

VENT. Methinks you breathe
Another soul; your looks are more divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god.

ANT. Oh, thou hast fir'd me! my soul's up in arms,
And mans each part about me. Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seiz'd me;
That eagerness, with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp. In vain the steepy hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagg'd on the plain below.

VENT. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honour!

ANT. Come on, my soldier;
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to 'em; mow 'em out a passage,
And, ent'ring where the utmost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

DRYDEN.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIII.

THEODOSIUS AND MARCIAN.

THEO. **H**A! what rash thing art thou, who sett'st so small
A value on thy life, thus to presume
Against the fatal orders I have giv'n,
Thus to entrench on Cæsar's solitude,
And urge me to thy ruin?

MAR. Mighty Cæsar,
I have transgress'd, and for my pardon bow
To thee, as to the gods, when I offend;
Nor can I doubt your mercy, when you know
The nature of my crime. I am commission'd
From all the earth to give thee thanks and praises,
Thou darling of mankind! whose conqu'ring arms
Already drown the glory of great Julius;
Whose deeper reach in laws and policy
Makes wise Augustus envy thee in heav'n!
What mean the Fates by such prodigious virtue?
When scarce the manly down yet shades thy face,
With conquests thus to over-run the world,
And make barbarians tremble. O ye gods!
Should Destiny now end thee in the bloom,
Methinks I see thee mourn'd above the loss
Of lov'd Germanicus; thy funerals,
Like his, are solemniz'd with tears and blood.

THEO. How, Marcian!

MAR. Yes, the raging multitude,
Like torrents, set no bound to their mad grief;
Shave their wives' heads, and tear off their own hair;

With wild despair they bring their infants out,
To brawl their parents' sorrow in the streets.
Trade is no more, all courts of justice stopt;
With stones they dash the windows of their temples,
Pull down their altars; break their household gods;
And still the universal groan is this,
"Constantinople's lost, our empire's ruin'd;
Since he is gone, that father of his country,
Since he is dead, O life, where is thy pleasure?
O Rome, O conquer'd world, where is thy glory?"

THEO. I know thee well, thy custom and thy manners.
Thou dost upbraid me: but no more of this,
Not for thy life—

MAR. What's life without my honour?
Could you transform yourself into a Gorgon,
Or make that beardless face like Jupiter's,
I would be heard in spite of all your thunder:
O pow'r of guilt! you fear to stand the test
Which Virtue brings; like sores, your vices shake
Before this Roman healer. But, by the gods,
Before I go, I'll rip the malady,
And let the venom flow before your eyes.
This is a debt to the great Theodosius,
The grandfather of your illustrious blood;
And then farewell for ever.

THEO. Presuming Marcian!
What canst thou urge against my innocence?
Thro' the whole course of all my harmless youth,
Ev'n to this hour, I cannot call to mind
One wicked act which I have done to shame me.

MAR. This may be true: yet if you give the sway
To other hands, and your poor subjects suffer,

Your

Your negligence to them is as the cause.
 O Theodosius, credit me, who know
 The world, and hear how soldiers censure kings;
 In after-times, if thus you should go on,
 Your memory by warriors will be scorn'd,
 As much as Nero or Caligula loath'd;
 They will despise your sloth, and backward ease,
 More than they hate the others' cruelty.
 And what a thing, ye gods, is scorn, or pity!
 Heap on me, Heav'n, the hate of all mankind;
 Load me with malice, envy, detestation,
 Let me be horrid to all apprehension,
 And the world shun me, so I 'scape but scorn.

THEO. Pr'ythee no more.

MAR. Nay, when the legions make comparisons,
 And say, Thus cruel Nero once resolv'd,
 On Galba's insurrection, for revenge,
 To give all France as plunder to the army;
 To poison the whole senate at a feast;
 To burn the city, turn the wild beasts out,
 Bears, lions, tigers, on the multitude;
 That so obstructing those that quench'd the fire
 He might at once destroy rebellious Rome——

THEO. O cruelty! Why tell'st thou me of this?
 Am I of such a barb'rous bloody temper?

MAR. Yet some will say, This shew'd he had a spirit,
 However fierce, avenging, and pernicious,
 That savour'd of a Roman: but for you,
 What can your partial sycophants invent,
 To make you room among the emperors?
 Whose utmost is the smallest part of Nero;
 A pretty player, one that can act a hero,

And never be one. O y' immortal gods,
Is this the old Cæsarian majesty ?
Now, in the name of our great Romulus,
Why sing you not, and fiddle too, as he did ?
Why have you not, like Nero, a Phonnascus ?
One to take care of your celestial voice ?
Lie on your back, my lord, and on your stomach
Lay a thin plate of lead, abstain from fruits ;
And when the business of the stage is done,
Retire with your loose friends to costly banquets,
While the lean army groans upon the ground.

THEO. Leave me, I say, lest I chastise thee :
Hence, be gone, I say——

MAR. Not 'till you have heard me out——
Build too, like him, a palace lin'd with gold,
As long and large as that of th' Esquiline :
Inclose a pool too in it, like the sea,
And at the empire's cost let navies meet :
Adorn your starry chambers too with gems ;
Contrive the plated ceilings to turn round,
With pipes to cast ambrosian oils upon you :
Consume with this prodigious vanity,
In mere perfumes and odorous distillations,
Of sesterces at once four hundred millions :
Let naked virgins wait you at your table,
And wanton cupids dance and clap their wings.
No matter what becomes of the poor soldiers,
So they perform the drudgery they are fit for ;
Why, let 'em starve for want of their arrears,
Drop as they go, and lie like dogs in ditches.

THEO. Come, you are a traitor !

MAR.

MAR. Go to, you are a boy —
Or by the gods —

THEO. If arrogance, like this,
And to the emperor's face, should 'scape unpunish'd,
I'll write myself a coward ; die then, villain,
A death too glorious for so bad a man,
By Theodosius' hand.

[*Marcian disarms him, but is wounded.*]

MAR. Now, Sir, where are you ?
What, in the name of all our Roman spirits,
Now charms my hand from giving thee thy fate ?
Has he not cut me off from all my honours ?
Torn my commissions, sham'd me to the earth,
Banish'd the court, a vagabond for ever ?
Do not the soldiers hourly ask it from me ?
Sigh their own wrongs, and beg me to revenge 'em ?
What hinders now, but that I mount the throne,
And make, besides, this purple youth my footstool ?
The armies court me : and my country's cause,
The injuries of Rome and Greece persuade me.
Shew but this Roman blood which he has drawn,
They'll make me emperor whether I will or no :
Did not, for less than this, the latter Brutus,
Because he thought Rome wrong'd, in person head
Against his friend a black conspiracy,
And stab the majesty of all the world ?

THEO. Act as you please : I am within your pow'r.

MAR. Did not the former Brutus, for the crime
Of Sextus, drive old Tarquin from his kingdom ?
And shall this prince too, by permitting others
To act their wicked wills, and lawless pleasures,
Ravish from the empire its dear health,

Well-being, happiness, and ancient glory?
Go on in this dishonourable rest?
Shall he, I say, dream on, while the starv'd troops
Lie cold and waking in the winter camp;
And, like pin'd birds, for want of sustenance,
Feed on the haws and berries of the fields?
O temper, temper me, ye gracious gods;
Give to my hand forbearance, to my heart
Its constant loyalty! I would but shake him,
Rouse him a little from this death of honour,
And shew him what he should be.

THEO. You accuse me,
As if I were some monster most unheard of!
First, as the ruin of the army; then
Of taking your commission: but, by Heav'n,
I swear, O Marcian! this I never did,
Nor ne'er intended it: nor say I this
To alter thy stern usage; for with what
Thou'st said, and done, and brought to my remembrance,
I grow already weary of my life.

MAR. My lord, I take your word: you do not know
The wounds which rage within your country's bowels;
The horrid usage of the suffering foldier:
But why will not our Theodosius know?
If you entrust the government to others,
That act these crimes, who but yourself's to blame?
Be witness, O ye gods! of my plain dealing,
Of Marcian's honesty, howe'er degraded.
I thank you for my banishment: but, alas!
My loss is little to what soon will follow:
Reflect but on yourself and your own joys;
Let not this lethargy for ever hold you.

'Twas

'Twas rumour'd thro' the city, that you lov'd;
That your espousals should be solemniz'd;
When on a sudden here you send your orders
This this bright favourite, the lov'd Eudofia,
Should lose her head.

THEO. Oh, heav'n and earth! What say'st thou?
That I have seal'd the death of my Eudofia?

MAR. 'Tis your own hand and signet: yet I swear,
Tho' you have giv'n to female hands your sway,
And therefore I, as well as the whole army,
For ever ought to curse all womankind;
Yet when th virgin came, as she was doom'd,
And on the scaffold, for that purpose rais'd
Without the walls, appear'd before the army —

THEO. What! on a scaffold! Ha! before the army!

MAR. How quickly was the tide of fury turn'd
To soft compassion, and relenting tears?
But when the axe
Sever'd the brightest beauty of the earth
From that fair body, had you heard the groan,
Which, like a peal of distant thunder, ran
Through all the armed host, you would have thought,
By the immediate darkness that fell round us,
Whole Nature was concern'd at such a suff'ring,
And all the gods were angry.

THEO. O Pulcheria!
Cruel ambitious sister! this must be
Thy doing. Oh, support me, noble Marcian!
Now, now's the time, if thou dar'st strike: behold,
I offer thee my breast; with my last breath,
I'll thank thee too, if now thou draw'st my blood.

Were I to live, thy counsel shall direct me ;
But 'tis too late. —

MAR. He faints ! What, ho, there ! Lucius !
My lord the emperor ! Eudofia lives ;
She's here, or will be in a minute, moment !
Quick as the thought, she calls you to the temple.
Oh, Lucius, help ! — I've gone too far ; but see,
He breathes again. — Eudofia has awak'd him.

THEO. Did you not name Eudofia ?

MAR. Yes, she lives :
I did but feign the story of her death,
To find how near you plac'd her to your heart :
And may the gods rain all their plagues upon me,
If ever I rebuke you thus again !
Yet 'tis most certain that you sign'd her death,
Not knowing what the wise Pulcheria offer'd,
Who left it in my hand to startle you :
But by my life and fame, I did not think
It would have touch'd your life. O pardon me,
Dear prince, my lord, my emperor, royal master ;
Droop not because I utter'd some rash words,
And was a madman. — By th' immortal gods !
I love you as my soul : whate'er I said,
My thoughts were otherwise ; believe these tears,
Which do not use to flow : all shall be well.
I swear that there are seeds in that sweet temper,
T' atone for all the crimes in this bad age.

THEO. I thank thee first for my Eudofia's life.
What, but my love, could have call'd back that life
Which thou hast made me hate ? But, oh, methought
'Twas hard, dear Marcian, very hard, from thee,
From him I ever rev'renc'd as my father,

To

To hear so harsh a message !——But, no more ;
We're friends : thy hand. Nay, if thou wilt not rise,
And let me fold my arms about thy neck,
I'll not believe thy love : in this forgive me.
First let me wed Eudofia, and we'll out ;
We will, my general, and make amends
For all that's past : glory and arms, ye call,
And Marcian leads me on !——

MAR. Let her not rest then ;
Espouse her fraight : I'll strike you at a heat.
May this great humour get large growth within you ;
And be encourag'd by the embold'ning gods !
O what a fight will this be to the foldier,
To see me bring you dress'd in shining armour,
To head the shouting squadrons !——O ye gods !
Methinks I hear the echoing cries of joy,
The sounds of trumpets, and the beat of drums.
I see each starving foldier bound from earth,
As if a god by miracle had rais'd him ;
And, with beholding you, grow fat again !
Nothing but gazing eyes, and op'ning mouths,
Cheeks red with joy, and lifted hands about you ;
Some wiping the glad tears that trickle down
With broken Io's, and with sobbing raptures,
Crying, To arms ; he's come ; our emp'ror's come
To win the world ! Why, is not this far better
Than lolling in a lady's lap, and sleeping,
Fasting, or praying ? Come, come, you shall be merry :
And for Eudofia, she is yours already :
Marcian has said it, Sir ; she shall be yours.

THEO. Oh, Marcian ! Oh my brother, father, all !
Thou best of friends ! most faithful counsellor !

I'll find a match for thee too, ere I rest,
 To make thee love me. For when thou art with me,
 I'm strong and well; but when thou'rt gone, I'm nothing.

LEE.

CHAP. XIV.

GLOSTER AND HASTINGS.

GLOST. **M**Y lord, y'are well encount'ed; here has
 been

A fair petitioner this morning with us;
 Believe me, she has won me much to pity her:
 Alas! her gentle nature was not made
 To buffet with adversity. I told her
 How worthily her cause you had befriended;
 How much for your good sake we meant to do,
 That you had spoke, and all things should be well.

HAST. Your highness binds me ever to your service.

GLOST. You know your friendship is most potent with us,
 And shares our power. But of this enough,
 For we have other matter for your ear;
 The state is out of tune: distracting fears,
 And jealous doubts, jar in our public counsels;
 Amidst the wealthy city, murmurs rise,
 Lewd railings, and reproach on those that rule,
 With open scorn of government; hence credit,
 And public trust 'twixt man and man, are broke.
 The golden streams of commerce are with-held,
 Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artizans,
 Who therefore curse the great, and threat rebellion.

HAST.

HAST. The resty knaves are over-run with ease,
As plenty ever is the nurse of faction;
If in good days, like these, the headstrong herd
Grew madly wanton and repine, it is
Because the reins of power are held too slack,
And reverend authority of late,
Has worn a face of mercy more than justice.

GLOST. Beshrew my heart! but you have well divin'd
The source of these disorders. Who can wonder
If riot and misrule o'erturn the realm,
When the crown sits upon a baby brow?
Plainly to speak; hence comes the gen'ral cry,
And sum of all complaint: 'will ne'er be well
With England (thus they talk) while children govern.

HAST. 'Tis true, the king is young; but what of that?
We feel no want of Edward's riper years,
While Gloster's valour and most princely wisdom
So well supply our infant sovereign's place,
His youth's support, and guardian to his throne.

GLOST. The council (much I'm bound to thank 'em for't)
Have plac'd a pageant sceptre in my hand,
Barren of power, and subject to controul;
Scorn'd by my foes, and usefess to my friends.
Oh, worthy lord! were mine the rule indeed,
I think I should not suffer rank offence
At large to lord it in the commonweal;
Nor would the realm be rent by discord thus,
Thus fear and doubt, betwixt disputed titles.

HAST. Of this I am to learn; as not supposing
A doubt like this——

GLOST. Ay, marry, but there is—
And that of much concern. Have you not heard

How, on a late occasion, Doctor Shaw
Has mov'd the people much about the lawfulness
Of Edward's issue? By right grave authority
Of learning and religion, plainly proving,
A bastard scion never-should be grafted
Upon a royal stock; from thence, at full
Discourfing on my brother's former contract
To Lady Elizabeth Lucy, long before
His jolly match with that same buxom widow
The queen he left behind him——

HAST. Ill befall

Such meddling priests, who kindle up confusion,
And vex the quiet world with their vain scruples!
By Heav'n, 'tis done in perfect spite to peace.
Did not the king,
Our royal master, Edward, in concurrence
With his estates assembled, well determine
What course the sov'reign rule should take henceforward?
When shall the deadly hate of faction cease,
When shall our long-divided land have rest,
If every peevish, moody malecontent
Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar,
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brains,
Each day, with some fantastic giddy change?

GLOST. What if some patriot, for the public good,
Should vary from your scheme, new-mould the state?

HAST. Curse on the innovating hand attempts it!
Remember him, the villain, righteous Heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance! Blast the traitor
And his pernicious counsels, who for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars!

GLOST.

GLOST. You go too far, my lord.

HAST. Your highness' pardon —

Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,
When York and Lancaster drew forth the battles;
When, like a matron, butcher'd by her sons,
And cast beside some common way, a spectacle
Of horror and affright to passers by,
Our groaning country bled at ev'ry vein,
When murders, rapes, and massacres prevail'd;
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd;
When insolence and barbarism triumph'd,
And swept away distinction; peasants trod
Upon the necks of nobles: low were laid
The reverend crozier, and the holy mitre,
And desolation cover'd all the land;
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheath a dagger in his heart
Whose damn'd ambition would renew those horrors,
And set once more that scene of blood before us?

GLOST. How now! so hot!

HAST. So brave, and so resolv'd.

GLOST. Is then our friendship of so little moment,
That you could arm your hand against my life?

HAST. I hope your highness does not think I meant it;
No, Heav'n forefend that e'er your princely person
Should come within the scope of my resentment.

GLOST. Oh, noble Hastings! Nay, I must embrace you:
By holy Paul, y'are a right honest man!
The time is full of danger and distrust,
And warns us to be wary. Hold me not
Too apt for jealousy and light surmise,
If when I mean to lodge you next my heart,

I put

I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,
And live, your king and country's best support :
For me, I ask no more than honour gives,
To think me yours, and rank me with your friends.

HAST. Accept what thanks a grateful heart should pay,
Oh, princely Gloster ! judge me not ungentle,
Of manners rude, and insolent of speech,
If, when the public safety is in question,
My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.

GLOST. Enough of this ; to deal in wordy compliment
Is much against the plainness of my nature :
I judge you by myself, a clear true spirit,
And, as such, once more join you to my bosom.
Farewel, and be my friend.

HAST. I am not read,
Nor skill'd and practis'd in the arts of greatness,
To kindle thus, and give a scope to passion.
The duke is surely noble ; but he touch'd me
E'en on the tend'rest point ; the master-string
That makes most harmony or discord to me.
I own the glorious subject fires my breast,
And my soul's darling passion stands confess'd ;
Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,
Beyond myself, I prize my native land :
On this foundation would I build my fame,
And emulate the Greek and Rome name ;
Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
And die with pleasure for my country's good.

ROWE.

CHAP.

C H A P. XV.

GUSTAVUS AND DALECARLIANS.

1st DALE. **L**ET us all see him!

2d DALE. Yes, and hear him too.

3d DALE. Let us be sure 'tis he himself.

4th DALE. Our general.

5th DALE. And we will fight while weapons can be found.

6th DALE. Or hands to wield them.

7th DALE. Get on the bank, Gustavus.

ANDERSON. Do, my lord.

GUSTAVUS. My countrymen!—

1st DALE. Ho! hear him.

2d DALE. Peace!

3d DALE. Peace!

4th DALE. Peace!

Gus. Amazement I perceive hath fill'd your hearts,
And joy for that your lost Gustavus, 'scap'd
Thro' wounds, imprisonments, and chains, and deaths,
Thus sudden, thus unlook'd for stands before ye.
As one escap'd from cruel hands I come,
From hearts that ne'er knew pity; dark and vengeful;
Who quaff the tears of orphans, bathe in blood,
And know no music but the groans of Sweden.
Yet, not for that my sister's early innocence,
And mother's age now grind beneath captivity:
Nor that one bloody, one remorseless hour
Swept my great fire, and kindred from my side;
For them Gustavus weeps not, though my eyes

Were

Were far less dear, for them I will not weep.
But, oh, great parent, when I think on thee!
Thy numberless, thy nameless, shameful infamies,
My widow'd country! Sweden! when I think
Upon thy desolation, spite of rage—
And vengeance that would choke them—tears will flow.

AND. Oh, they are villains, ev'ry Dane of them,
Practis'd to stab and smile; to stab the babe
That smiles upon them.

ARN. What accursed hours
Roll o'er those wretches, who to fiends like these
In their dear liberty, have barter'd more
Than worlds will rate for?

GUS. Oh, Liberty, Heav'n's choice prerogative!
True bond of law, thou social soul of property,
Thou breath of reason, life of life itself!
For thee the valiant bleed. Oh, sacred Liberty!
Wing'd from the summer's snare, from flatt'ring ruin,
Like the bold stork you seek the wintry shore,
Leave courts, and poms, and palaces to slaves,
Cleave to the cold, and rest upon the storm.
Upborne by thee, my soul disdain'd the terms
Of empire—offer'd at the hands of tyrants.
With thee, I fought this fav'rite soil; with thee,
These fav'rite sons I fought; thy sons, oh, Liberty:
For e'en amid the wilds of life you lead them,
Lift their low rafted cottage to the clouds,
Smile o'er their heaths, and from their mountain tops
Beam glory to the nations.

ALL. Liberty! Liberty!

GUS. Are ye not mark'd, ye men of Dalecarlia,
Are ye not mark'd by all the circling world

As the great stake, the last effort for liberty?
Say, is it not your wealth, the thirst, the food,
The scope and bright ambition of your souls?
Why else have you, and your renown'd forefathers,
From the proud summit of their glitt'ring thrones,
Cast down the mightiest of your lawful kings
That dar'd the bold infringement? What, but liberty,
Through the sam'd course of thirteen hundred years,
Aloof hath held invasion from your hills,
And sanctify'd their shade?—And will ye, will ye
Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world;
Bid your high honours stoop to foreign insult,
And in one hour give up to infamy
The harvest of a thousand years of glory?

1st DALE. No.

2d DALE. Never, never.

3d DALE. Perish all first.

4th DALE. Die all!

GUS. Yes, die by piecemeal!

Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane may triumph!
Now from my soul I joy, I joy, my friends,
To see ye fear'd; to see that e'en your foes,
Do justice to your valours!—There they be
The pow'rs of kingdoms, summ'd in yonder host,
Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to assail ye.
And, oh, when I look round and see you here,
Of number short, but prevalent in virtue,
My heart swells high and burns for the encounter.
True courage but from opposition grows;
And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves,
Match'd to the sinew of a single arm
That strikes for liberty? That strikes to save

His

His fields from fire, his infants from the sword,
 His couch from lust, his daughters from pollution;
 And his large honours from eternal infamy?
 What, doubt we then? Shall we, shall we stand here
 'Till motives that might warm an ague's frost,
 And nerve the coward's arm, shall poorly serve
 To wake us to resistance?—Let us on!
 Oh, yes, I read your lovely fierce impatience;
 You shall not be withheld; we will rush on them—
 This is indeed to triumph, where we hold
 Three kingdoms in our toil! Is it not glorious,
 Thus to appal the bold, meet force with fury,
 And push yon torrent back, till ev'ry wave
 Flee to its fountain?

3d DALE. On, lead us on, Gustavus; one word more
 Is but delay of conquest.

Gus. Take your wish.

He, who wants arms, may grapple with the foe,
 And so be furnish'd. You, most noble Anderson,
 Divide our pow'rs, and with the fam'd Olaus
 Take the left rout—You, Eric, great in arms!
 With the renown'd Nederbi, hold the right,
 And skirt the forest down: then wheel at once,
 Confess'd to view, and close up the vale:
 Myself, and my most valiant cousin here,
 Th' invincible Arvida, gallant Sivard,
 Arnoldus, and these hundred hardy vet'rans,
 Will pour directly on, and lead the onset.
 Joy, joy, I see confess'd from ev'ry eye,
 Your limbs tread vigorous, and your breasts beat high?
 Thin though our ranks, though scanty be our bands,
 Bold are our hearts, and nervous are our hands.

With

With us, truth, justice, fame, and freedom close,
 Each, singly equal to an host of foes,
 I feel, I feel them fill me out for fight,
 They lift my limbs as feather'd Hermes' light!
 Or like the bird of glory, tow'ring high,
 Thunder within his grasp, and light'ning in his eye!

BROOKE.

C H A P. XVI.

GUSTAVUS AND CRISTIERN.

CRIST. **T**ELL me, Gustavus, tell me, why is this,
 That, as a stream diverted from the banks
 Of smooth obedience, thou hast drawn those men
 Upon a dry unchannell'd enterprize,
 To turn their inundation? Are the lives
 Of my misguided people held so light,
 That thus thou'dst push them on the keen rebuke
 Of guarded majesty; where justice waits,
 All awful, and resistless, to assert
 Th' impervious rights, the sanctitude of kings,
 And blast rebellion?

Gus. Justice, sanctitude,
 And rights! Oh, patience! Rights! What rights, thou tyrant?
 Yes, if perdition be the rule of power,
 If wrongs give right, oh, then, supreme in mischief,
 Thou wert the lord, the monarch of the world!
 Too narrow for thy claim. But if thou think'st
 That crowns are vilely propertied, like coin,
 To be the means, the specialty of lust,
 And sensual attribution; if thou think'st

That

That empire is of tited birth or blood :
 That nature, in the proud behalf of one,
 Shall disenfranchise all her lordly race,
 And bow her gen'ral issue to the yoke
 Of private domination ; then, thou proud one,
 Here know me for thy king. Howe'er, be told,
 Not claim hereditary, not the trust
 Of frank election,
 Not ev'n the high anointing hand of Heav'n,
 Can authorise oppression, give a law
 For lawless power, wed faith to violation,
 On reason build misrule, or justly bind
 Allegiance to injustice. Tyranny

• Absolves all faith ; and who invades our rights,
 Howe'er his own commence, can never be
 But an usurper. But for thee, for thee
 There is no name. Thou hast abjur'd mankind,
 Dash'd safety from thy bleak, unsocial side,
 And wag'd wild war with universal nature.

CRIST. Licentious traitor ! thou can'st talk it largely.
 Who made thee umpire of the rights of kings,
 And pow'r, prime attribute ? As on thy tongue
 The poise of battle lay, and arms of force,
 To throw defiance in the front of duty.
 Look round, unruly boy ! thy battle comes
 Like raw, disjointed must'ring, feeble wrath,
 A war of waters, borne against the rock
 Of our firm continent, to fume, and chase,
 And shiver in the toil.

GUS. Mistaken man !
 I come impower'd, and strengthen'd in thy weakness ;
 For tho' the structure of a tyrant's throne

Rise

Rise on the necks of half the suff'ring world,
 Fear trembles in the cement; prayers, and tears,
 And secret curses sap its mould'ring base,
 And steal the pillars of allegiance from it:
 Then let a single arm but dare the sway,
 Headlong it turns, and drives upon destruction.

TROLLIO. Profane, and alien to the love of Heav'n!
 Art thou still harden'd to the wrath divine,
 That hangs o'er thy rebellion? Know'st thou not
 Thou art at enmity with grace, cast out,
 Made an anathema, a curse enroll'd
 Among the faithful, thou and thy adherents
 Shorn from our holy church, and offer'd up,
 As sacred to damnation?

GUS. Yes, I know,
 When such as thou, with sacrilegious hand,
 Seize on the apostolic key of heav'n,
 It then becomes a tool for crafty knaves
 To shut out virtue, and unfold those gates,
 That Heav'n itself had barr'd against the lusts
 Of avarice and ambition. Soft and sweet,
 As looks of charity, or voice of lambs
 That bleat upon the mountain, are the words
 Of Christian meekness! mission all divine!
 The law of love sole mandate. But your gall,
 Ye Swedish prelacy, your gall hath turn'd
 The words of sweet, but indigested peace,
 To wrath and bitterness. Ye hallow'd men,
 In whom vice sanctifies, whose precepts teach
 Zeal without truth, religion without virtue;
 Who ne'er preach heav'n, but with a downward eye,
 That turns your souls to dross; who, shouting, loose

The

The dogs of hell upon us. Thefts and rapes,
 Sack'd towns, and midnight howlings thro' the realm,
 Receive your sanction. Oh, 'tis glorious mischief!
 When vice turns holy, puts religion on,
 Assumes the robe pontifical, the eye
 Of faintly elevation, blesteth sin,
 And makes the seal of sweet offended Heav'n
 A sign of blood, a label for decrees,
 That hell would shrink to own.

CRIST. No more of this.
 Gustavus, would'st thou yet return to grace,
 And hold thy motions in the sphere of duty,
 Acceptance might be found.

Gus. Imperial spoiler!
 Give me my father, give me back my kindred,
 Give me the fathers of ten thousand orphans,
 Give me the sons in whom thy ruthless sword
 Has left our widows childless. Mine they were,
 Both mine, and ev'ry Swede's, whose patriot breast
 Bleeds in his country's woundings. Oh, thou canst not!
 Thou hast outfinn'd all reck'ning! Give me then
 My all that's left, my gentle mother there,
 And spare yon little trembler.

CRIST. Yes, on terms
 Of compact and submission.

Gus. Ha! with thee?
 Compact with thee! and mean'st thou for my country,
 For Sweden? No, so hold my heart but firm,
 Altho' it wring for't, tho' blood drop for tears,
 And at the sight my straining eyes start forth—
 They both shall perish first.

BROOKE.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVII.

ISABELLA AND ANGELO.

ISAB. **I** AM a woful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me!

ANG. Well; what's your suit?

ISAB. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must.

ANG. Well; the matter?

ISAB. I have a brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

ANG. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done;
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

ISAB. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then;—Heaven keep your honour!
Must he needs die?

ANG. Maiden, no remedy.

ISAB. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him;
And neither Heav'n nor man grieve at the mercy.

ANG. I will not do't.

ISAB. But can you, if you would?

ANG. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

ISAB. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him?

ANG.

ANG. He's sentenc'd ; 'tis too late.

ISAB. Too late ? Why, no ; I that do not speak a word,
May call it back again : well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slept like him ;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

ANG. Pray you, be gone.

ISAB. I would to Heav'n I had your potency,
And you were Isabel ; should it then be thus ?
No ; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

ANG. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

ISAB. Alas ! alas !
Why, all the souls that are, were forfeit once :
And he that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are ? Oh, think on that ;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

ANG. Be you content, fair maid ;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him ; he dies to-morrow.

ISAB. To-morrow, oh ! that's sudden. Spare him,
Spare him.

Good, good my lord, bethink you :

Who

Who is it that hath dy'd for this offence ?

There's many hath committed it.

ANG. The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept :
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man that did th' edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed. Now, 'tis awake ;
Takes note of what is done ; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass that shews what future evils,
Or new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees ;
But ere they live, to end.

ISAB. Yet shew some pity.

ANG. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice ;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall ;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfy'd ;
Your brother dies to-morrow ; be content.

ISAB. So you must be the first that gives this sentence ;
And he, that suffers : oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

—Merciful Heav'n !

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulph'rous bolt
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle : O, but man ! proud man,
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heav'n,
As makes the angels weep.

T

We

We cannot weigh our brother with yourself;
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.
That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

ANG. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

ISAB. Because authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' th' top: go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not found a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

ANG. She speaks, and 'tis such sense,
That my sense bleeds with it. Fare you well.

ISAB. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

ANG. I will bethink me; come again to-morrow.

ISAB. Hark, how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn
back.

ANG. How? bribe me?

ISAB. Ay, with such gifts, that Heav'n shall share
with you.

Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rate are either rich or poor,
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heav'n, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

ANG. Well, come to-morrow.

ISAB. Heav'n keep your honour safe!

ANG.

ANG. Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

ISAB. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

ANG. At any time 'fore-noon.

ISAB. Save your honour!

SHAKESPEAR.

C H A P. XVIII.

KING JOHN AND HUBERT.

§ 1.

K. JOHN. **C**OME hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh

There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love.
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say—
But I will fit it with some better time.

By Heav'n, Hubert, I'm almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

HUB. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. JOHN. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt have—creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say—but let it go:

The sun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gauds,

To give me audience. If the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night ;
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
Or if that furly spirit Melancholy
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot Laughter keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment
(A passion hateful to my purposes) ;
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;
Then, in despite of broad-ey'd watchful day,
I would into my bosom pour my thoughts.
But ah, I will not. — Yet I love thee well ;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

HUB. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Tho' that my death were adjunct to my act,
By Heav'n I'd do't.

K. JOHN. Do not I know thou would'st ?
Good Hubert ! — Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy. I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way.
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me ?
Thou art his keeper.

HUB. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. JOHN. Death.

HUB.

HUB. My lord?

K. JOHN. A grave.

HUB. He shall not live.

K. JOHN. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;

Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:

Remember. —

§ 2.

HUB. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night.
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wond'rous motion.

K. JOHN. Five moons?

HUB. Old men and beldams, in the streets,
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear.
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows; with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean, unwash'd artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. JOHN. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?

Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

HUB. Had none, my lord? why, did you not provoke me?

K. JOHN. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody house of life:
And on the winking of authority,
To understand a law: to know the meaning
Of dang'rous majesty; when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd respect:

HUB. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. JOHN. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven
and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done? for hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death,
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a prince.

HUB. My lord —

K. JOHN. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made
a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face;
Or bid me tell my tale in express words;

Deep

Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me;
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,
 And didst in signs again parley with sin;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And consequently thy rude hand to act
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.

Out of my sight, and never see me more!
 My nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd,
 Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs;
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reign,
 Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

HUB. Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet
 The dreadful motion of a murderer's thought,
 And you have slander'd Nature in my form,
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. JOHN. Doth Arthur live? O haste thee to the peers.
 Throw this report on their incensed rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience.
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind;
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.

Oh, answer not, but to my closet bring
 The angry lords with all expedient haste.
 I conjure thee but slowly: run more fast.

SHAKESPEAR.

C H A P. XIX.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND MORTON.

NORTH. **Y**EA, this man's brow, like to a title leaf,
 Foretels the nature of a tragic volume:

So looks the froward, whereon th' imperious flood
 Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

MORT. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord,
 Where hateful Death put on his ugliest mask
 To fright our party.

NORTH. How doth my son and brother?
 Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
 Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
 Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
 So dull, so dead in look, so woe-be-gone,
 Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
 And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
 But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue;
 And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
 This thou would'st say: Your son did thus and thus:
 Your brother, thus: so fought the noble Douglas:
 Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds.
 But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
 Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
 Ending with, Brother, son, and all are dead!

MORT.

MORT. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet ;
But for my lord, your son——

NORTH. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath !
He that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet, Morton, speak ;
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies ;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

MORT. You are too great to be by me gainsaid :
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

NORTH. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye :
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so ;
The tongue offends not that reports his death :
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a fullen bell,
Remember'd, tolling a departed friend.

BARDOLPH. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

MORT. I'm sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to Heav'n I had not seen.
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
To Henry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence, with life, he never more sprung up.
In few : his death (whose spirit lent a fire

Even

Even to the dullest peasant in his camp) Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops: For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him rebated, all the rest Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself, Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss, Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim, Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester Too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword Had three times slain th' appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all Is, that the king hath won: and hath sent out
A speedy pow'r to encounter you, my lord, Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmorland. This is the news at full.

NORTH. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic: and this news, That would, had I been well, have made me sick,
Being sick, hath in some measure, made me well. And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life, Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; ev'n so my limbs, Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,

Arc

Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore, thou nice crutch;
 A scaly gauntly now with joints of steel
 Must glove this hand. And hence, thou sickly quoin,
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
 Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
 Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
 The rugged'st hour that time and spight dare bring
 To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland!
 Let heav'n kiss earth! Now let not nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die,
 And let this world no longer be a stage
 To feed contention in a ling'ring act;
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead!

SHAKESPEARE.

C H A P. XX.

THE BARBARD.

"**R**UIN seize thee ruthless King!
 " Confusion on thy banners wait;
 " Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
 " They mock the air with idle state!
 " Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 " Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 " To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 " From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,

As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance!
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the fable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air);
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert-cave,
"Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
"O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
"Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
"Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
"To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
"That hush'd the stormy main:
"Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
"Mountains, ye mourn in vain
"Modred, whose magic song
"Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
"On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
"Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
"Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
"The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
"Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
"Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
"Dear,

“ Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
“ Ye died amidst your dying country’s cries —
“ No more I weep. They do not sleep.
“ On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
“ I see them sit : they linger yet,
“ Avengers of their native land :
“ With me in dreadful harmony they join,
“ And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

“ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
“ The winding-sheet of Edward’s race.
“ Give ample room, and verge enough
“ The characters of hell to trace.
“ Mark the year, and mark the night,
“ When Severn shall re-echo with affright
“ The shrieks of death, thro’ Berkley’s roofs that ring ;
“ Shrieks of an agonizing King !
“ She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
“ That tear’d the bowels of thy mangled mate,
“ From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs
“ The scourge of Heav’n. What terrors round him wait !
“ Amazement in his van, with Flight combin’d,
“ And Sorrow’s faded form, and Solitude behind.

“ Mighty victor, mighty lord,
“ Low on his fun’ral couch he lies !
“ No pitying heart, no eye, afford
“ A tear to grace his obsequies.
“ Is the fable warrior fled ?
“ Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
“ The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born
“ Gone to salute the rising Morn.

“ Fair

" Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
 " While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 " In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
 " Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
 " Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
 " That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

" Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 " The rich repast prepare,
 " Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
 " Close by the regal chair,
 " Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 " A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 " Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 " Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
 " Long years of havock urge their destin'd course,
 " And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 " Ye tow'rs of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 " With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 " Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
 " And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
 " Above, below, the rose of snow,
 " Twin'd with her blushing foe we spread;
 " The bristled boar, in infant gore,
 " Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 " Now, Brothers, bending o'er th'accursed loom,
 " Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

" Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 " (Weave we the woof, The thread is spun.)
 " Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 " (The web is wove. The work is done.)

" Stay,

" Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 " Leave me unblest'd, unpity'd, here to mourn;
 " In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 " They melt, they vanish from my eyes:
 " But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 " Descending flow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?
 " Visions of glory! spare my aching sight,
 " Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
 " No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
 " All hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

" Girt with many a Baron bold
 " Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
 " And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
 " In bearded majesty, appear.
 " In the midst a form divine!
 " Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line;
 " Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 " Attempt'd sweet to virgin-grace.
 " What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
 " What strains of vocal transport round her play!
 " Hear from the grave, great Taliesin, hear;
 " They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 " Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
 " Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

" The verse adorn again
 " Fierce War, and faithful Love,
 " And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress'd.
 " In buskin'd measures move
 " Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 " With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.

" A voice,

“ A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
“ Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
“ And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
“ That lost in long futurity expire.
“ Fond impious man, think’st thou yon sanguine cloud,
“ Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the orb of day ?
“ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
“ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
“ Enough for me : with joy I see
“ The different doom our fates assign.
“ Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care ;
“ To triumph, and to die, are mine.”

He spoke, and headlong, from the mountain’s height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plung’d to endless night.

GRAY.

. T H E E N D .